

THE
SCOTTISH REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1900.

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ART. I.—THE LOVE STORY OF DRUMMOND OF
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ALL those little steep, red-roofed towns that are dotted 'thick as sedges' along the coast of Fife from Culross to Crail, are as salt with the spray of the waves of time as of the veritable waves of the Forth that the wintry storms dash over them.

And behind the towns, scattered liberally over the land, all old or direct descendants of older buildings, are 'palaces,' castles, and mansion houses, almost each one of which possesses at least one moment when it flashes into historical significance. As on some cloudy day when the herring-boats are afloat on a lustreless sea, suddenly a rift in the sky drops a gleam of light on the water below and one little craft shines forth as it crosses the bright pathway, rigging, masts and brown sails all revealed and transfigured, only to pass on and be lost again in the gloom beyond, so for one moment Clio bends the lantern trimmed by her handmaid Tradition on each of these grey old houses in turn, and it shines forth and becomes alive for us.

Falkland Palace had many such moments, but among them all that one most haunts the memory when the sad king turned him

round to die: "Adieu; farewell; it came with a lass and it will pass with a lass," . . . and looked and beheld all his nobles and lords about him, and gave a little smile of laughter, then kissed his hand and offered the same to all his nobles round about him; thereafter held up his hands to God, and yielded his spirit to God.' The sweet and dignified presence of St. Margaret—feeding the 'nine little orphans utterly destitute,' whom she made her care, with 'soft food such as children at that tender age like,' or receiving from the hands of her rugged Malcolm the books which he could not himself read but loved to have crusted with gold and gems for her use—hallows the ruined palace of Dunfermline. At Donibristle the bonny Earl o' Moray was done to death. Rossend Castle, perched above Burntisland harbour, was the scene of the foolhardy Chatelâr's escapade, and his shade seems still to be faintly singing how:

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Beyond the harbour one can wander eastward for a couple of miles by the shore, past beds of sea-pinks, quivering but never bending their proud little heads in the breeze, and banks fragrant with generous tufts of yellow bed-straw, until the scrambling pathway reaches at last the corner where the land ends in a great rush of tumbled rocks which form the true East Neuk or Fife-ness. Even on a calm day the sea is seldom so calm that the spray is not dashing and leaping over the rocks and the breakers are not rolling slowly in on the white sands of Balcomie. Mary of Guise landed here when she came to Scotland as the bride-elect of James V., and perhaps rested at the old Castle, of which a remnant looks down upon the bay, until the King, who was waiting at St. Andrews, heard of her arrival and 'rode forth himself to meet her, with the whole lords spiritual and temporal, with many barons, lairds and gentlemen, who were convened for the time at St. Andrews in their best array, and received the Queen with great honours and plays made to her.'

This episode when Euphame Cunningham was born lay already almost out of reach of living memory. But many people still in middle life must have been able to tell the child, with all the vividness of personal reminiscence, of the more famous daughter of Mary of Guise, who loved to shelter in St Andrews from the fierce light that beat upon her in Edinburgh, and live, as she said herself, 'like a bourgeois wife' with her 'little troop.' The merchant's house which Mary Stuart is supposed to have occupied still survives, lived in and loved, close to the grey ruins of the Cathedral. Here she shot at the butts in her privy garden, probably 'putted' on the green in preparation for the famous foursome on the links, and was 'quiet and merry;' and hence she rode abroad over the country, hunting and hawking, and no doubt visiting Crail, and perhaps Barns, as she passed. It was this radiant Mary of twenty-one, brimming with the exuberant spirits that were so difficult to crush, who would live for Euphame Cunningham in vivid traditions of that careless three months at St. Andrews which formed a bright prelude to

a tragedy that was pitiful and noble by turns, but all noble at the close. Contemporary documents open to us now were not then available, but it is possible that through private channels accounts may have reached even the East Neuk of the last shadowed years. Some of Euphame's relatives may easily have met the 'discreet and grave' Lady Melville of Garvock, who was drowned in 1589 in a passage-boat between Burntisland and Leith, on her way to assist at the reception of young Anne of Denmark. She was that Jane Kennedy who attended her mistress on the scaffold, and who, 'having a Corpus Christi cloth lapped up three-corner-ways, kissing it, put it over the Queen of Scots face.'

Another event of which many tales must have floated about the neighbourhood and some traditions linger still, was the landing at Anstruther, about Lammas 1588, of a party of shipwrecked Spaniards, survivors of the Armada.

James Melville, Minister of West Anstruther, tells in his Diary, how after months of vague terror and sinister rumour, a relieved and joyous bailie early one morning, by break of day, 'cam to my bedsyde saying (but nocht with fray), I haiff to tell you newes, Sir. There is aryvit within our herbrie this morning, a schipe full of Spainyarts, but nocht to giff mercie bot to ask.'

The English traveller, Fynes Morison (1598), describes Fife as having 'no woodes at all, only the gentlemen's dwellings were shadowed with some little groves pleasant to the view.' This forestless condition is traced to the building of the great Michael in the days of James IV., 'ane verrie monstrous great schip,' which 'tuk so meikle timber that sche wasted all the woodes in Fyfe except Falkland Wood.' Trees do not, in any case, grow luxuriantly in this windy East Neuk, but a few rather lank survivors suggest that Barns may have had its little sheltering grove. There was a feeling for the beauties of nature and situation long ago which was perhaps all the keener because it was often unconscious. And yet it may not have been so unconscious as we assume, for it must have been a cultured instinct which helped the builders of houses, of priories, of churches, to place them almost invariably in the choicest spots, both as re-

gards *bield* from the prevailing wind and wide outlook over the surrounding country. There was an old Scots law (would that it were re-enacted!) which enjoined the planting of a few trees about the dwelling of every tenant and cottar; and the laird of Balloch who ordered his castle to be built where he should first hear the blackbird sing on his journey down the glen, was not the only man of his day who had music in his soul.

The cultivation of flowers had not so far received very much attention in Scotland, but a kailyard, aptly named, for kail played no inconsiderable part in the kitchen, no doubt lay close to the house, the dull and inconvenient fashion of hiding it, like something to be ashamed of, in a remote part of the grounds, having happily not yet been discovered. The monks were good gardeners, and those of Newburgh on Tay had left a bequest of choice kinds of apples behind them. Mary of Guise imported both fruit and vegetables, '*sans doute parce qu' elle n'en trouvait pas d'aussi bons dans son royaume.*' The Longavil pear was probably introduced by her, and the honied Jargonnette was already known. Mayduke cherries, said to be called after Médoc in France, were early arrivals, green gaskins, a kind of gooseberry still found in old gardens, came, as may be guessed, from Gascony, while the name *rizard-berries* gave a French flavour even to the homely red-currant. There were bee-skeps, we may be sure, in the garden, for honey was largely used to supplement the scanty supply of sugar. And scattered among the curly kail and the peas and beans, the sybows and chives, were clumps of the sweet old flowers which we and the bees still love the best; roses red and roses white—the white which later were appropriated to Prince Charlie, and the rather single, loose-petalled red, with frankly displayed yellow hearts; blue and white columbines; 'the brave carnations speckled pink'; gilly-flowers, violets, marigolds, and some sorts of lilies. Aromatic herbs were grown too, lavender and sweet marjoram, and especially apple-ringie (southernwood), sprigs of which were so often taken to the Kirk to supply a natural incense, that it has come to have associations of its own, and at a stray whiff of its crisp, spicy fragrance one seems to hear the strains of *French* or

round to die: "Adieu; farewell; it came with a lass and it will pass with a lass," . . . and looked and beheld all his nobles and lords about him, and gave a little smile of laughter, then kissed his hand and offered the same to all his nobles round about him; thereafter held up his hands to God, and yielded his spirit to God.' The sweet and dignified presence of St. Margaret—feeding the 'nine little orphans utterly destitute,' whom she made her care, with 'soft food such as children at that tender age like,' or receiving from the hands of her rugged Malcolm the books which he could not himself read but loved to have crusted with gold and gems for her use—hallows the ruined palace of Dunfermline. At Donibristle the bonny Earl o' Moray was done to death. Rossend Castle, perched above Burntisland harbour, was the scene of the foolhardy Chatelâr's escapade, and his shade seems still to be faintly singing how:

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Beyond the harbour one can wander eastward for a couple of miles by the shore, past beds of sea-pinks, quivering but never bending their proud little heads in the breeze, and banks fragrant with generous tufts of yellow bed-straw, until the scrambling pathway reaches at last the corner where the land ends in a great rush of tumbled rocks which form the true East Neuk or Fife-ness. Even on a calm day the sea is seldom so calm that the spray is not dashing and leaping over the rocks and the breakers are not rolling slowly in on the white sands of Balcomie. Mary of Guise landed here when she came to Scotland as the bride-elect of James V., and perhaps rested at the old Castle, of which a remnant looks down upon the bay, until the King, who was waiting at St. Andrews, heard of her arrival and 'rode forth himself to meet her, with the whole lords spiritual and temporal, with many barons, lairds and gentlemen, who were convened for the time at St. Andrews in their best array, and received the Queen with great honours and plays made to her.'

This episode when Euphame Cunningham was born lay already almost out of reach of living memory. But many people still in middle life must have been able to tell the child, with all the vividness of personal reminiscence, of the more famous daughter of Mary of Guise, who loved to shelter in St Andrews from the fierce light that beat upon her in Edinburgh, and live, as she said herself, 'like a bourgeois wife' with her 'little troop.' The merchant's house which Mary Stuart is supposed to have occupied still survives, lived in and loved, close to the grey ruins of the Cathedral. Here she shot at the butts in her privy garden, probably 'putted' on the green in preparation for the famous foursome on the links, and was 'quiet and merry;' and hence she rode abroad over the country, hunting and hawking, and no doubt visiting Crail, and perhaps Barns, as she passed. It was this radiant Mary of twenty-one, brimming with the exuberant spirits that were so difficult to crush, who would live for Euphame Cunningham in vivid traditions of that careless three months at St. Andrews which formed a bright prelude to

a tragedy that was pitiful and noble by turns, but all noble at the close. Contemporary documents open to us now were not then available, but it is possible that through private channels accounts may have reached even the East Neuk of the last shadowed years. Some of Euphame's relatives may easily have met the 'discreet and grave' Lady Melville of Garvock, who was drowned in 1589 in a passage-boat between Burntisland and Leith, on her way to assist at the reception of young Anne of Denmark. She was that Jane Kennedy who attended her mistress on the scaffold, and who, 'having a Corpus Christi cloth lapped up three-corner-ways, kissing it, put it over the Queen of Scots face.'

Another event of which many tales must have floated about the neighbourhood and some traditions linger still, was the landing at Anstruther, about Lammas 1588, of a party of shipwrecked Spaniards, survivors of the Armada.

James Melville, Minister of West Anstruther, tells in his Diary, how after months of vague terror and sinister rumour, a relieved and joyous bailie early one morning, by break of day, 'cam to my bedsyde saying (but nocht with fray), I haiff to tell you newes, Sir. There is aryvit within our herbrrie this morning, a schipe full of Spaiyardis, but nocht to giff mercie bot to ask.'

The English traveller, Fynes Morison (1598), describes Fife as having 'no woodes at all, only the gentlemen's dwellings were shadowed with some little groves pleasant to the view.' This forestless condition is traced to the building of the great Michael in the days of James IV., 'ane verrie monstrous great schip,' which 'tuk so meikle timber that sche wasted all the woodes in Fyfe except Falkland Wood.' Trees do not, in any case, grow luxuriantly in this windy East Neuk, but a few rather lank survivors suggest that Barns may have had its little sheltering grove. There was a feeling for the beauties of nature and situation long ago which was perhaps all the keener because it was often unconscious. And yet it may not have been so unconscious as we assume, for it must have been a cultured instinct which helped the builders of houses, of priories, of churches, to place them almost invariably in the choicest spots, both as re-

gards *bield* from the prevailing wind and wide outlook over the surrounding country. There was an old Scots law (would that it were re-enacted!) which enjoined the planting of a few trees about the dwelling of every tenant and cottar; and the laird of Balloch who ordered his castle to be built where he should first hear the blackbird sing on his journey down the glen, was not the only man of his day who had music in his soul.

The cultivation of flowers had not so far received very much attention in Scotland, but a kailyard, aptly named, for kail played no inconsiderable part in the kitchen, no doubt lay close to the house, the dull and inconvenient fashion of hiding it, like something to be ashamed of, in a remote part of the grounds, having happily not yet been discovered. The monks were good gardeners, and those of Newburgh on Tay had left a bequest of choice kinds of apples behind them. Mary of Guise imported both fruit and vegetables, 'sans doute parce qu' elle n'en trouvait pas d'aussi bons dans son royaume.' The Longavil pear was probably introduced by her, and the honied Jargonelle was already known. Mayduke cherries, said to be called after Médoc in France, were early arrivals, green gaskins, a kind of gooseberry still found in old gardens, came, as may be guessed, from Gascony, while the name *rizard-berries* gave a French flavour even to the homely red-currant. There were bee-skeps, we may be sure, in the garden, for honey was largely used to supplement the scanty supply of sugar. And scattered among the curly kail and the peas and beans, the sybows and chives, were clumps of the sweet old flowers which we and the bees still love the best; roses red and roses white—the white which later were appropriated to Prince Charlie, and the rather single, loose-petalled red, with frankly displayed yellow hearts; blue and white columbines; 'the brave carnations speckled pink'; gilly-flowers, violets, marigolds, and some sorts of lilies. Aromatic herbs were grown too, lavender and sweet marjoram, and especially apple-ringie (southernwood), sprigs of which were so often taken to the Kirk to supply a natural incense, that it has come to have associations of its own, and at a stray whiff of its crisp, spicy fragrance one seems to hear the strains of *French* or

Martyrdom, 'the fisslin' for the text' and the minister's voice from above, saying through a drowsy cloud:—'Nineteenthly: for I hasten—'

A wave of squalor has submerged the house itself, and it is not easy to imagine it clean and fair and full of blessed conditions. Probably it was once larger, and a ragged wall to the west suggests that a whole wing has disappeared. The worn stone stair, the simple mouldings of the fireplaces, are almost all that the interior has certainly inherited from older, happier times. But the wide outlook across the sweep of golden corn to the sea is the same as it was then, and while the lovers gazed

'To western worlds when wearied day goes down'

Euphame, one can fancy, may have told Drummond the ancient legend of the Forth: how St Thenew, like another Danae, was cast adrift with her infant boy, by her father, 'a very pagan king of the North'; how all the fishes, in compassion of her fate, escorted her until she reached the Isle of May in safety; how they remained there so that the fisheries are famous for their excellence to this day, but how a favouring breeze wafted St Thenew and her babe to Culross, where the aged St Serf received them and bred up the child in such holiness that he was known to after days as St Kentigern, called also St Mungo (or the well-beloved), patron saint of Glasgow.

The rooms of this period, scantily furnished to modern eyes, afforded at any rate the pleasant feeling of spaciousness, so often lost in our days of overcrowded prettinesses. Every article was meant for use, and so had first and foremost the essential beauty of fitness. But the *ambry*, a large cupboard which held food and household utensils, the smaller cup-ambry and the *buists* and *kists* where the silver and the 'clean-washed and well-smelled napperie' were kept, were often curiously and delicately carved. Much of the finest furniture came, like the luxuries of the table and the refinements of dress, from France and Flanders, but even in articles which were made at home the foreign tradition is often apparent. Thus the *dresser*, or plain sideboard, without which no Scottish kitchen is complete, borrowed its name from

France, and so did the *gardevine*, a cellaret for holding wine and spirits. In a niche beside the kitchen fire, where the contents were kept dry and convenient for use, hung the *saut-basket*, an oblong wooden box with a sloping roof fastened by leathern bands, and a round sliding panel in front, big enough for the hand to pass in and out. The *meal-ark*, which was like the *saut-basket* on a vastly larger scale, stood in another corner. Beds were for the most part 'like cupboards in the wall' (the box-bed, still to be found in cottages), though bedsteads were not unknown. One sheet only was used, open at the sides and top, but close at the bottom.

In the sixteenth century tapestry came into Scotland in considerable quantities. It was an expensive luxury, but their convenient proximity to a sea-port may have made it possible for the Cunninghams to enrich and soften the walls of their principal room with some piece of 'antique historie,' some scripture scene or glimpse of 'ladies dead and lovely knights,' or at least a specimen of *verdour*, 'wherein gardens, woods or forests be represented.' The floors were guiltless of carpets, which, when present at all, were used as table covers. So late as 1650, when Charles II. visited Fife, he was entertained at Pittenweem to an *al fresco* banquet of 'great buns' and divers drinks, set forth upon a table covered with one of the Earl of Kellie's best carpets.

Life in such a country house as Barns at the time when Euphame Cunningham was growing up was of the simplest. The laird lived among his people, usually on excellent terms with them. The nobles and gentry of Scotland were turbulent subjects, but there was no antagonism between them and the humbler classes, and in the questions which divided the country there were leaders of as high rank on the one side as on the other. Compared with the same class in France or in Germany, the Scottish peasant led a life of ease and independence, leisurely driving his own cow to pasture and growing oats on his 'bit field' to make his porridge; putting himself about so little as even, according to the testimony of a contemporary traveller, to wear his cloak when he was ploughing. The same witness animadverts on the Scotch

weakness for Sunday clothes—'a fellow that hath scarce ten groats to help himself with you shall see come out of his smoaky cottage like a gentleman.'

Within the house were far more servants, male and female, than there would be now in a household of the same importance. They 'kept many people in the family,' as they would themselves have said, but most of these people got but small wages, food and clothing being more plentiful than money. Where so little came ready-made from the outside more hands were required at home, and the women and girls of the household spun the linen and wove the cloth which was the everyday wear of masters and servants alike. When worn out the linens were used to make wicks for candles, or for the *crusy*, a small iron lamp, shaped like two sharp-billed spoons hung one above the other, which gave forth but a feeble flicker. The hours were early, twelve or one the dinner-hour and five or six that of supper. Tables were covered with a kind of linen cloth called *Dorniz*, after the place in Flanders where it was first imported, and when the servants had brought in the food (sometimes wearing, unrebuked, their blue bonnets upon their heads), they took their places at the lower end of the board. At a banquet given by the magistrates of Edinburgh to the Danish nobles who came over with the young Queen Anne, the tables were adorned with 'chandlers and flowers,' but this was an unusual height of elegance, and the *menu* consisted simply of bread and meat. The drink, however, was on a much more elaborate scale. In ordinary life meat was not very much eaten, and when it did appear was oftener salted than fresh. Great platters of pewter or of wood held the broth, largely made of cabbage and greens, in which prizes, consisting of pieces of sodden flesh, were floating. A pullet, with prunes in the broth, sometimes graced the upper end of the table. Wheaten bread was a luxury, but where the oatcakes are good this is no great hardship. 'I observed no art of cookery,' ruefully remarks Fynes Morison, but he may have been unfortunate in the houses he visited, and one finds traces of greater delicacies than those he enumerates in the literature of the period. Sir David Lyndsay speaks of 'tairt and frutage fyne,' and there was

a comestible called *rammekins*, made of eggs, cheese, and crumbs of bread, which sounds not unsavoury. Custard was known under the name of *flam*, and in the anonymous comedy of Philotus (1603), we hear of

‘Dainty dishes dearly bought,
That ladies love to feed on.’

There was plenty of game in most parts, and of fish for dwellers near the sea, and the Water Poet (1618), refers with unction to the habit of eating the geese from the Bass Rock, ‘standing at a sideboard a little before dinner, unsanctified, without grace; and after it is eaten it must be liquored with two or three good rowses of sherrie or Canarie sacke.’ It may have been the ‘rowses’ that caused him to think so favourably of what must surely have been a rank and stringy morsel; and indeed one often derives the impression that it would be more judicious to drink with our ancestors than to eat with them. They imported

‘Fresh fragrant clarettis out of France,
Of Angers and of Orliance,’

but their cooks were home-made.

The Water Poet gives a pleasant description of the Scottish lairds whom he saw during his visit, and of the simplicity which they united with some stateliness of surroundings—‘And I am sure that in Scotland, beyond Edinburgh, I have been at houses like castles for building; the master of the house’s beaver being his blue bonnet, one that will wear no other shirts but of the flax that grows on his own ground, and of his wife’s, daughter’s, or servants’ spinning; that hath his stockings, hose and jerkin of the wool of his own sheep’s backs . . . and yet this plain, homespun fellow, keeps and maintains thirty, forty, fifty servants, or perhaps more, every day relieving three or four score people at his gate; . . . this is a man that desires to know nothing so much as his duty to God and his King; whose greatest cares are to practise the works of piety, charity, and hospitality.’ When the laird went abroad he wore English and foreign cloth, silks or light stuffs, ‘but little or nothing adorned with silk lace,

much less with lace of silver and gold.' About the middle of the seventeenth century a poet laments the old days when

' We had no garments in our land
But what were spun by the good wife's hand,'

but in fact from a very early period feast-day apparel and fashions were imported from abroad. Sir David Lyndsay speaks of

' Ane tailzeour quihilk hes fosterit in France
That can mak garments in the gayest gyse,'

and about 1578 French fashions received an impetus from the arrival of one M. d'Aubigny, with 'many French fassones and toyes.' Mary of Guise imported her footgear from Paris, no doubt for the same reason that she imported fruit and vegetables, 'parce qu' elle n' en trouvait pas d'aussi bons dans son royaume,' and a little later French shoemakers settled in Edinburgh. It is amusing to find the evergreen joke as to the size of our feet already in good working order on the Continent in the sixteenth century, when a French poet makes one of his characters say—

' J'ay la conscience aussi large
Que les houseaux d'un Escossais.'

Married and elderly gentlewomen wore straight-bodied gowns, their best being often of satin, and hoods, with large falling bands round the neck. Girls had close linen sleeves, ruffles of different kinds, and short cloaks, and the use of the plaid, which suited the exigencies of the climate, was very usual in all ranks. Even a good deal later women 'of the best sort, that are very well habited in their modish silks, yet must wear a plaid over all for the credit of their country.'

Clothes were, of course, for the most part cut and made at home. The laird's 'man' had sometimes qualified as a tailor and acted in that capacity, not only to his master but to the lady and other members of the family. Also in rural districts there were many wandering tailors who went from house to house working in each in turn and receiving food, lodging, and a small

payment in money. For those who could afford to employ him, one John Hunter, tailzeour and burges of Edinburgh, seems to have been the Redfern of his day. 'Traist freind,' a great lady writes to this personage in 1616, 'My heartlie commendationes remembred. Ye sall tak the panes to gang to aunie merchand within the towne and tak off as meikall Ryssilis as will be ane doublet and skirt unto me, whilk ye sall mak and furnish yourself and be cairful ye mack of the newest faissone that is usit. . . . Ye sall lykways send me als meikill Perpetuona as will be ane gownd to my dochter Elizabethe, whilk, I think, sall be aucht or nyn elns, that be verie fyn and of ane good licht culor, with pesments and buttones suitable thereto, with silk; and adverteiss me of the newest fassone, that I may caus make the samen; and after ye adverteiss me of the pryces of the haille, I sall send silver unto you. So, haifing no forder at this prisint bot expects ye will obey thir prisints, I comit you to God's protectione and rests your assured good freind.'

There is nothing new under the sun, or, at any rate, very little.

The only glimpse we have of Euphame Cunningham in her childhood is contained in a deed preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh.

'On 29th June, 1604, an honourable man, Alexander Cuninghame of Westbarnis, for love and favour which he bore to Euphame Cuninghame his daughter, with his own hands gave saine of an annual rent of 600 merks (payable by equal portions at Whitsunday and Martinmas) out of his lands and barony of Westbarnis, in the parish of Crail, to William Myrtoun, fiar of Cambo, as attorney for the said Euphame, and to her heirs and assignees whomsoever.'

The child must have been about eight at this time, and the deed is interesting, not only because it shows her to have been compassed with loving care, but because from it is learnt the Christian name of Drummond's betrothed, hitherto unknown to his biographers.*

*The Rev. A. T. Grant of Leven lighted upon the above deed in the Register House, and generously allows me to make use of the discovery.

Education, and particularly the education of girls, did not then run on iron rails, as it now does, and what Euphame learnt beyond the arts of reading and writing would depend on chance or on her own disposition. French speaking was still a frequent accomplishment, and the 'reiding and right pronounciation of that toung' were taught at St. Andrews, although a few decades later, when the bonds which united Scotland to France had been yet further relaxed, it does not appear in the list of accomplishments taught at a first-rate girls' boarding-school in Edinburgh, which included dancing and playing on the Virginals. It is certain, at any rate, that Euphame grew up in that atmosphere of culture which is of such vastly greater importance to the development of the character than any definite system of education. Sheriff Mackay tells us that 'learning was neither despised nor rare' among the Fife lairds of those days. Drummond was able to associate on terms of intellectual fellowship with Alexander Cunningham; his sister's husband, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, was one of the most accomplished men of the time, and another of his Fife friends, to whom, later, he sent a copy of his *Flowers of Zion*, was David, Lord Balcarres, who 'thought that day mispent on which he knew not a new thing.'

Drummond had been educated at the High School and infant University of Edinburgh, and had then gone abroad. On his way to the continent, and also on his return, he visited his father, who, like his mother's brother, Sir John Fowler, held an appointment at Court. By their interest he was a witness of all the wondrous revellings in honour of the visit of King Christian of Denmark, and especially of the great Tournament at Greenwich, where errant knights defended and disputed four propositions:—'That in service of ladies no knight hath free will: That it is Beauty maintaineth the world in valour: That no fair lady was ever false: That none can be perfectly wise but lovers,' and where King Christian himself, in blue armour spangled with gold, bestrode a dapple grey, 'with marvellous grace and great applause of the people.'

Three years later, Drummond was back in Edinburgh, preparing rather half-heartedly for the Bar, when by the death of his

father he found himself in possession of Hawthornden, a spot so ideally fitted for a poet's home that it is a marvel Drummond ever wrote a line of poetry at all. 'Every body then thought,' says his earliest biographer, 'that our Author, who had so good a Genius and so proper an Education, would have applied himself seriously to the Practice of the Law, both for setting his own private Affairs at Rights and raising his Fortune. But he neither loved the Fatigue nor Harshness of Law, though it indeed brings great Gain and advantages along with it; for the Delicacy of his Wit always run on the Pleasantness and Usefulness of History, and on the Fame and softness of Poetry, imitating his Master, Ovid. . . . He was not much taken up with the amusements of dancing, singing, playing, etc., though he had as much of them as a well-bred Gentleman should have, and when his Spirits were too much bended by severe studies he unbended them by playing on his Lute. . . . 'Tis true he loved obscurity and Retirement, for which he was mightily to blame: For it's a great disparagement to Vertue and Learning that those things which make Men useful to the World, should incline them to go out of it. But this Liberty ought to have been granted to him as soon as to any Man; for he did not spend his Time in Ease and Indolence with a Design only to please himself, but withdrew out of the Crowd, with desires of Inlightening and instructing the Minds of those that remained in it. . . . Notwithstanding his close Retirement and serious Application to Studies, Love stole in upon him and did utterly captivate his Heart: For he was on a sudden highly Enamoured of a Fine Beautiful young Lady, Daughter to Cunninghame of Barns, an ancient and Honourable Family. He met with suitable Returns of Chast Love from her and fully gain'd her Affection: But when the day for the marriage was appointed, and all things ready for the Solemnization of it she took a Fever and was suddenly snatch'd away by it, to his great Grief and Sorrow.'

These last lines are the only independent record of the poet's love-story; all the rest comes to us in his own words.

Three stars lit up the life of Drummond, the stars of philo-

sophy, of friendship, and of love, and each of these is reflected in his verse. His place is not with the foremost in the great company of poets, but it is an honourable place, nevertheless, for he is one of those who do not forget 'que le monde ne finit pas aux portes des maisons ;' that the true function of poetry is to keep open 'les grandes routes qui menent de ce qu'on voit à ce qu'on ne voit pas.'

'Best companied when most I am alone,' it was almost with reluctance that he suffered the compelling power of love to draw him away from other thoughts.

'How that vast Heaven entitled First is roll'd,
If any other worlds beyond it lie,
And people living in eternity,
Or essence pure that doth this All uphold

Did hold my wandering thought, when thy sweet eye
Bade me leave all, and only think on thee.'

And after Euphame's death it was to Divine Philosophy that he turned again, endowing her, like Dante, with his mistress's personality, so that, gradually, she to whom he had gone for consolation became identified with his joy.

It is this pronounced philosophic strain that most distinguishes Drummond's poetry from that of the Elizabethans, of whom he was a belated brother. He gathered ideas, images, expressions in many fields, and is reminiscent of Sydney, of Spenser, even, sometimes, of a greater than they ; and again, not seldom by direct translation, of Petrarch, of Tasso, of Guarini. But he never borrows without assimilating, so that what is borrowed becomes a portion of himself. The comparative study of poetry is useful not to make of every reader a literary detective, bent on the pursuit of plagiarisms, but only in so far as it enables us the better to appreciate what each poet has, God-given, of his very own.

Whatever may be the case with Shakspeare and some of his contemporaries (too large a subject to enter on here and now),

there is no doubt that Drummond's Sonnets, at any rate, are autobiographic in a tolerably strict sense. Every poetic form is a convention, and the Sonnet form is one of the most conventional of all. Each writer of a Sonnet sequence poured the wine of his spirit into vessels of the same shape and size, and doubtless some of the sonneteers had not themselves trodden the wine-press of a personal experience. But the addition of conventional incidents and accessories is no proof, any more than its form, that a poem was not rooted in a genuine passion, however much it may owe to the dew and the sunbeams of the poet's imagination.

It was probably in 1614, when Euphame was seventeen or eighteen and Drummond about ten years older, that they first met. It seems indeed a little curious that they did not meet earlier, as Thirdpart, the home of Drummond's sister, was close to Barns. But some years before, her husband, Sir John Scot, had also acquired the property of Tarvet, near Cupar, which he re-christened Scotstarvet, and it may have been here that Drummond visited his sister. And possibly his visits were not very frequent even there, for 'of all pastimes and exercises,' he writes in his later days to 'his loving friend Alexander Cunningham of Barnes,' 'I like sailing worst, and had rather attend the hunters and falconers many days ere I sailed one half day'; and the life which he was able to lead at his own 'sweet, solitary place' was so entirely to his taste that it is easy to believe that he was loth to move.

And when the lovers did meet it seems to have been neither at Barns nor yet at Scotstarvet, but at a country house on the banks of the river Ore. This may have been the old house of Balfour, which stood nearer the river than the present mansion. The Ore is but a puny stream, and it is difficult to read without a smile the Sonnet in which Drummond compares it, and compares it to their great disadvantage, with every river known to poesy and geography, from the Arno to the Nile. Myrtles grow freely on its banks, while 'the nightingale calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear.' We have grown wiser now (or is it only more prudent because detection is so sure?) and when we write in praise of Fife we do not pretend she can boast either myrtles or nightin-

gales to sing in them; we are content with the wild roses and the meadow-sweet, and thank the good God who made the larks so plentiful.

Even in this first vision of his love, of which he tells in a long dreamy allegory, Drummond's master, Plato, is not far away.

'My mind me told, that in some other place
It elsewhere saw the vision of that face,
And lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight.'

And we have to go hither and thither through the Songs and the Sonnets to gather some idea of what 'that face' was like. Many of his descriptive epithets are as conventional as the myrtles and the nightingales, but from the midst of the pearls and the corals and the diamonds and the gold, we can rescue one or two individual attributes.

'Her hair more bright than are the morning's beams
Hung in a golden shower above the streams,
And, sweetly tous'd, her forehead sought to cover.'

Long ago, in a letter from Paris, he had described a picture of a girl whose eyes were 'somewhat green,' and in Euphame he found again this adorable peculiarity. He tells how Nature, 'when she had wonderfully wrought all Aurestella's parts except her eyes,' 'counsel of the starry Senate sought' and how the deliberation ended in the choice of

' . . . the delightful green
Of you, fair radiant eyne.'

As for her hands, they were like Aurora's—'hers who comes the Sun before,' and lastly:

'Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not Venus' son entrenched therein,
Or hath not sense, or knows not what is love.'

Now he leads on through all love's strain and stress and sweet ado, and tells of the 'sacred blush,' the 'bashful look sent from

those shining eyes.' He discovers his lady lying on a flowery bank, pulling roses to pieces, but his courage fails him and he lets her go without a word. Cruelly she 'gainsays his best attempts,' and even the 'soul-enchancing sounds' of his lute have not power to move her heart. And here comes in the fine sonnet with its almost Shaksperian fragrance,

' If crost with all mis'haps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If spirit with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth ;
If this vain world be but a mournful stage,
Where slave-born man plays to the laughing stars,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,
If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long since past, like that's to be,
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die ;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days ?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.'

which sums up all the others of this period.

And then at last, into the midst of these doleful numbers, bursts the exuberant gladness of the song :—

' Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies.'

Tennyson, in *Maud*, gives us the same thrill in the same way.

There is extant a letter with neither date nor address, but which Drummond's biographers assume to have been written to Euphame Cunningham and to have been sent, probably about this time, with some of these poems—' Here you have the poems, the first fruits your beauty and many, many good parts did bring forth in me. Though they be not much worth, yet (I hope) ye will, for your own dear self's sake, deign them some favour, for whom only they were done, and whom only I wish should see them. Keep them, that hereafter, when Time, that changeth everything, shall make wither those fair roses of your youth,

among the other toys of your cabinet they may serve for a memorial of what once was, being so much better than little pictures, as they are like to be more lasting; and in them are the excellent virtues of your rare mind limned, though I must confess, as painters do angels and the celestial world, which represent them no ways as they are, but in mortal shapes and shadows.'

Sometime during the short space of the engagement Euphame seems to have been at Hawthornden. There was nothing more natural than that Lady Scot should visit her old home, bringing her brother's betrothed with her, but the voyage was not without a miracle of its own—

'Floods seem to smile, love o'er the wind prevails,
And yet huge waves arise; the cause is this,
The ocean strives with Forth the boat to kiss.'

The season was early summer, and we can vividly imagine the lovers together in that 'sweet flow'ry place,' still so wonderfully unchanged. How they must have planned the future, while Drummond showed the girl the varied loveliness of his home; the view from far above to where the river seeks its way under the nestling trees, or from the water-side up to where, high-perched over all, the house crowns the cliff of which it seems almost a natural development. The blue hyacinths would be out and the brown fronds of the bracken unfurling all around them. And after she has left he wanders about, recalling her presence at every step in a sweet toying with grief which he must have remembered with an almost bitter envy of himself, when the real parting came. Was it really he who had written—

'I die, dear life, unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flowers?'

Here under a goodly elm they sat, whose tender rind his love's white hand cut out in curious flowers; in this window she was wont to stand—

'Me here she first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;'

and again, he writes to his poet-friend Alexis,

'She set her by these muskéd eglantines,
The happy place the print seems yet to bear ;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear.'

And one great delight of the visit to both must have been the turning over and discussing of Drummond's many books. Years after he gave some five hundred volumes from his own library to the University of Edinburgh, and the books are still cherished, sacred and apart, in a small room which is called by his name. Early in the present century they were all handsomely re-bound by order of a well-meaning but ill-advised committee, and have thus lost much in interest and in value. But still, in reverently handling them one by one, in reading Drummond's name and the inscription by his hand, which varies a little but is usually—'Given to ye Colledge of King James in Edinburgh by William Drummond,' in chasing the scattered notes and passages underlined in faded ink, which seem as though his finger were still pointing them out, it is possible to feel almost the magnetism of a personal contact.

Here is :—*A pleasant Conceited Comedie called Loues labors lost. As it was presented before Her Highness the last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakspeare, 1598.* This quarto is among the precious things of literature, for here Shakspeare's name first lights up a title-page. Next comes :—*The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. Newly corrected, augmented and amended. As it hath been sundry times publicquely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants.* No author's name is given, but Drummond's hand has added: *Wil Sha.* He may have seen these and other plays acted during his London visits, and a reference to 'this little Arden' in one of his poems suggests that 'the most bird-haunted spot in literature' was not unknown to him. *Amidis de Gaul* and the *Histoire des Amans fortunez* by the Queen of Navarre, long-winded parents of the novels of to-day, are flanked by some romances whose names are less

familiar. *La Bergère de la Palestine; Tragical Tales*, translated by Turberville, and a volume of which the very title carries one straight into dreamland: *Le Printemps d'Yuer, Contenant cinq histoires, discourues par cinq journées, en une noble compagnie, au Chasteau de Printemps. Par Jaques Yuer, Seigneur de Plaisance . . . gentilhomme. A Lyon, 1578.* A group of little books of devotion show Drummond's interest in the old Church. *The teares of the holy, blessed and sanctified Mary the Mother of God.* 1596. (Printed for Edward White and are to be sold at the little north door of Paules). *Traicté du Nom de Jesus.* Paris, 1588. *Heures de Notre Dame à l'usage de Romme en Latin et en François.* 1555. And a beautiful little volume: *Les Aluminettes de feu divin pour fair eardres des cueurs humains en l'amour de dieu.* Paris, 1539, has a title page bordered with a design of dragons, with red letters here and there and little leaves and pointing hands scattered through the text, in the mode which Morris has again made familiar. *Phillis, Honoured with Pastorall Sonnets, Elegies and amorous delights*, by Thomas Lodge, is near *An Apologie for Poetrie, Written by the right noble vertuous and learned Sir Philip Sidney, Knight*, and one lays down reluctantly at last a small square copy of the *Amoretti and Epithalamion* Written not long since by *Edmunde Spenser*, which the ghost of a faded flower whose stain is still upon the page, opens at the Sonnet: 'The merry Cuckoo, messenger of Spring.'

Probably it was in the following year that Euphame's death took place, but of the details of it we know nothing. The spring of 1615 was one of exceptional severity. In February the Tay was frozen over so strongly that men and horses could cross it. In March a snowfall took place which stopped all communication throughout the country, and the accumulation of snow was beyond all that living memory could compare it with, so that 'most part of all the horse, nolt and sheep of the kingdom did perish, but chiefly in the north.' This bitter weather may have affected the girl's health; it may have prevented Drummond from reaching Barns in time to see her again. We cannot tell; for when the poems again begin the poet is alone with his sorrow.

'A little space of earth my love doth bound.'

His grief is more simple than his joy.

'That zephyr every year
So soon was heard to sigh in forests here,
It was for her : that wrapt in gowns of green,
Meads were so early seen,
That in the saddest months oft sung the merles,
It was for her ; for her trees dropt forth pearls.
That proud and stately courts
Did envy those our shades, and calm resorts,
It was for her ; and she is gone, O woe !
Woods cut again do grow,
Bud doth the rose and daisy, winter done,
But we, once dead, no more do see the sun.'

And again :

'Trees, happier far than I,
That have the grace to heave your heads so high,
And overlook those plains ;
Grow till your branches kiss that lofty sky
Which her sweet self contains.
There make her know my endless love and pains,
And how those tears which from mine eyes do fall
Help't you to rise so tall.
Tell her, as once I for her sake loved breath,
So, for her sake, I now court lingering death.'

He bids his lute be silent—'as thou wast when thou didst grow
with thy green mother in some shady grove. . .

Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which us'd in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth'—

and he cherishes the 'napkin, ominous present of my dear.'

But slowly, slowly, as he mused in the 'dear night' or amid 'the
stately comeliness of forests old,' that philosophic religion which
was so much of his life re-asserted its sway over him.

'Sith it has pleased that First and only Fair
To take that beauty to himself again,
Which in this world of sense not to remain,
But to amaze, was sent, and home repair ;

The love which to that beauty I did bear,
 (Made pure of mortal spots which did it stain.
 And endless, which even death cannot impair),
 I place on Him who will it not disdain.'

Autumn came, and brought with it one night, 'through the crystal port of dreame,' a vision of Euphame, come in new-born, celestial loveliness to explain the great unity of all things, to bid him 'leave that love that reacheth but to dust,' and gaze instead upon 'the only Fair.'

'Even as thy birth, death, which doth thee appal,
 A piece is of the life of this great All.'

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'I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
 And still shalt be, till thou be like me made.'

This last is the most thoughtful and among the most beautiful of Drummond's poems. Years after, he set forth anew the same ideas and the same teaching in his too little known prose essay: 'The Cypress Grove,' where he says:—

'Who, being admitted to see the exquisite rarities of some antiquary's cabinet, is grieved, all viewed, to have the curtain drawn, and give place to new pilgrims? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the various wonders of his amazing frame, should we take it to heart, when he thinketh time to dislodge?'

Death remained to Drummond the most interesting and fascinating thing in life; it is with a tender familiarity that he speaks of 'his old Grandmother Dust.'

Only a few years ago, and, by a strange coincidence, within a week of the unveiling of the tardy memorial over her lover's grave at Lasswade, Euphame Cunningham's tombstone was discovered in Crail Churchyard. It had been at one time exactly in the centre of the chancel, which extended twenty feet beyond the present gable, and was unearthed quite by chance. A flat slab of sandstone, much worn and broken, it is, fortunately, not too disfigured to be identified. Upon a shield in the centre are

the Cunningham arms—a shake-fork with a star in chief—(still to be seen upon an oaken panel in the south aisle of the Church) with the large initials E. C. at the sides. And we may painfully read so much of the inscription as remains unbroken :

HIC . JACET . VIRGO . HO
BARNIS . OBIT , AN . DO . 161
. E . (S U) AE 19

is round the sides ; and below the shield :—

ALTHOH . THE . VORMS . MY . FLESH . EAT . IN . THIS
PLACE . ZIT , I . SAL . SE . MY

Drummond lived on, and after many years married one Elizabeth Logan, to whom it is said he was attracted by some resemblance she bore to the unforgotten Euphame. But his singing season was over, and his after life was turbulent with the troubles of his country. ‘Saving Milton, Marvell, and Wither, all Parnassus was with the King.’ Drummond was no exception to the rule, and it was in the direful year of 1649, that, weary and broken-hearted, he too passed onwards.

LOUISE LORIMER.

ART. II.—QUENTIN METSYS.

Translated from the French of Monsieur Edward Van Even.

THE following life of Quentin Metsys has been taken from a paper by M. Van Even (membre de 'Académie royale des sciences, des lettres et des beaux-arts de Belgique,') which appeared in the *Biographie Nationale*. M. Van Even is well known as one of the greatest authorities on the early Flemish masters. At this moment, when they and their marvellous works are being studied in England as well as in their own country, it may interest many to read of M. Van Even's researches. For more than fifty years he has patiently and laboriously sought to add to his store of information about the great master. He has followed every step in the painter's career, and studied his works with scrupulous attention. Even now, in his old age, M. Van Even is collecting more material; and when I saw him last year, sitting in his room in the beautiful Hotel de Ville at Louvain he told me he had gathered enough to fill another volume. When the cares of life and its weariness take hold of him, he hastens to Antwerp or Brussels and, standing before the works of his beloved master, he regains serenity and peace of mind. M. Van Even, then, speaks as one 'having authority,' and more than that, as one who loves.

Quicciardini, who lived in Antwerp and was a contemporary of the master's children, assured us that Quentim Metsys was born in Louvain. This was contested by two literary men of Antwerp, François Frickaert and Alexandre van Fornenbergh, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, but the statement has been confirmed by local archives, and, moreover, by Lampsonius, Molanus, and Opmeer and other authors of the sixteenth century, who have alluded to the painter. His name was spelt in various ways—Massys, Massis, Messys, Matsys, and Metsys. The painter signs himself *Quinte Metsys* on the triptych at Brussels. This form is found, too, in the

archival documents of Louvain and Antwerp. It is the one we have adopted. In his own time he was known at Antwerp only as Quentin or Master Quentin. Erasmus and Thomas More have no other name for him. Quicciardini calls him Quentin of Louvain.

Quentin Metsys is undeniably one of the most radiant and sympathetic figures of the Flemish school. His touching story, with its great moral and salutary example, has furnished material for poets, novelists, dramatists and painters. It shews what a man is capable of achieving when he is roused by a noble aspiration and upheld by a strong effort of will. Born at the bottom of the social ladder, left an orphan when he was sixteen, obliged to secure the daily where-with-all for his mother, brother and sister, he succeeded by dint of hard work in reaching the foremost rank in art, in sharing the honours with the most illustrious artists, in living intimately with the profoundest thinkers, and in shedding an immortal glory on his country.

Quentin Metsys was born in 1466. He was the second son of Josse Metsys, a blacksmith and watchmaker, and of Catherine Kinckem. Josse Metsys was a workman of rare skill. The great architect Matthieu de Layen trusted him with the execution of several pieces of work for the newly built Hotel de Ville. The municipality were so much delighted with them that in 1473 they made him iron-worker to the town. Two years later, in 1475, he was selected to keep the town clock in repair. Next year he forged an ornamental balustrade for the flight of steps of the Hotel de Ville.

The authorities were so delighted with it that they granted him an annual gratuity of five ells of black cloth for a state dress. Josse Metsys died between the 31st of August 1482, and the 1st of January, 1484, leaving a widow with four children, Josse, Quentin, Jean and Catherine. His death left the family in a position approaching destitution, Josse, the eldest son, being still under age, and Quentin, the second, being only sixteen. Catherine van Kinckem tried to carry on her husband's business with the help of the eldest son. Being too young to inspire the necessary confidence, the young man joined part-

nership with Henri van Calemont, an old workman of his father's. The mother most probably had an interest in the joint venture. The partner died seven years later. The liquidation of the company between Catherine Hofmans, widow of Henri van Calemont, and Catherine van Kinckem, widow of Josse Metsys, took place before the Echevins of Louvain on the last day of February, 1487. In the meantime the son, Josse Metsys, had set up for himself. He had married Christine van Pullaer, the daughter of an iron-worker in Louvain. It was after the marriage of his elder brother that Quentin undertook the management of his father's forge. Then even more than now, a knowledge of design was indispensable to success as an iron-worker. We can be sure that the father Metsys, himself an excellent draughtsman, had taken care that his son should be taught the art of design. Quentin, therefore, had studied drawing long before he began to paint. Thanks to his skill in this branch of art, he became the greatest iron-worker of his time. With his hammer he was able to transform the molten iron, according to his fancy, into branches and leaves and flowers of exquisite delicacy. In 1488 he finished the balustrade for the chapel of the Van Erpe family, which had been begun by his father. This bit of work—the admiration of all artists—is now no more. Our iron-worker executed for the same church another piece which fortunately has been preserved. This is the tranverse beam for removing the cover of the baptismal font. It is triangular in form and its branches are decorated with ornamentation from the vegetable world. It is wrought with marvellous spontaneity and elegance, and is one of the most remarkable productions of the national iron work of the fifteenth century. The graceful bit of iron work on the well in front of the great door of Antwerp Cathedral is also attributed to Quentin Metsys, as well as the iron work tomb of Edward IV., which one admires in the chapel at Windsor.

The skillful forger gave up the hammer for the painter's brush. About this two versions are given by Van Mander. The first states that while recovering from a severe illness he spent his convalescence in colouring sacred images, and thus

acquired a love of painting. The other, that having fallen wildly in love with a girl, whose father refused to give her up to anyone but an artist, he devoted himself vigorously to painting, and was not long in making his mark. The last version is the most acceptable, not because it is the most poetic, but because it is supported by an almost contemporary testimony. In 1572, Jérôme Cock, the publisher of engravings, brought out in Antwerp an album of portraits of the most celebrated Flemish painters from the time of the brothers Van Eyck. Below each print a *resumé* of the life of the person represented was given in Latin verse. The verses are by Dominique Lampsonius, at that time the most learned of our scholars in the history of the art of the Low Countries. Under the portrait of Quentin Metsys we find the following soliloquy :—

‘ Ante faber fueram cyclopeus : ast ubi mecum
Ex acquo pictor coepit amare procus,
Seque graves tuditum tonitrus postferre silenti,
Peniculo objecit tanta puella mihi ;
Pictorem me fecit amor. Tudes innuit illud
Exiguus, tabulis quæ nota certa meis.
Sic, ubi Vulcanum nato Venus arma rogarat,
Pictorem e fabro, summe poeta, facis.’

These lines may be approximately rendered :—

‘ Erstwhile I wrought like Cyclops at the forge ;
But when there came a rival to my suit,
A painter lost as deep in love as I,
And she, sly maiden, swore her heart preferred
Above the hammer's heavy thunder-thud
The still, small brush ;—Love made *me* Painter to.
Witness my tale the slender hammer-head,
That 'neath my pictures my sign-manual marks.
E'en so, where Venus begs from Vulcan arms
To deck her son, thou, King of Poesy,
Dost make a Painter from an Iron-Smith.’

Towards the end of the fifteenth century the once flourishing Louvain declined quickly. Only a shadow of its artistic life remained. Antwerp, on the contrary, had just attained a tremendous pitch of prosperity. Commerce, which had long

flourished on the Adriatic at Venice and on the Mediterranean at Genoa, had now centralised itself on the banks of the Scheldte. There every day ships poured out their treasures from the two worlds. One can see that the town would hold out abundant resources to skilled workmen. Having been frequently summoned to Antwerp on account of his work, Quentin Metsys resolved to settle there definitely. We have said that Quentin exchanged the anvil for the palette. The change must have come about quickly, for being already a master of form he must have succeeded easily in mastering the new art. But there is no genius, however original, who does not owe something to the brains of another. Molanus says that Quentin Metsys became an eminent painter under the influence of Rogier Vander Weyden. This statement would be inadmissible were it taken literally, for Rogier Vander Weyden died two years before the birth of our artist. But Quentin was the pupil of the great Brussels painter, just as in our own day Overbeck is the pupil of Raphael, drawing inspiration from the works of the great colourist, one of whose most important pictures decorated a chapel in his native town.

Happen as it may, the workman became the painter. Future events shewed that he was marvellously gifted, and that he was a born painter. Having steeped himself in the master-pieces of the Flemish School, he acquired the facile brushwork, the subtle touch, and the delicate colouring which gained him the admiration of his contemporaries and of posterity.

Quentin Metsys was admitted to the Guild of St. Luke at Antwerp in 1491. Somewhat later the romance of his life was fulfilled, and he had the honour of leading to the altar the woman who had revealed to him his genius. The exact date of the marriage is unknown, but it is probable that it took place in 1492, not at Antwerp, but in the home of his fiancée. The young girl was Adelaide van Thuyt, daughter of Lambert van Thuyt, owner of some property at Campine. The newly married couple took up house in the *Pue des Tanneurs*. Quentin had only to begin to work to prove that he was a

great artist. He was happy in his marriage and in his occupation. But our painter had to learn that worldly joys are ephemeral. His wife died, leaving him a widower with three young children. This was in 1507. Very likely he has left a portrait of Adelaïde van Thuyt in the features of the Madonna in the Antwerp Museum. One would have thought that, having lost her who had opened up life for him, he would have spent the rest of his days in wistful sorrow. But it was not so. The painter was not strong enough to live alone. He speedily married a young and fair Antwerp girl whose charms had captivated him. His second wife was Catherine Heyns, who was related to several important families, and brought her husband a small fortune and some greater hopes.

Before continuing the life of the painter we must sum up his talents. Quentin Metsys is not only a great artist and an extremely original painter, but he is an innovation in the Flemish School. He had earnestly studied the works of the older masters, but in his own work he avoided their sometimes dry, hard, and tight style. He sought after and strove for more elegant form and truer colouring. Italy was at this time the mother of great painters. It was there that Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Raphael created their masterpieces. Foreign, and above all, Belgian artists, journeyed there to find inspiration. The Flemish had instructed the Italians in the use of oil paint, and now the Italians taught the Flemish beauty of life, suppleness, grace, and ideal form. Quentin Metsys must have visited some parts of the peninsula before or after his marriage. One is convinced of this when one studies the architecture in his pictures. The buildings are in the style of the Renaissance, at that time unknown in Belgium. And it was in the Italian mountains that he found the undulating and bluish distances which form the background to so many of his pictures. If it be possible that he never had the opportunity of studying the pictures of the great Italian masters, he must certainly have seen some reproductions of the work of Ghirlandajo and Franco, Raphael's masters.

Having studied the works of other artists, Quentin Metsys turned to the works of God. Passionately devoted to Nature, he consulted her in the minutest detail of his work, at the same time rendering only the inward expression which he saw through the glories of an ideal world. His guiding instinct was the feeling for the divine which blossomed in his soul like a lily on sacred ground. The painter had studied the works of Van Eyck, Vander Weyden, and Bouts. M. Henri Hymans in his studies of the master, says that he also consulted engravings of Albert Dürer and Lucas Van Leyden. But if at times the influence of some other painter is felt in his work, he never failed to stamp on it the impress of his own powerful originality.

Quentin Metsys furthered the taste for very large figures. His were in three-quarter, and even in life-size. The wonderful painter saw Nature always through the sun's rays. His colouring, which is dominated by a touch of blue, is unlike that of any other Belgian painter of his time. It is exquisitely transparent, glowing, and sweet. It is so original that it can be recognised at the first glance. What chiefly characterised the master is his note of high distinction. His compositions are marvels of invention and arrangement. The artist throws his soul into everything that comes from his brush. His heads in their delicate carnation tints are always copied from Nature. He works from the real to the ideal, from truth to poetry. He loves to portray golden-haired almond-eyed women. His draperies are arranged with exquisite taste. He revels in display, rich costumes, glittering stuffs, magnificent brocades, and sparkling precious stones. He arrays his freckled Flemish women in velvet and satin robes. His important figures are always sumptuously clad. In the triptych at Louvain the high priest wears superb robes and a mitre richly ornamented with pearls and jewels. Joseph of Arimathea in the Antwerp triptych has an Oriental brocaded costume with silver leopards and cocks embroidered on dark red and fringed with gold and pearls. The Madeleine is richly adorned, and the head-dresses of her companions are ornamented with beautiful trimmings.

Quentin Metsys exercised a considerable influence on painting in Belgium. As M. Hymans wisely says:—'After a methodical examination of his work, we feel that there is still more to be learnt. The technique gradually frees itself from its original stiffness, and without losing in precision, takes on a natural roundness of form and animation. Van Eyck has more brilliance, Memling more sweetness, but neither reaches a completer realisation or models with greater skill. The expression is as noble as the drawing, and the harmonious whole recalls Francia.' The powerful painter must be acknowledged the founder of the illustrious school of Antwerp, which a century later produced Peter Paul Rubens.

It has often been affirmed that the life of an artist can be read in his works. Let us then examine those of Quentin Metsys.

We have seen that he only began to paint in his thirtieth year. He expended so much care over each picture that he could neither paint quickly nor produce much. His works are therefore far fewer in number than those of any other painter of his time. Pictures by other Flemish masters done in his manner were afterwards attributed to him. To describe all his works in detail would be beyond the scope of this paper. Moreover, they have all been reproduced in engravings or photographs.

The Antwerp Gallery has three paintings which are attributed to the master's first epoch—*The Holy Face*, *The Head of the Saviour*, and the *Head of the Blessed Virgin*. The *Holy Face* is very impressive. Vigorous brushwork and minute consideration of detail are combined in it. The Head of Christ is in full face. The expression is admirable. That of the Madonna is three-quarters towards the right. She wears a gauze veil and a jewelled crown on her fair tresses. When working on these two heads the painter seems to have had in his mind the heads of Van Eyck in the St. Bavon Church. And yet he has stamped his work with a distinctly individual touch. The Virgin's head is probably that of Adelaide Van Thuyt. Her's is the type of all his Madonnas. These two heads become alive as one looks at them. They follow one

like a beautiful dream. Once seen they are seen forever. The rich, warm, golden colours of the painter intensify the beauty of the two panels, which have been copied since the seventeenth century. Quentin Metsys himself made replicas of them with slight changes. They are now in the National Gallery of London. At Antwerp are also two pictures attributed to the master—*The Magdalen* and *The Receiver of Taxes*.

In 1507, the Guild of Saint Anne of Louvain, commissioned Quentin Metsys to paint an altar-piece for their chapel in the Church of St. Pierre. On the central panel he painted *The Family of Saint Anne*, and on the inside of the wings *The Angel of God announcing the Birth of Mary to Joachim* and *The Death of the Mother of the Holy Virgin*. On the outer wings are *Joachim's Offering Refused* and *Joachim's Offering Accepted*. On one wing is written 'QUINTE METSYS SCREFF DIT, A.D. 1509.' It is the earliest dated work of the master. The central panel has fifteen figures—four men, four women, and seven children. It is composed according to the traditional form used by painters and sculptors of the time. The heads on the central panel, as well as on the wings, are taken from Nature, and may be considered as portraits. They are executed with microscopic detail, and with amazing decision. Decamps likened them in their delicacy and expression to heads by Raphael. Reynolds was of the same opinion. The mountainous landscapes in the background are serene and luminous, and breathe an atmosphere of infinite sweetness. It is possible that Joachim Patenir, the greatest landscapist of the time, may have helped him with them.

This triptych appears to have been a great success. In 1551, a wood engraving of the central panel was published and was used as a devotional picture until the end of the seventeenth century. The triptych was removed from the Church of St. Pierre in 1794 by Laurent, the people's representative, and figured in the Louvre till 1815, when it was returned to Louvain and replaced in the church. In 1879 it was handed over to the State for the museum of Brussels for the sum of 200,000 francs. The triptych has more than once suffered from restorations, and has lost much of its original splendour. Whilst

Quentin was at work on the triptych he received another important commission. This was in 1509. The Joiners' Guild of Antwerp requested him to paint a triptych for their chapel in the church of Notre Dame. The great painter, then in the maturity of his powers, at once began the work. On the large panel he represented *The Entombment of Christ* and on the right *St. John the Evangelist*, in the boiling oil, and on the left *The Beheading of St. John the Baptist*. On the back wings are *St. John the Evangelist* and *St. John the Baptist* in Grisaille. The great centre-piece is striking in its workmanship, sentiment, and colouring. It is unquestionably the greatest work of the master, revealing his originality in full force. Never has truth been rendered with more poetry than in the figure of the Mother of Sorrows and in the body of Christ, which lies in the foreground. One can imagine nothing more striking or more dramatic. The artist has poured into it all his deepest feelings, all his technical skill, and all the richness of his palette. It is a feast for the eyes. It is Art; it is Life! The picture is not only the *chef d'œuvre* of the painter, but the most brilliant composition of the Flemish School in the sixteenth century. The triptych was begun in 1509, and finished on the 26th August, 1511. The price agreed on by the members of the Joiners' Guild and the painter was three hundred florins, to be paid in three instalments. But this contract was not carried out to the letter. The capital was converted into an annuity for Quentin and Catherine Metsys, children of the artist's first marriage. Philip II., who was passionately fond of the works of the Flemish painters, made a considerable offer for the triptych, but it came to nothing. Some time later, Queen Elizabeth of England offered for it the then enormous sum of 5000 *nobles à la Rose*, or 40,000 florins. Owing to pecuniary losses, the Guild was on the point of accepting her offer when, on the intervention of Martin de Vos the Elder, a magistrate of Antwerp interfered and bought it himself from the members of the craft in October, 1580. The payment was an annual remittance of fifty florins. The triptych was placed in the Hotel de Ville. In 1589 the magistrates hung it over the altar of the Chapel of the Circumcision in the Cathedral.

It remained there till 1798. Then the painter Herreyens saved it from being sold by having it placed in the chief school of the Netherlands. It is still the jewel of the Antwerp Museum.

The Berlin Gallery has a beautiful Quentin Metsys, the *Holy Family with the Child Jesus*, which he probably studied from his own family and wife. We think we can recognize his wife and one of his children. Nothing could be more life-like, more gracious, and more poetic than this young mother, who, in a transport of joy, embraces the child in her arms. The Madonna is seated on a jasper throne, which rises out of a pleasant landscape peopled with small figures. The fair heads of the mother and child are indescribably perfect. In the beginning of the seventeenth century this picture belonged to the great art amateur, Cornelius vander Gheest, of whom we shall speak later. On the 23rd August, 1615, the Arch Duke and Duchess Albert and Isabella went to this amateur's house to see from his windows a great tournament which was being held on the Scheldt. Quentin's Madonna was in the room in which the princes sat. Their Royal Highnesses were so enchanted with it that they paid it far more attention than the Tournament, which they had come to Antwerp expressly to see. They also took steps to secure it for their palace. But Vander Gheest, who worshipped the memory of Quentin Metsys, would not give it up.

In the Louvre there is a picture by Quentin Metsys of the *Gold-Weigher and his Wife*. They are portraits. Each head is strikingly individual. The details, rendered with extreme care, are suprisingly real, and do not interfere with the effect of the whole. It is signed *Quenten Matsys, schilder, 1514*. One can see, too, the little hammer which, as Lampsonius points out, is the artist's monogram.

At Windsor we find a picture attributed to Metsys, usually called *The Misers*, but which represents two Tax Collectors busy over their accounts. Its authenticity is contested. It has great affinity with a painting of Marin de Rommerswael in the National Gallery. Waagen is of opinion that the original

is in the Zambeccari collection. There are variations of the Tax Collector in Berlin and and Louvain.

In Madrid, there is a *St. Jerome in Meditation*, which must have been popular, as we find old copies of it in several galleries. *The Holy Virgin Triumphant*, which used to be in the Gallery of William III., King of the Netherlands, is now in the Hermitage. Quentin has, too, a *Temptation of St. Antony* in the Prado; the *Unfaithful Steward* in the Doria Gallery; and the *Ecce Homo* in the Doge's Palace. Waagen attributes to the master a small triptych in the Green collection, near London. The centre panel represents the *Virgin with the Child* accompanied by four saints. The Lucrece in Paris is an admirable work.

At this time the products of industry and the works of painters were being taken away in ships from Antwerp, and were being circulated throughout Europe. It is almost certain that Quentin Metsys did several works for foreign countries, especially for Spain, with which country Belgium had constant intercourse. We must not overlook the fact that the old Castilian churches are filled with Flemish pictures. Professor Justi thinks he has discovered a painting of Quentin's in the church of San Salvador at Valladolid. It adorns a side chapel, founded in 1492 by Gonzalo Yllescas, counsellor of Ferdinand and Isabella, and his wife Donne Maria de Estrada. On the predella the donors of the family are represented, protected by the Evangelists. The panels attributed to Quentin Metsys are *The Mass of St. Gregory* and *The Adoration of the Magi*.

A century after the death of the painter, there remained at Antwerp only three or four of his smaller pieces. Rubens had in his gallery a portrait of a jeweller by the master. In 1648 Pierre Stevens, a church-warden of the Cathedral, had three, 1st, *The Holy Virgin embracing the Child*, now in Berlin; 2nd, the *Gold Weighers*, now in the Louvre, and 3rd, a canvas with four figures, two men and two women, playing a game of cards, called *Krimpen*. After the death of Stevens two of these works were acquired by a dealer of Portuguese origin, Diego Duarte, who lived first in Antwerp and then in Amsterdam,

viz., the *Gold Weighers*, quoted in his catalogue at 800 florins, and the *Virgin and Child*, quoted at 200 florins. The latter was afterwards sold to the Prince of Nassau for 600 florins. Duarte had two other paintings attributed to our artist, a *Virgin and Child*, smaller than the first quoted at 200 florins, and a *Repentant Magdalen*, probably a copy, at 30 florins. This information was found in the dealer's catalogue, drawn up in 1682. The details shew that at that time the painter's works did not bring high prices. To-day when one is put up for sale, which rarely happens, it brings its weight in gold.

Several of Quentin Metsys' works unfortunately exist no longer. In 1566, when the Iconoclasts were ravaging the Cathedral at Antwerp, they laid their sacriligious hands on one of his paintings and destroyed it. It represented Christ on the Cross, and was said to be a master-piece. The artist had painted a picture of St. Luke painting his portrait of the Virgin for the Hall of the Painters' Guild. This work has also disappeared from Antwerp. But Jérôme Wierix has preserved it for us in a charming engraving. The Mother of the Saviour is seated on a throne of the Renaissance period, holding the Divine Child in her arms. The Child presents his Mother with a flower, while St. Luke, on his knees before the Madonna, prepares himself for his task.

In van Fornenbergh's time (1658) some amusing grotesque types of men and women by Quentin were discovered in the house of the Burgomeister Smedts at Alost. That author describes, too, a work of *Beggars telling their Beads* at Brussels. There were several pieces of lesser importance at Louvain, Brussels, and Malines. The oratory of the Archduke Ferdinand and Isabella contained a little triptych by Quentin Metsys. The centre panel represented the dead Christ on the knees of Mary, surrounded by St. John and the Maries. On one wing was St. Agnes dressed as a shepherdess, with straw hat and crook, and on the other St. Barbara with her tower. So much was this work prized that it was enclosed in an ebony box with silver hinges and fittings. In 1651 or 1652, this triptych was given to Thomas Lopès, Baron of Limel and Pagador of Antwerp. It was spoilt by careless retouching,

but was restored to its primitive state by Alexandre de Fornenbergh. Its final fate is unknown. De Fornenbergh had a painting attributed to Quentin Metsys. It was of an old man trying to keep hold of a purse, the strings of which were held by a young girl. The Museum of Antwerp has an old copy of this work.

It is known that Quentin Metsys made designs for historical tapestries. Alfred Michiels thinks he must have designed the hangings of the Cathedral of Aix in Provence, which exist to this day. Müntz credits him with a curtain in the Chabrières collection. *The Legend of St. Quentin* in the Louvre is also attributed to him. A tapestry reproduction of his *Entombment of Christ* was sold fifteen years ago from the Duke of Alva collection.

Quentin was an eminent portrait painter. A proof of this is that his portraits were confounded with those of Holbein, then considered the greatest portrait painter of the time. One of the most beautiful portraits of the master is that of Knipperdoling in the Frankfurt Gallery. The head lives and speaks. It is treated with marvellous truthfulness. M. Hymans, who has hunted in all the museums of Europe, thinks he has discovered Quentin's touch in the portrait of a Cardinal at Naples, in a man's portrait at Amsterdam, in another man's portrait at Basle, and in the portrait of Jean Carondelet at Munich.

The great painter decorated the dial of a clock for his brother, Josse Metsys. This work, happily spared by time, is an interesting page in the artist's history. It is now in the small collection at Louvain. It is painted on oak and is over a yard square. Six concentric circles are represented on it. The first, which forms the centre, has the zodaical signs; the second, the works of the different months; the third, the twenty-four hours; the fourth, twenty-four small groups representing the joys and sorrows of life; the fifth, the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year; and the sixth, the months and the number of days. The corners of the dial are ornamented with allegorical figures of the four principal planets—the Earth, Mars, Venus, and Meroury. The artist has painted him-

self and his two brothers at the apex of the fourth circle. It is a family scene in a studio. The eldest brother, Josse, stands in the foreground and adjusts a Gothic Church clock—on the spectator's left, Quentin is seated at his easel, on which is a man's portrait. He works at the picture, palette in hand, whilst Jean, the youngest, grinds the colours. In this composition the artist has bequeathed to posterity his family history written by his own brush.

But to return to his biography. Quentin Metsys was one of those tenacious and vigorous natures who devote their whole life to study and who raise themselves by sheer force of will above their fellow-beings. He was well-informed, and cultivated literature and music. Karel van Mander states that he was a 'rhetorician,' that is to say, a member of one of the Guilds of Rhetoric which were then so prevalent and which contributed powerfully to the intellectual development of the people. The painter had the same views on life, happiness, and progress as the great thinkers of the day. He lost no opportunity of exhibiting and extolling the benefits of education. In several of his works the sitters are reading or writing. He represented children looking at pictures or turning over the leaves of a book. In every step of his career—in every page of his work—he endeavours to teach something.

Being of an independent spirit, Quentin failed to win the good graces of the Higher Powers. He was encouraged neither by Charles VI. nor by Margaret of Austria, nor by the municipality of Antwerp. Brussels appointed Roger van der Weyden as official painter. Louvain created the post of portraitist of the town for Thierry Bouts, but the Town Council of Antwerp did little or nothing for the glorious painter who had taken up his abode in the town on the Scheldt, and who had established there the foundations of a school now famous throughout the two worlds. The public was his real patron. It was from the Guilds of Louvain and Antwerp, and the churches as well as the inhabitants of his adopted city, that he received orders. It is to the encouragement of the middle classes that we owe the greater number of works from his brush.

In Antwerp Quentin enjoyed the consideration to which his talents entitled him. There he had several friends and admirers—one of the men who was devoted to him being Pierre Gillis or Petrus Ægidius, secretary of the Council of Antwerp. Pierre, a man of high intellectual distinction, was intimate with most of the famous writers of the day. He was a great friend of Erasmus, who in his letters constantly praised him. In May, 1514, Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, another friend of Erasmus, was sent to Bruges to draw up a commercial treaty between Henry VIII. and Charles V. On this journey the illustrious Englishman visited Antwerp and made the acquaintance of Pierre Gillis. He congratulated himself on his good fortune. 'His conversation,' said More, 'is clever and witty, and I am grateful to him for having softened, by the charm of his intercourse, the regrets that I felt in being separated from my country, my wife, and my children.' One can understand that the friendship of such a man was dear to our painter. Gillis took More to see Metsys, and a strong sincere attachment was formed between the two men. About the same time Erasmus visited Antwerp. The Secretary took the opportunity of introducing the great writer to his friend Metsys. Having studied painting in his youth, Erasmus was able to appreciate the great colourist. He was amazed with his talent, and conceived an unchanging affection for the artist.

Erasmus and Gillis were more than friends—they were like brothers. A close friendship united them to Thomas More. In 1517 they commissioned Quentin Metsys to paint their portraits as offerings of affection to the English Ambassador. The great painter painted the heads on separate panels with the intention of making a diptych. It was a charming idea. We know that Quentin was especially happy in portraiture. He was a physiognomist and studied the character as well as the form of the model. By intuition and observation he could reveal the mind and heart of his sitters. In his pictures life shone through truth. More was enchanted with the work and improvised some verses in honour of the artist, which he sent with an affectionate letter to Gillis. 'O! Quentin,' he writes,

'thou restorer of an ancient art, thou who rivallest Apelles and canst give life to immobile features by thy skillful combination of colours, why hast thou painted on fragile wood these portraits wrought in such noble fashion, of eminent men whose like antiquity has seldom seen, our own age more seldom, and whom succeeding ages will probably never reproduce. It would have been more fitting to preserve their likenesses forever on more durable material. Oh! then wouldst thou at the same time have preserved thy fame and the desire of posterity. For if the centuries to come have the least taste for Art and if horrible Mars does not triumph over Minerva, what will be the price of these pictures in the future!' The Chancellor calls the painter 'My friend Quentin.' The two panels were in the collection of Charles I. until 1754. They were then sold as works of Holbein, the portrait of Erasmus bringing 109 guineas and that of Gillis 95 guineas. In the Antwerp gallery there is a replica of the portrait of Gillis, which has always passed as a portrait of Erasmus by Holbein.

We have just seen that Thomas More in his verses in honour of Quentin Metsys expressed a regret that the portraits of his friends, Erasmus and Gillis, were executed on a material so unendurable as wood. It was probably to please the English Humanist that Quentin in 1519 modelled a profile of the head of Erasmus, which he cast in imperishable bronze. This medallion, of which few copies were produced—we only know of three or four—is a work which places Quentin Metsys among the best bronze-workers of the sixteenth century. His modelling was influenced by the finest Italian work of the time.

Charles V. had just been proclaimed Emperor of Germany. Antwerp proposed to give the young monarch a gorgeous reception. To Quentin Metsys was assigned the supervision of the decorations of the city. He had two hundred and fifty painters under him. Albert Dürer, who was then in Antwerp, went to see the making of the triumphal arches and trophies. He admired the richness and taste of the work. The Emperor reached Antwerp on the 25th September, 1520. Pierre Gillis has left us an account of the *fête*, in which he describes the

decorations made under the superintendence of his friend, Quentin Metsys.

We have said that Albert Dürer was in Antwerp at the time. The members of the Guild of St. Luke entertained him at a banquet at which all the painters of the city and their wives were present. The feast continued far into the night. The guests conducted Dürer to his hotel by torchlight. At the banquet he met Quentin and his wife, and next day he visited the great Flemish painter. We read in the journal of his travels—'I was too in the house of Master Quentin.' Dürer dined with Gillis, and met Erasmus there. In Antwerp, too, he met Lucas Van Leiden, who invited him to dine and whose portrait he etched. And he became acquainted with the painter, Joachim Patenir, who was an intimate friend of Quentin Metsys.

In 1526, Hans Holbein went from Basle to London, where he became portrait painter to Henry VIII. He carried a letter of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, and another from Pierre Gillis. As he passed through Antwerp, Holbein spent some time with Gillis, and was introduced by him to Quentin. The Flemish painter was thus on friendly relations with the three greatest *cis-Alpine* colourists—Albert Dürer, Lucas Van Leiden, and Hans Holbein.

In 1521, Metsys removed to a large house, to which he gave the name of St. Quentin, having put a statue of his patron saint on the facade. Fickaert noticed the figure in 1648, and Alexandre Van Fornenbergh in 1658. It was supposed to have been wrought by the master himself. Quentin was enchanted with his roomy dwelling, and painted frescoes in one of the salons. Van Fornenbergh says that they were painted 'in a bold and dashing manner,' and that they were 'not the best, but the last work of Quentin,' being dated the year before his death, 1528.

Although blessed with a robust constitution, Quentin Metsys did not live to a great age. Death knocked at his door when he was only sixty-four. He must have died after a short illness. He had appeared before the Echevins of Antwerp on July 13th, 1530, and on the 16th September of the same year

he was no more. His funeral was extremely simple. The body was carried to the Cathedral, and, after the absolution was buried at the door of the church, and not in the cemetery of the Chartreux as has been suggested. Some time after a slab of blue-stone, having in relief the arms of the Guild of St. Luke and surmounted by a death's head, was placed over the tomb. It bears the following inscription :—

SEPULTURE VAN MR. QVINTEN MATSYS IN SYNEN TYT GROFSMIDT EN DAER NAER FAMEVS SCHILDER WERD STERF ANNO 1529—which means 'The grave of Master Quentin Matsys, who was first a blacksmith and then a famous painter, died in the year 1529.' The style of the stone, as well as the false date, prove clearly that it was erected long after the death of the painter. In 1625, when the gravestones of the little cemetery of Notre Dame were being removed, the stone, which was already much worn, was re-cut by the great art lover, Cornelius Vander Gheest, a friend of Rubens and who, as was said before, had several of Quentin Metsys' pictures. In 1629, the municipal authorities allowed this citizen to fix the stone on the tower of Notre Dame. It was not removed from there until 1818, when it was placed in the Museum of Art under the triptych of the painter. An exact reproduction takes its place on the original site.

Cornelius Vander Gheest did still greater honours to the memory of his illustrious master. At his own cost he erected a monument over him, on which was written :—

QVINTO METSIS
INCOMPARABILIS
ARTIS
PICTORI
ADMIRATRIX GRATAQ.
POSTERITAS
ANNO POST OBITVM
SÆCVLARI
CIC. DC. XXIX. POSUIT.

CONNVBIALIS AMOR
DE MULCIBRE
FECIT APELLEM.

In the Uffizi there is a diptych of portraits of a man and woman. Antonio Dalco, the engraver, has reproduced these portraits for Achille Paris' great work, and he has attached to the prints the names of Quentin and his wife. Since then the

panels have been accepted as portraits of Quentin Metsys and Catherine Heyns. But nothing is really known of its origin, and its attribution to Quentin rests on no certain evidence. It is dated 1520, and represents a young man of about thirty, whilst Quentin would have been fifty-four at this time.

Following the example of the painters of his time, Quentin painted his own portrait and presented it to the members of the Guild of St. Luke, who hung it in their hall. In the end of the eighteenth century, it was found in one of the rooms of the Academy of Beaux Arts. It was removed by the Commissioners of the Republic in 1794, who, instead of sending it to the Louvre as was their duty, disposed of it otherwise. M. Hymans thinks he has discovered it in the museum of Frankfurt. But we do not think that the picture offers any point of analogy to the traditional portrait of the master by himself, which was reproduced on copper by Jérôme Wierix, and appeared in the album published in 1572 by Jérôme Cock.

The painter appears in profile, wearing a *tarbousch*, from which his long hair escaped. The calm, powerful face betrays genius. There is an unmistakeable likeness between the painter's portrait of himself on the dial plate of which we have spoken, and that of Wierix. The medallion on the effigy of Quentin Metsys, which is reproduced in the works of Francis van Mieris, was taken in the end of the seventeenth century from the marble bust which ornaments his grave.

Quentin Metsys left a numerous family. He had three children by his first wife and ten by his second. His widow, Catherine Heyns, married a second time in 1532. Quentin had some pupils, amongst them being Adrian van Overbeke, Guillaume Muelenbroeck, Edward Portugalois, and Henri Broeckmakere. And besides pupils he had imitators. It is enough to mention the most important of these, Marin de Rommerswael or Marin le Zélandais and Jean Sanders, called Hemessen, whose works have more than once been mistaken for those of the master. One must add to these names that of his son, Jean Metsys, Jean van Hemskerke, and Jean van Rillaert, a painter of great talent who left some remarkable paintings. One finds the manner and colouring of the master

in many of the paintings of his contemporaries, a conspicuous proof of his influence upon them.

Quentin Metsys is one of the most powerful individualities in the domain of Belgian art. If Louvain is justly proud of having given him birth, of having guided his first steps in the career in which he was afterwards to shine so brilliantly, Antwerp in her turn may be proud of having opened up to him the path of glory. For this she has been nobly rewarded. Thanks to the power of this great genius Antwerp became the Florence of the North. As Italian art centralized itself on the banks of the Arno, Flemish art found its home on the banks of the Scheldt. Like Florence, Antwerp guided and rallied round the banner of St. Luke all the great Flemish painters. Like Florence she preserved, amid the bloodshed and terrors of civil war, the noble and holy passion for the Beautiful. Like Florence in Italy, Antwerp is still in Belgium the capital of the Arts.

INA MARY WHITE.

ART. III.—DANIEL DEFOE IN SCOTLAND.

IN the day of his literary power, no man was more bitterly reviled than Daniel Defoe, and that, too, in an age when the grammar of scurrility had developed an inglorious perfection. In the pillory of the *Dunciad*—

‘Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe;’

and the meaner spirits who divided with him that dubious honour which alone has preserved the memory of many, together with an unrecorded, unremembered host, turned with one accord against the undaunted journalist, attacking him with more than Pope’s venom, if with faint trace of his caustic wit. From no man, not even those of the Whig party, with which he was long associated, did he receive the encouragement of an approving word. Swift was consistently, contemptuously hostile, and

Swift was the mouthpiece of a multitude who lacked only his ability to express their hate and scorn. Towards the end of his life the journals were, as he plaintively reveals, shut against the products of his fertile pen. He could not obtain admission to their columns 'without feeing the journalists or the publishers'—not even, apparently to those of the paper edited by his own son, with whom he had been once at feud politically. To the misconduct of that son can be attributed some of the gloom which darkened his closing days, and, without adopting the grotesque theories that disfigure Mr. Wright's work on the writer of *Robinson Crusoe*, it is at least suggestive that in those distressful times he shunned the society of his wife and children, none of whom sought out the old, broken man to minister with tender offices to a mind diseased.* We shall probably never learn the reasons for that domestic alienation which left Defoe to die a lonely death in the midst of strangers. But the outpourings of Grub Street were in great measure deserved. There is scarcely an accusation brought against the versatile, voluminous Daniel for which the slow process of the years has not gradually furnished the justification.

The habit of villification characteristic of periodical literature in the eighteenth century, made it perhaps inevitable that Defoe's earlier biographers should accept his famous *Appeal to Honour and Justice* as really being what he professed it to be, 'a true account of his conduct in public affairs.' Morally, the loftiest literary character of the Augustan era was Addison. Yet that honourable soul was wounded by the satire of Pope, and Defoe himself said of the man whose shoe latchet he was unworthy to unloose—

'Mæcenas has his modern fancy strung,
And fixed his pension first, or he had never sung.'

Such pleasantries were *à la mode*; many of them, we can believe, intended more to sell a dull sheet than to procure conviction.

* 'I have not seen son or daughter, wife or child, many weeks, and know not which way to see them. They dare not come by water, and by land there is no coach, and I know not what to do.'—Letter by Defoe, quoted by Lee, Vol I., p. 459.

Journalists besmeared each other and all who fell under their displeasure with the foulest abuse, and he who herds with swine is perforce defiled. Defoe was in the thick of every fray; audacious, resourceful, indomitable, unscrupulous; and not unnaturally the clamour was loudest in his neighbourhood. He intermeddled in every affair—was all things to all men and against all men. He was a theologian among theologians, and a politician of politicians. Was it a question of trade or finance? Defoe was ever ready to produce his specifics. Did war threaten, or was peace in sight? He anticipated either event, and energetically confounded those who said him nay. The journalists were all fabricators of scandal, and no satirist could rival the author of *The True-Born Englishman*. What wonder that every man's hand was uplifted to strike at this turbulent fellow, who claimed a more than Papal infallibility? What wonder that writers of a later, more polished, period, should find in his own meddling, insistent egotism, and his rough-handed dealing with others, a key to all the obloquy that assailed Defoe the man and the author?

Of few men who have become the subject of weighty biography can it be said that their own day formed a just estimate of their character which immediate generations declined to accept, but which the judgment of a later posterity in the fulness of time came to affirm. Yet this is what has occurred with Defoe. To Chalmers and the many who followed with scarcely more reliable material, the *Appeal to Honour and Justice*, excusably became the foundation of what we now see to have been a very partial record. In 1864 there were first revealed the letters which discovered Defoe as the secret, wily instrument of the Government employed in gagging a Tory Press. Yet in 1869, Mr. William Lee, with full cognisance of these damning documents, published what in some respects is still the most authoritative account of the active pamphleteer's doings amidst the *sturm und drang* of as turbulent a period as there is in our history, but what one is also obliged to describe as a most indiscriminating work—full of blind approval even for those acts that are a reproach to honour and probity, and an admiring view of Defoe's literary capacity so uncritical as at times to degenerate into absolute foolishness. To

the late Professor Minto belongs the credit of having pierced through the cloud of lies in which Defoe sought to envelop his Protean career. It is unfortunate that when Professor Minto wrote of him as 'perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived,' he was never destined to behold that invaluable publication of the Historical Manuscripts Commission (Fifteenth Report, Appendix, Vol. IV.), wherein for the first time was produced the triumphant vindication of those contemporary detractors of Defoe whom previous biographers had so constantly ignored.

It is hardly too much to say that the numerous letters of Defoe to Harley included among the Portland Papers at Welbeck Abbey, necessitate an entire revision of those stories of Defoe's life which have hitherto passed as authentic; they, at least, present as certainties what once were merely suspicions, and prove to demonstration the harsh judgment passed by Professor Minto. And while the letters are so valuable to the biographer, they are of not less interest to Scotsmen who can appreciate vivid pictures of Scottish life and character, as witnessed by one of the keenest observers of his age, in that stirring epoch when the Treaty of Union was rousing the country to a state bordering on frenzy. From no other hand have come more graphic descriptions of the tumult that beat around the walls of the old Parliament House in Edinburgh, and of the people whose excitement threatened ever and anon to culminate in rebellion. By comparison with these hurried epistles, with their acute perception of affairs, their frank, unrestrained expression, their bustling eagerness to prove the author's possession of the key to every problem, their impatience with fearful souls whom yet he has continually to conciliate, the same writer's *History of the Union* appears tame and insipid. In the former, the individual note is everywhere, and we see men and things as the active, strenuous Defoe saw, and wished his employer to see, them; in the latter, we have the cautious historian, who has played a certain rôle in the events he is narrating, and dare not display his true, critical character.

To correctly apprehend the reasons that led to Defoe's employment as a Government spy, it is necessary to present a few of the outstanding events of his life and some of his personal

characteristics. From an early date he had eagerly thrown himself into the controversies of his age, and no man was a more apt master of a style that was at once vigorously argumentative and widely popular. He had neither the subtlety of Swift, the elegance of Addison, nor the humour and humanity of Steele, but he never needed those qualities. His weapon was not the rapier, but the quarter-staff. Now and again, he laid aside his staff for the cutlass, and employed a rudely effective kind of poetry (of which he was singularly vain), instead of trenchant prose. But even his rhyme had its vogue, because his shaggy Pegasus never soared beyond the public ken. When Pope had his hundreds, Defoe had his thousands of readers. As one who had taken part in Monmouth's rebellion, it is obvious he would welcome the arrival of William of Orange, and his emphatic support of the new king's policy was probably dictated not alone by self-interest, but by a really patriotic feeling. His services were appreciated, and he was rewarded by a public appointment which there are good grounds for believing concealed other more private actings on behalf of his royal master. Trained a Dissenter, Defoe first gained notoriety exceeding far his own anticipations or desires by means of that masterly piece of irony which revealed to public shame and scourged with whips the yearnings of High-Flying Churchmen—the *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. The pamphlet was burned by the hangman, and Defoe, after having stood in the pillory, which was decked with flowers by a deliriously enthusiastic mob, was sent to Newgate to linger out an indefinite period of imprisonment. It was Lord Nottingham who sent him there; it was Robert Harley, afterwards Lord Oxford, who, on certain 'capitulations' procured his release. Mr. Lee and Mr. Leslie Stephen agree in saying that Defoe spent eighteen months in prison. From the letters referred to* it is apparent his incarceration did not endure for more than half of that period; he was certainly at liberty so early as May, 1704. From his cell he had contrived to ensure the publication of his *Review*, and a number of tracts marked by his customary skill in cudgel play. In various ways, also, he

* Hist. MSS. Com. Fifteenth Report, App., Vol. IV., p. 61, *et seq.*

had sought to obtain his release. He had even humbled himself to Lord Nottingham (whom he afterwards accused of base attempts on his wife's honour), and offered to do any service, however mean, so that it were honest—Defoe is for ever striking the chord of honour and honesty—if he might but gain the Queen's favour. His own story of the manner of his release may be dismissed as an ingenious mosaic of truth and falsehood. His case was brought under the notice of Harley, Speaker of the House of Commons, by Mr. William Paterson, who is known as the founder of the Bank of England, and the former called out of Newgate the man who henceforth was to be his able and pliable tool. There is no doubt as to the terms on which Defoe now stood. He was bound to Harley not so strongly by those ties of gratitude, of which afterwards he made such a dexterous parade, but by the terrors of the prison-house, and by his employment in what one cannot help thinking was congenial work. He gained his freedom by becoming the secret emissary of the Government—an exponent of their policy, so far as that could be managed under the disguise of a loud-mouthed patriotism, and an active spy upon those whom his public professions deceived. To this task he brought more than the literary gifts I have mentioned. Alert in mind, widely-informed of men and affairs, indefatigable in industry, a skilful liar, fond of intrigue, with a consuming desire to reach at last the goal of some lucrative Government employment, no matter at what sacrifice of principle, and thus the more firmly tied to his dirty work, Defoe was an almost indispensable wheel in the cumbrous mechanism of eighteenth century politics. And whether in touring among the electors in England, or plodding on secret missions in Scotland, or gliding with graduated stealth from Whig to Tory, from Tory to Whig professions, he played his part with inimitable cleverness. He could not hope to avoid envenomed criticism. There was something mysterious in his release from prison which his avowal, that he had come under engagement to abstain from polemics, did not explain; something suggestive in those sudden journeys into the country and that prolonged settlement in Scotland which was not satisfied by whining stories of implacable creditors. A very few in high places knew the truth.

In his *Memoirs*, published by the *Scottish History Society*, Sir John Clerk writes:—‘I need not narrate what was done in this Parliament, there being a very exact History of it by one Daniel Defoe, who was sent to Scotland by the Prime Minister of England, the Earl of Godolphin, on purpose to give a faithful account to him from time to time how everything passed here. He was therefore a Spy amongst us, but not known to be such, otherways the mob of Edinburgh had pulled him to pieces.’ Without Clerk’s exact knowledge, Defoe’s contemporaries in the press said the same thing, and to these detractors, after defending the purity of his mission in the north, he replied:—‘If I have acted in a good cause in an unfair manner . . . then, and not till then, may I be esteemed a mercenary, a missionary, a spy, or what you please.’ This, of course, is simply giving that perverted sense to facts which Shakespeare reckons as tantamount to lying. It is a verbal game of Aunt Sally which Defoe ingeniously plays. He demolishes with great display of indignation a case such as his opponents had never imagined; he tries himself on a charge that was never libelled, and accords himself a triumphant acquittal. Bluntly accused of being a spy, he skilfully insinuates that so far from bearing a likeness to such an obnoxious being, he is as admirable, if not altogether saintly in his character as his work is noble and commendable. And while he wrote in this exalted strain, he had undoubtedly toiled in the mines of political intrigue that honeycombed Scotland in the year of the Union, and been in as dangerous a case as any man who ever joined a movement in order to betray it. Not that Defoe really adopted the rôle of informer merely to incriminate and disgrace the unfortunates who trusted in him. His ideal was far from being a lofty one, but it would be a grievous error to regard him as a political Jonathan Wild. He was a spy, but he was vastly more than a spy. He might burrow underground to defeat underground plots, yet his writings would almost persuade one he did so because his heart was engaged in the cause conspired against. He was not a reputable figure, but at least—and of this more anon—he worked harder, by means honest and dubious, than has ever been correctly estimated, in advancing a project that wholly

absorbed his abilities, the Union between England and Scotland. It is partly his justification that that great event has had the happy issues which he foresaw.

To turn to the correspondence,* it is impossible here to do more than mention that Defoe's first serious work for the Government was discharged in the latter half of 1705, when he undertook a tour through the English constituencies, of which his letters yield an amusing and picturesque account.

In the course of the year 1706 his services were enlisted for that campaign in Scotland which was destined to employ his energies for some fourteen months. The Treaty of Union between the two countries had now entered on a stage when a successful issue might be hopefully anticipated. But there were still difficulties in the way: prejudices to be combatted, fiscal errors to be corrected, the hostility, overt and covert, of the Jacobite party to be thwarted, the fears of the Presbyterian majority to be allayed. What more natural than that the versatile Defoe, whose creditors were again proving troublesome, should seek an asylum in the north, where he might throw himself into a cause that evoked all his generous sympathies? This was his pretext, but his letter to Harley (pp. 326-7), shows on what footing his journey was really undertaken. He thus sets down what he conceives to be his orders:—

'1. To inform myself of measures taking, or parties forming, against the Union, and apply myself to prevent them.

'2. In conversation, and by all reasonable methods, to dispose people's minds to the Union.

'3. By writing or discourse to answer any objections, libels, or reflections on the Union, the English, or the Court relating to the Union.

'4. To remove the jealousies and uneasiness of people about secret designs here against the kirk, etc.'

* Except when otherwise stated, the pages referred to are to be found in the volume of the Historical MSS. Commission already mentioned. Since this article was written, the Commission have issued a further volume of the Portland Papers in which Defoe's correspondence with Harley is continued till after the death of Anne. The interest of these manuscripts is limited, but it appears from them that Defoe paid a flying visit to the south of Scotland towards the end of 1712, while throughout he was evidently kept fully informed anent affairs in Edinburgh.

Harley's definite instructions (p. 334), of which, unfortunately, only a fragment has been preserved, are more suggestive of the political agent than of the patriotic pamphleteer:—

'1. You are to use the utmost caution that it may not be supposed you are employed by any person in England, but that you came there on your own business, and out of love to the country.

'2. You are to write constantly the true state how you find things, at least once a week, and you need not subscribe any name, but direct for me under cover to Mrs. Collins at the Posthouse, Middle Temple Gate, London. For variety, you may direct under cover to Michael Read, in York Buildings.

'3. You may confidently assure those you converse with that the Queen and all those who have credit with her are sincere and hearty for the Union.

'4. You must shew them this is such an opportunity that being once lost or neglected is not again to be recovered. England never was before in so good a disposition to make such large concessions, or so heartily to unite with Scotland, and should this kindness now be slighted——'

With that broken clause the document ends.

Defoe travels, as formerly, under the assumed name of Alexander Goldsmith, but in Edinburgh he is himself again, because there 'he is so publicly known it would not be prudence to go under another name.' The first letter extant of the long series sent from the Scottish capital is dated October 24, 1706, although there must certainly have been prior communications. He is sorry to inform Harley (p. 339), that in Edinburgh there 'is a most confused state of affairs, and the ministry have a very difficult course to steer.' Speaking paradoxically, it seems to him 'the Presbyterians are hard at work to restore Episcopacy, and the rabble to bring to pass the Union.' He continues:—

'We have had two mobs since my last, and expect a third. . . . The first was in the Assembly, or Commission of Assembly, where very strange things were talked of and in a strange manner, and I confess such as has put me out of love with ecclesiastical Parliaments. The power, *Anglicé* tyranny, of the Church was here described to the life, and *Jure Divino* insisted upon in prejudice civil authority; but this was by some tumultuous spirits who are overruled by men of more moderation, and as an Assembly they act with more wisdom and honesty than they do in their private capacities, in which I confess they contribute too much to the general aversion which here is to the Union; at the same time they acknowledge they are unsafe and uneasy in their present establishment.

I work incessantly with them, they go from me seemingly satisfied and pretend to be informed, but are the same men when they come among their parties—I hope what I say to you shall not prejudice them. In general they are the wisest weak men, the falsest honest men, and the steadiest unsettled people ever I met with. They mean well, but are blinded in their politics and obstinate in opinion. But we had the last two nights a worse mob than this, and that was in the street, and certainly a Scots rabble is the worst of its kind.'

Then follows an account of the riot when the crowd attempted to break into the Provost's lodging. 'His Lady in the fright, with two candles in her hand that she might be known, opens the windows, and cries out for God's sake to call the guard.' With less reserve than in his *History*,* Defoe hints that on the Duke of Hamilton must be laid the onus of inciting the people to mischief. He himself did not altogether escape the rough attentions of the mob; he was recognised as 'one of the English dogs;' but the letter does not mention the incident recorded in the *History* of his window being stoned. Under date October 29th (p. 342), he again writes:—

'In my last you had an account of two mobs, in particular, Church and Street, but as you were put in expectation of a third mob there I purposely referred it to this post to let you know that this particular sort is expected within the House itself. There is an entire harmony in this country, consisting in universal discords; the Churchmen in particular are going mad, the parsons are out of their wits, and those who, at first, were brought over, and, pardon me, were some of them my converts, their country brethren being now come in, are all gone back and to be brought over by no persuasion. The mob you have heard of are affrighted with the loss of the Scots Crown, and the parsons maliciously humour it, and a country parson who preached yesterday at the High Kirk before the Commissioners took this text:—"Behold I come quickly; hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." He pretended not to mean an earthly crown, but made his whole sermon a bald allegory against the Union. I confess I had patience to hear him, but to an exceeding mortification. . . . The third mob is expected in the House, where 'tis said when the party see the articles put to the vote, if they cannot carry their part, they will protest, take Instruments, as they call it here, and leave the House, and then they pretend to say the nation will take arms, and the Highlands are to be brought in—and indeed if this should run so far I fear the Church will join the worst of their enemies against this Union. They are

* Chalmers' Edition, 1786, pp. 235-6.

now a going to fast all over the Kingdom and therein to give the ministers occasion to pray and preach against it, and as soon as that is done, tumultuous addresses are preparing in several parts of the country. And thus you see what a nation you have to do with here. I am as diligent with caution not to be suspected as possible. I have not the success I hoped for, but I continue to push on, and think I do no harm.'

A few days later, on November 5th, he finds (p. 345), that 'the face of affairs has mended a little,' notwithstanding the ravings of 'Duke Hamilton' and the long speeches of Fletcher of Saltoun and the Earl of Belhaven. The first and grand article of the Union has been approved on King William's birthday, a coincidence which to Defoe was 'very remarkable and encouraging.' The Assembly men are making a great stir; in short, those of the kirk are *au wood*. He asks pardon for the Scotticism, and it is to be hoped Harley understood what he meant. In the course of this month he appears before the Committee of Parliament and is examined on some of the intricate details involved in the prospective change of fiscal relations between the two countries. Drawbacks and equivalents, taxes and trade were causing some difficulties, and 'the Lord have mercy upon us!' he exclaims, 'if we have another session here.' He suggests some explanations of the difficulties which may be accepted by England, and goes on (pp. 348-9) to allude to the state of the country—the burning of the Articles at Dumfries and the threats of assassination directed against the High Commissioner, the Duke of Queensberry. The Highlanders, he continues, make some people very uneasy, and with his usual fondness of detail he sketches a scene that would nowadays appear strange indeed on the High Street of Edinburgh—

'They [the Highlanders] are formidable fellows, and I only wish her Majesty had 25,000 of them in Spain, a nation equally proud and barbarous like themselves. They are all gentlemen—will take affront from no man, and insolent to the last degree. But certainly the absurdity is ridiculous to see a man in his mountain habit armed with a broadsword, target, pistol or perhaps two, at his girdle a dagger, and staff walking down the street as upright and haughty as if he were a lord, and withal, driving a cow! Bless us, are these the gentlemen! said I.'

It is impracticable to follow Defoe closely through the history of the winter weeks and until he is able to write with joy that

the treaty of Union has received the touch of the royal sceptre. Whatever we may think of Defoe's character, we can hardly believe his interest in the great affair is wholly assumed. Every line palpitates with the anxiety of one who feels himself half responsible for a happy issue. As a faithful mirror he reflects all the phases through which the momentous measure passed, and still has time to put on record with an amount of minuteness that vividly restores the period, every noteworthy incident in the city and country. The historic imagination is so rare that to-day one is barely tolerant of the passions and prejudices which threatened to make shipwreck of a nation's future, yet in these old-time letters we are brought so close to the men and their environment that we get more than a glimmering of the motives by which they were animated, and discover that for many of them there is awakened a better feeling than half-pitying contempt. With all his cleverness, Defoe's view was essentially that of the foreigner, and he does less than justice to that sturdy sentiment of nationhood and that honest devotion to the Reformed religion which, more than all the blundering plots of hot-headed Jacobites, were the obstacles to Union. Yet in the Hogarthian fidelity of his narrative there is an abundance of material for the historian of this germinal period.

Defoe's naive descriptions of his behaviour under the necessity of concealing his true mission, are worth quoting. In November (p. 358), he says:—

'My success here I am in hopes will answer your expectation, though the difficulties have been infinite. If no Kirk devils more than we yet meet with appear, I hope all will be well, and I begin to see through it. . . . I have compassed my first and main step happily enough in that I am perfectly unsuspected as corresponding with anybody in England. I converse with Presbyterian, Episcopal Dissenter, Papist, and Non Juror, and I hope with equal circumspection. I flatter myself you will have no complaint of my conduct. I have faithful emissaries in every company, and I talk to everybody in their own way: to the merchants I am about to settle here in trade, building ships, etc.; with the lawyers I want to purchase a house and land to bring my family and live upon it. God knows where the money is to pay for it! To-day I am going into partnership with a member of Parliament in a glass house; to-morrow with another in a salt work. With the Glasgow mutineers I am to be a fish merchant, with the Aberdeen men a woollen, and with the Perth and

Western men a linen manufacturer, and still at the end of all discourse the Union is the essential, and I am all to everyone that I may gain some. Again I am in the morning at the Committee, in the afternoon in the Assembly. I am privy to all their folly, I wish I could not call it knavery, and am entirely confided in.'

So when the Union has been consummated he informs Harley (p. 385):—

'I have hitherto kept myself unsuspected, have whispered and caused it to be spread that I am fled hither for debt and cannot return; and this particularly that they may not suspect me. Under this reproach, though I get some scandal, yet I effectually secure myself against suspicion. Now I give out I am going to write the history of the Union in folio and have got warrants to search the Registers and Parliament books, and have begun a subscription for it. I tell them it will cost me a year's time to write it. Then I treat with the Commission to write them a new version of the Psalms, and that I'll lock myself two years in the college for the performance. By these things I effectually amuse them and I am perfectly unsuspected. Then I am setting weavers to work to make linen, and I talk of manufactures and employing the poor, and if that thrives I am to settle here and bring my family down and the like, by which trifles I serve the great end, viz., a concealment.'

Of his actual doings in furtherance of the grand project he writes unsparingly. Defoe was not the man to hide his light under a bushel, and it is easy to make the inference from the complaisant egotism of his avowals that but for him the Union could hardly have been achieved. He is constantly giving his aid to the Parliament on those knotty problems of excise which it seems the most long-headed of Scotsmen were apt to bungle. Among the timid and alarmed Presbyterians he stands as a tower of strength. There are so many lame dogs to be helped over imaginary stiles, and Defoe alone can perform the kindly act. So clearly does he gauge the state of parties that again and again he lays down the policy which alone can be followed by the Government with safety. 'Oh, for a year of Defoe as Prime Minister!' we can hear him exclaiming. He pours out pamphlet after pamphlet in the interests of the good cause, and, by and by, when like Job he has got what he must constantly have prayed for—an enemy to write a book—he comes down with sledge hammer force on the daring assailant and awards himself the laurels of victory. All of this he tells Harley in

words that have lost the savour of modest reserve. Winnowing the chaff from the grain, there is still left a fair balance to the old journalist's credit. He certainly was not the powerful force he claimed to be, yet was he a strong and persistent element in that current which drifted rather than drove the bark of the Union into a peaceful haven. There is not wanting evidence that his advice had its due influence with the Ministry.*

The Union once accomplished, Defoe seems to have been so utterly neglected by Harley as to be unable either to stay in Scotland or to quit it. At no time was he lavishly supplied with funds, albeit he must have had many demands upon his purse. Not only would his personal expenses be considerable, but his printing bill must have mounted rapidly, while the system of espionage he inaugurated would necessitate continuous outlay. 'In my management here,' he writes on March 18th (p. 396), 'I am a perfect emissary. I act the old part of Cardinal Richelieu. I have my spies and my pensioners in every place, and I confess 'tis the easiest thing in the world to hire people here to betray their friends. I have spies in the Commission, in the Parliament, and in the Assembly, and under pretence of writing my history I have everything told me.' Yet for his journey to the North, and his maintenance there, from October, 1706, to April, 1707, he received no more than £143, of which £103 were paid before, with 'the end of an auld sang,' he had written *Finis* to his labours in Edinburgh. With all his complainings, however, he is reluctant to leave Scotland; he would fain live there eight months in the year if it could be so contrived. To give colour to his assertion that he might be usefully employed, he engages in a tour through a portion of the Lowlands. A brief time he spends in Glasgow, where, a few months before, 'it had been death to have been known'; then he travels through Fifeshire, dining with presbyteries and 'disputing with the rigid and refractory clergy, who are the worst enemies of the Union.' All

* Letter, Godolphin to Harley, p. 382.—'Defoe's letter is serious and deserves reflection. I believe it is true and it ought to guide us very much in what we are doing here, and to take care in the first place to preserve the peace of that country.'

his diligence he commends to Harley as deserving the reward of that secure Government office which, throughout his life, seems to have dangled before his eyes like the forbidden fruit of Tantalus. His employer at length condescends to write him a letter (p. 418), which reveals more wrath against the enemies of Harley than of genuine sympathy with the trials of Defoe. The best advice he can offer the unfortunate spy is to renew his application to the Duke of Queensberry, who, while in Edinburgh, had promised his interest in Defoe's behalf. From April onwards his diminishing resources are reflected in the increasing urgency of his appeals; he grows bolder as his necessities become more pressing, and in September (p. 444), he ends by becoming pathetic and almost dignified:—

‘While you supplied me’ (he says) ‘I can appeal to Him that knows all things, I faithfully served, I balked no cases, I appeared in print when others dared not to open their mouths, and without boasting I ran as much risk of my life as a grenadier in storming a counterscarp. It is now five months since you were pleased to withdraw your supply, and yet I had never your orders to return; I knew my duty better than to quit my post without your command. But really if you had supposed I had laid up a bank out of your former, it is my great misfortune that such a mistake happens. . . . If you were to see me now entertained of courtesy, without subsistence, almost grown shabby in clothes, dejected, etc., what I care not to mention, you would be moved to hasten my relief in a manner suitable to that regard you were always pleased to show for me. I was just on the brink of returning, and that of mere necessity, when, like life from the dead, I received your last with my Lord Treasurer's letter. But hitherto his Lordship's goodness to me seems like messages from an army to a town besieged, that relief is coming, which heartens and encourages the famished garrison but does not feed them, and at last they are obliged to surrender for want when perhaps one week would have delivered them.’

A fortnight later he humbly entreats recall as ‘the *coup de grace* to put him out of his torture,’ and at the close of October he has only got a letter from Godolphin which ‘neither directed him when to draw nor how much.’ It is a shameful and a pitiful story, but it ends in the poor wretch receiving a remittance of £100 with which he can free himself from financial embarrassments and turn his face southwards.

Defoe returned to London on the last day of 1707 (p. 473),

and lost no time in soliciting Harley's intercession with Godolphin, for the court intrigues already foreshadowed Harley's fall. It was not long before he was out of office, and the useful Defoe transferred his services to Marlborough's colleague. As Godolphin was already cognisant of all his doings, and indeed had occasionally employed him, Defoe was simply in the position of a subordinate in a firm whose old manager had been discarded in favour of a former coadjutor. Though he undoubtedly would have us believe he was ready to forsake all to follow the fortunes of his benefactor, it must not be forgotten that the 'capitulations' exacted by Harley from Defoe on his liberation from Newgate were not for himself but only for the Government of which he was a more conspicuous servant. In the unbroken silence of three years, we find the proof of Defoe's determination to run no risk of incurring the disapproval of the ruling powers, and so of losing that fat sinecure which was his constant dream.

Of Defoe's second visit to Scotland there is no record in the correspondence, but from other sources we know it was undertaken immediately on the confirmation of his appointment. He was given three days to prepare himself for a journey which again led him to Edinburgh, 'where' (he says in his *Appeal*), 'neither my business nor the manner of discharging it is material to this tract, nor will it ever be any part of my character that I reveal what should be concealed; and yet my errand was such as was far from being unfit for a sovereign to direct or an honest man to perform.'

'The man who pauses on his honesty
Wants little of the villain——'

says an old writer. One cannot but suspect Defoe of many doubts and some painful qualms of conscience, since he is so constantly assuring us he is not the thing we suppose him to be. His attitude is precisely that of a rogue who not only claims a verdict, but demands a certificate of character in his own terms as a reward for our having mistrusted his *bona fides* because he knows the incriminating evidence is so weak. And yet his relations with Harley, maintained with Godolphin, show that his second mission in Scotland like his first could only be approved

as honest by the Jesuitical device of making the end justify and sanctify the means. In the preface to his *History of the Union*, Defoe gives an account of the unsuccessful attempt of the French to invade Scotland in the early part of 1708. It was doubtless the intelligence of this project which induced his hasty return to Edinburgh, but more than this cannot be said. Future labours of the Historical MSS. Commission may fully enlighten the world regarding his doings, but we can only assume at present that his duties were similar to those he had so recently concluded—to keep his paymaster well informed of every move in the political world, and, by writing and speech, to influence the public mind in favour of the established authorities. It throws a rather sinister light on Defoe's character to learn from the documents we possess how even maliciously mistrustful he became of the men with whom he had been in friendly intimacy. Of Paterson, whose active benevolence enlisted Harley's more powerful interposition to obtain his release from gaol, he in later years writes in words that are curiously ungrateful. Bell, who had been Harley's agent in the transmission of letters, becomes an object of suspicion because once he incautiously blunders, while Pearce, an adventurer whose exploits he at one time praises unmeasuredly, ends as a person whom he unequivocally condemns. Thus did his lying and spying revenge themselves on his nature, making him jealous, suspicious and watchful of those from whom he might have gathered lessons of a kindly charity. Nor does our admiration for him increase when we find him commending himself to Harley, when that courtly politician again found himself in power, by depreciating the service he had quitted.* In the course of 1708, Defoe paid another visit to Scotland—his third in all—extending to the month of September, and in the course of the following year he published his *History*, which still remains a valuable narrative of perhaps

* 'It was always with regret that when you met with ill-treatment I found myself left and obliged by circumstances to continue in the service of your enemies' (p. 502). 'I shall serve both with principle and inclination, which I cannot say has been so clear to me since I have been out of your service' (p. 581).—Defoe to Harley.

the least picturesque and the most fruitful event in the national life.

Interrupted by Harley's retirement, the letters are resumed in July, 1710, and they cover the private history of rather more than seven months, ending somewhat abruptly in March, 1711 (pp. 550-662). By far the most interesting part of this correspondence relates to Scotland—to Defoe's plans for increasing the prosperity of the country, which he rightly affirms it is the great interest of England to study, and to his experiences during his fourth and last sojourn in Edinburgh, between the months of October, 1710, and February, 1711.* But on none of the events is it necessary to dilate. There was still a heavy ground swell from the storm of 1707, but to-day we cannot feign an interest in the petty political gossip of the Scottish capital, or the fears, probably exaggerated, which Defoe discerns regarding 'that formidable creature, a Toleration' for the Episcopalians. There is a tantalising suggestion that part of the dexterous agent's task was to checkmate the plans of a certain Dr. O., who had travelled on a mission from the English Dissenters, but the man and his purpose are mentioned with unsatisfying vagueness. For the rest, Defoe may or may not have been justified in pluming himself on his success 'in managing that difficult people in the North—'

'I think I may boast to you of my little management in this place where the people are brought to be perfectly easy in her Majesty's measures, and have a full confidence in her Majesty's concern for the general good. I might assume the words, I have brought them to this, but I leave that to your charity' (p. 648).†

Defoe's final degradation—for however we may be dazzled by his courageous cleverness we must admit the reality of his moral depreciation—occurred after the death of Queen Anne. It is curious to notice how the downward steps coincide with the

* His letters from Edinburgh are subscribed with the assumed name of 'Claude Guilot,' and an attempt at disguise is visible in the handwriting.

† I have not even mentioned that Defoe was appointed by the magistrates author of the *Edinburgh Courant*. In point of fact there is no evidence that he ever wrote a line for that journal.

advent of successive sovereigns. Under William he was a patriotic journalist whose most visible fault was that he was unnecessarily logical with his friends the Dissenters. Under Anne, the patriot was merged in the tongue-tied partisan, changing his colours with each ministry, yet so dexterously that one could scarce observe the change unless the colours were laid together and contrasted; and the partisan became a detective, ferreting among political garbage, and nosing out the pestilence, which it was his duty to assist in securing should not become epidemic. Under George I. he becomes absolutely bewildering in his political manifestations. Before, he was Whig and Tory by turns. Now, he is Whig and Tory simultaneously—Whig to his employers, the Government; Tory to his employers, the proprietors of *Mist's Journal* and other publications. 'Upon the whole,' he writes, in one of those precious letters to his real masters, which Mr. Lee republishes, 'this is the consequence, that by this management the *Weekly Journal* and *Dormer's Letter*, as also the *Mercurius Politicus*, which is in the same nature or management as the *Journal*, will be always kept (mistakes excepted) to pass as Tory papers and yet be disabled and enervated so as to do no mischief or give any offence to the Government.' This 'bowing in the House of Rimmon,' as he terms it, this association with 'Papists, Jacobites, and enraged High Tories'—a generation who, I profess, my very soul abhors,' went on without a breakdown, not for a week or a month, as ingenuous people might suppose, but for several years. Was there ever a more cool-headed or neat-handed rascal?

In his excellent monograph on Defoe, Professor Minto pleaded that the author of *Robinson Crusoe* should be given the benefit of every doubt. Scotsmen with a sane love for their country may well afford to be lenient in their judgment of the man who, whatever his faults, strove earnestly, if also with a large measure of duplicity, to promote one of the most patriotic works to which statesmen ever laid their hands. In the character of the times we may find some explanation of, if not an excuse for, that combination of ethical peculiarities, the character of Defoe. He was a spy, though not a vindictive one; a feigned worshipper in the temple, if not a wanton betrayer of

the true believers. He compromised with Duty, the clear-eyed goddess, who accepts no half-service without repayment in kind. He was a liar, and it is nothing to his credit that he was such an unapproachably smart one. Greedy, without honourable ambition, he cannot be said to have ever attained the ease of affluence. His life lay through obscure paths, and like those animals who shun the light, he suffered from moral myopia. He lived without friends, and died deserted by those of his own household. We are impatient with the man, but our impatience is tempered with pity, for through the dark texture of his career there ran continuously the silver thread of an opportunist patriotism. With all his sordid qualities, he had a real love for the welfare of his country. It was not heroic enough for sacrifice, but in the midst of his time-serving he did achieve more for the cause of patriotism than many a man with purer motives and cleaner hands.

JAMES D. COCKBURN.

ART. IV.—THE COMING WAR OF AMERICAN DREAMS.

1. *The Rise and Growth of American Politics.* By HENRY JAMES FORD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1898.
2. *The Philosophy of Government.* By GEORGE W. WALTHER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.
3. *The City's Wilderness.* Edited by ROBERT A. WOODS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1899.
4. *Monopolies and the People.* By CHARLES WHITING BAKER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
5. *Equality.* By EDWARD BELLAMY. London: William Heinemann. 1897.
6. *The Sphere of Science.* By FRANK SARGENT HOFFMAN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.

7. *Principles of Literary Criticism.* By C. T. WINCHESTER.
New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899.
8. *Essays on the Literary Art.* By HIRAM M. STANLEY.
London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1897.
9. *Annals of the American Academy.* Philadelphia. 1900.

HOW comes it that Sydney Smith has not been added to the list of the literary Immortals who are sold at every bookstall for sixpence nett? He was the wisest and wittiest Englishman of his time; and, although he lived in days when it was still gentlemanly to poke fun at 'Sawney' and twit him with 'brimstone' and 'flinty hills,' he lived long enough in Scotland and associated on terms of sufficient intimacy with the best—and also some of the vainest—Scotsmen of his time to appreciate the value of porridge and liberty. Of all the Edinburgh Reviewers, Macaulay not excepted, he wrote the best and most modern English; indeed he wrote almost as well as Mr. Froude or even Mr. W. E. Henley, when that up-to-date Hazlitt does not allow a 'tis,' or a 'by way of,' or a parenthesis, to run away with him, and does not permit the action of his monthly volcano of criticism to be complicated by some little private earthquake of his own Johnsonian antipathies. In spite, too, of his partiality for 'short views,' Smith was one of the most far-seeing thinkers of his time. If he was in error about the ballot, and called in vain for Lord John Russell to lay his head on the scaffold in defence of open voting, he earnestly joked and humorously sermonised Great Britain into Catholic Emancipation. But it was of America that as a prophet he wrote most wisely. Times without number he assailed 'the great disgrace and danger of America—the existence of slavery, which, if not timeously corrected will one day entail (and ought to entail) a bloody servile war upon the Americans—which will separate America into slave states and states disclaiming slavery, and which remains at present the foulest blot on the moral character of that people.' And when one wishes to contrast America, as it is preparing to enter upon the march of the twentieth century with the same America when the nine-

teenth was yet in its teens, one cannot get a brighter representation of the latter than Smith's, or a representation which prophecy shines so genially through. 'Literature the Americans have none—no native literature, we mean.' It is all imported. They had a Franklin, indeed; and may afford to live for half a century on his fame. There is, or was, a Mr. Dwight, who wrote some poems, and his baptismal name was Timothy. There is also a small account of Virginia by Jefferson, and an epic by Joel Barlow; and some pieces of pleasantry by Mr. Irving. But why should the Americans write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogsheads? Prairies, steam-boats, grist mills, are their natural objects for centuries to come. Then, when they have got to the Pacific Ocean—epic poems, plays, pleasures of memory, and all the elegant gratifications of an ancient people who have tamed the wild earth, and set down to amuse themselves. This is the natural march of human affairs.'

It will be seen that Sydney Smith foresaw much of the history of the United States. The great struggle which he predicted came. Though it did not destroy the American Union by splitting it up into two rival Republics, it has left a legacy of racial hatred and political difficulty behind it. The 'expansion' of America, even on that continent which the Munroe Doctrine was understood to have ring-fenced for all time, has been incomparably greater than even he contemplated. But its very greatness brings with it risks of a disruption to which that revealed and prevented by the Civil War is an unromantic trifle. In literature, will even the most ardent admirer of America say that it has reached the stage which Smith predicted? No doubt the Union has done better than produce Joel Barlow, Timothy Dwight, and Washington Irving. It has given the world Emerson and Holmes, Longfellow and Whittier, Bret Harte and Mark Twain, and above all, Poe and Hawthorne. Yet these are all suggestive, not of an intellectually independent America, but of a 'Greater England' beyond the Atlantic. Walt Whitman almost alone represents a continent that is being emancipated

from Anglo-Saxon traditions, and that has not only a destiny but ideas of its own. But with all his virility, all his veracity, all his courage, all his genuine power of various kinds, he is too crude in his morality, too deficient in art, and above all—as Stevenson demonstrated in the best of his critical essays—in humour, to secure for himself the allegiance of a whole nation. He is a great pioneer; it is words like his that a master will yet have to set to music; but he himself is not a supreme prophet. Nor is there yet any sign of a worthy successor to him making his appearance.

The American Union is, therefore, to all intents and purposes, still the land of feverish money-making, interrupted every three years by an equally feverish plunge into politics. The millionaire capitalist and the political 'boss' have taken the places of the old informal committees of farmers and citizens, who managed to combine business and pleasure, religion and politics in a comfortable, jog-trot, and, on the whole, beneficent fashion. There is, to be sure, that strange portent, the American newspaper, to which, in spite of appearances to the contrary, there is really no parallel in this country, and about which and its relation to literature, a too little known American writer, Mr. Hiram Stanley, writes thus very much to the point:—

The immediate prospect for literature is not bright. Our civilization is daily becoming more democratic, the people draw all activities towards themselves; and the literary artist is more than ever tempted to be untrue to himself, to yield to the popular demand and truckle to the average taste. Style, as characteristic creativeness, as the expression of lofty individuality, is neither wanted nor appreciated by the great mass of readers. Your thorough-going democrat believes in complete equality, material and intellectual; and he who is unlike or peculiar is regarded as either foolish or conceited. The great host of self-assertive, self-satisfied people despise what they cannot understand or jest at it. An illustration in hand is the recent vulgar skit, so universal in the newspapers (1890) about President Cleveland's hard lot in being obliged to hear Mr. Gilder read his latest poem. Such is the *bourgeois* temper. It may appreciate literary cleverness or smartness, but it will flout at talent or genius, at all restrained and dignified discourse and high poetic sentiment. In the hurry of this eager, unquiet, democratic age, if men read at all they will read only what appeals to them at the first glance, what is startlingly

staccato in expression. In brief, the democratization of literature means a childish impressionism. And the natural language of impressionism is the newspaper, which promises to be the literary method of the future. In many newspapers we see already a tendency to cease being a mere impartial and accurate register of facts, and to aim at making news articles entertaining at all cost, often by an absurd and showy attempt at literary style, often also by the coarsest exaggeration. As Schopenhauer so well says, "Exaggeration of every kind is as essential to journalism as it is to dramatic art, for the object of journalism is to make events go as far as possible. Thus it is that all journalists are, in the very nature of their calling, alarmists; and this is their way of giving interest to what they write. Herein they are like little dogs, if anything stirs, they immediately set up a shrill bark." Hence it is that our newspapers are for the most part miserably unreliable, trivial, and vulgar, and the outlook for literature, as dominated by the newspaper, is melancholy in the extreme. However, it is folly to lament this tendency with the pessimists or, with Matthew Arnold, to rely hereafter upon a "saving remnant." Since literature is not, and is never likely to be, as in the past, a product for the few, since the kind of writing which the people demand is the kind of writing which will be done, the only hope of literature is an educated public. I take it, then, that the importance for literature itself of the right study of literature in our schools and universities can scarcely be overrated. But the results of present methods can hardly be regarded as satisfactory. Many of our college graduates and most of our high-school graduates read little more than that lowest form of literature, the newspaper. Not one in a hundred, in consulting his own taste, takes up an English classic, reads Milton and Shakespeare and Wordsworth simply because he likes them. And certainly for the great majority, school instruction in literature results in no marked and permanent uplifting of taste. I am far from saying that literary education is a complete failure, but I thoroughly believe that it is generally very defective in spirit and method.'

No doubt a good deal may be said for Mr. Stanley's attack upon journalism in the name and interests of literature, as a great deal may be said in favour of similar attacks in this country by the late Robert Louis Stevenson and H. D. Traill, and the living Professor Raleigh and Mr. Charles Whibley. But it is beyond doubt that trans-Atlantic journalism, even the very 'yellowest,' reflects the moods and aspirations, the 'ideas' and the crazes of present-day America. As so reflected that America may seem to a Carlyle to be 'all gone to wind and tongue;' but on the other hand it is the America that appears vocal and effective. In the meantime also there

is a considerable difference between the relationship that exists between books and newspapers in Great Britain and that which holds good in the Union. Here there is but a nodding acquaintance between the two; or if they must be accounted as both belonging to the same hierarchy of literature, they regard each other much as in another hierarchy the bishop regards the curate. In ostensibly democratic, really plutocratic, America however, the two are closely associated. The books deal with substantially the same subjects as the newspapers; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that their authors shoot the ideas that are flying in the newspapers and bring them down. This will not always be the case. It is more than probable that an influential literature will spring up in the American universities which will stand between the newspapers and the only half-articulate masses, if not between the plutocracy and the democracy, and exert power upon, if not dictate to both. As things are, however, books represent what is conveniently but by no means accurately known as 'the philosophy' of the newspapers. Take for example Mr. Winchester's 'Principles of Literary Criticism.' It is an excellent treatise in many ways. It is lucid, brisk, here and there even suggestive after a fashion that reminds one of Boston rather than of Chicago. It has none of the delightful Bohemianism of Poe or the 'fascinating morbidity' of Hawthorne, or the ethereal—yet eminently Yankee—spirituality of Emerson. It is full of moderation, commonsense, level-headedness, everything that suggests what, known as 'sanity', sends us all comfortably to sleep in the belief that, when all is said and done, it is a distinction and a fact of which posterity may well be proud to have lived in the best of possible worlds. Yet there is all the difference between Mr. Winchester's 'principles' and Matthew Arnold's that there is between the well-aired, well-ventilated, editorial room of an American weekly newspaper upholstered in the literary sense by Mr. Howells, and the studious cloister's pale of mediævalism in all its beauty, all its solitude, all its divine disregard of *sanitas sanitatum omnia sanitas*. Mr. Winchester makes criticism plain to the meanest mind that ever

with the help of 'The Hundred Best Books' wrote for a St. Louis newspaper. And of such is the trans-Atlantic literature of the closing years of the nineteenth century, though probably not of the second generation of the twentieth.

Yet there is one remarkable resemblance between the mediæval Europe which crowded to hear Abelard and that intensely modern, and yet also marvellously viewy America which accepts, as if it were a new gospel, the rushing mighty wind of yellow journalism. Mediæval Europe awoke to find itself adolescent, virile, eager to enjoy the life around it, and rejoiced to enter upon the heritage of the Roman Empire, as a young man rejoices to run a race or squander the estate of a miserly father. Its note was ecstasy, its accent was hope. We are witnessing the adolescence of that America whose sturdy childhood Sydney Smith clapped so heartily on the back. Sensational journalism, with its ever-lasting beating of the big drum and beating the record in yacht-racing, society divorces, and making of fortunes, is but the extravagance of that adolescence which in the case of the individual manifests itself in unparalleled ties, waistcoats, and dinner rarities. And it is curious how the soberest of American writers are dominated—even if they are not filled to overflowing—with this hope. It is thus that Mr. Walthew, the author of the eloquent and in many respects very remarkable 'Science of Government,' finds consolation in certain of the signs of the times.

'The reproach is made to America that it has a borrowed civilisation, and that with all its material gains it has made no real contributions to culture. This varies the old complaint against democracy, which was that, although it produced an expansion of the intellectual energies of the people, with splendid results in art and literature, it was incompatible with social order, and was sure to end in moral exhaustion and political degeneration. In concentrating the national energies upon material improvement—an object naturally attended by extreme solicitude for the maintenance of order, the republic provides for the stability of its political institutions and thus escapes the traditional peril of democracy. That the character of its civilisation is acquisitive rather than creative, is a distinct advantage during the period in which it is engaged in laying, deep and strong, the foundations of social order, and at the same time it may be establishing a culture whose worth will be proportionate to the thoroughness of the preparation. The greatest advances in human destiny have been the

work of nations which borrowed a civilisation as a starting-point for the creation of a new type under the stimulus of free institutions. Time may have been when the artists and savants of Egypt regarded with patronising disdain the crude adaptive civilisation of Greece; but there came an outpouring of democratic genius which supplied all the materials of culture with which the world has worked ever since. The Renaissance, which set in motion the processes of modern civilisation, was also the product of democratic forces. From such eras humanity derives the principle of progress without which civic organisation would be only a large exhibition of instincts of social agglomeration, such as communities of ants, bees, or wasps display on a smaller scale, but in greater perfection. If mankind is ever going to ascend to a higher plane of psychical activity, it is at least most likely to be the result of such an expansion of social energies as only a democratic order can evoke; and if it is the mission of America to adjust to democratic conditions all that civilisation has now to offer, the accomplishment of that task will provide such opportunities for the free expression of the noblest capacities of humanity as may produce an epoch of incomparable grandeur.

In a similar spirit, Mr. Ford closes the admirable digest of American history to which he has given the title of 'The Rise and Progress of American Politics.'

'The generation which endured the Civil War has witnessed the rehabilitation of the prostrated section, and has seen the ascendancy of the race re-established in the face of tremendous odds. Extinction of the bitterness of conflict is so complete that late combatants hold fraternal reunions on fields over which once they fought, and both they and their children rally around the flag at their country's call; while distinctions between victors and vanquished in eligibility to public service are effaced. This period of our national existence has also seen the development of our material resources carried to a point which confers industrial primacy, with corresponding extension of business organisation, implying resources of probity no less ample than of intelligence and skill. And, finally, the nation has shown the world that democratic institutions and an industrial type of society are compatible with the possession, in their highest degree, of all the heroic qualities which are the peculiar claim of militancy, while combining with them a deadly precision of attack which is the expression of an abounding mechanical skill, such as only industrialism can produce. Such manifestations show that the sources of national greatness are uncorrupted, so that amid the baleful confusion of our politics patriotism may cherish the hope that a purified and ennobled republic will emerge:—

"Product of deathly fire and turbulent chaos,
Forth from its spasms of fury and its poisons
Issuing at last in perfect power and beauty."

Here we have undoubtedly at once the hopefulness which is a characteristic of vigorous adolescence, and that whistling to keep the courage up which is a habit of youth. That both will be wanted even the believer in short views will not deny. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in perhaps the most popular passage he ever wrote, has given eloquent expression—or at least eloquent expression for him—to his belief that the American continent is to be the great political cauldron of the world, and that its product will be something greater, or, at least, more grandiose than the world has seen. The process has been going on, and will go on for at least a generation, even were the tide of European immigration to cease to flow. The Union—for what is true of the States is not equally true of the Dominion—is the hotch-pot of race. ‘Saxon and Dane and Norman are we’ on this side of the Atlantic. On the other side they are German and French, Italian and Negro as well. Already the German vote is almost as formidable as the Irish, even in New York and Chicago which are struggling for the bad eminence of being ‘the greatest *entrepôt* of international wickedness.’ Lombroso, the dismallest of statistical grave-diggers, attributes the growth of suicide in the States to Latin, and especially Italian immigration. The Union, which has been the dumping-ground of peoples, is the paradise of rival religions and social theories. All have elbow-room, and, not been ‘sair hudden doon’ by a damp climate and a melancholy ocean, although they are not unfamiliar with cyclones and blizzards, that are nevertheless positively inspiring even in their magnitude, all shout rival ‘missions’ and ‘messages’ from the housetops.

Not yet has a new religion made its appearance on the other side of the Atlantic. Mormonism and Shakerism are but exaggerations of creeds or open avowals of practices not unknown in the Old World. Even Sheldonism is but old Puritanism translated into the language of yellow journalistic headlines. But differences on theological—and perhaps still more on ecclesiastical—questions, which are at the foundation of our various denominations, and on which I pronounce no opinion, have a fairer field and greater favour in America than any-

where else. Wesleyanism on one side, and Roman Catholicism on another, have made strides there which are, of course, impossible here. And there is all the difference between 'the great unrest' of the New World and the restlessness which nevertheless, according to certain authorities, is 'sapping all creeds and cults in the Old,' that there is between the Mississippi and the Isis. Then whoever contrasts the late Mr. Bellamy's *Equality* with the ordinary revolutionary books which are the products of Social Democracy as seen from the diverse but not opposite standpoints of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and London, will see the difference that there is between Socialism touched with emotion and Socialism as a mere political theory. Mr. Bellamy is the American equivalent, not of Karl Marx, but of Ferdinand Lassalle, that most brilliant of all revolutionary leaders, who, in spite of George Meredith, is yet imperfectly understood in this country, who, but for the undue importance he gave to the 'personal equation' in his life, might with his unique powers of oratory have been the Mirabeau of German Democracy. Whatever is suppressed, or even depressed in Europe is so vocal and so much listened to in America as to justify the social satirist in declaring that 'nothing succeeds like excess.'

Looked at from the standpoint of 'ideas,' the Union is a chaos *plus* Carlyle's constable, *plus* also that religious and moral conservatism which, allied with most dogmatic convictions on liberty, the New Englanders brought with them in the *Mayflower*, and which may prove to be 'the stalk of carl-hemp' in the American character. And the question for the dim and distant future is, out of this chaos what cosmos, if any, is to come? Is there to be a tremendous social upheaval? Is the great conflict between Labour and Capital which is freely predicted as being inevitable to have its Armageddon in the country that is the home of Trusts and Combines? Is the Union, having in virtue of the Spanish War and its dealings with Cuba and the Philippines stepped on the scene as a World-Power to become a menace to the older civilisations with or without the help of Great Britain?

To these and other kindred questions, such as what are to

be the relations between whites and negroes, and whether, in spite of the Civil War, the Republic will yet split into sections, no answer of any genuine political or sociological value can be forthcoming at present. But that they will call some day for an answer, and one which may be accompanied or preceded by political violence and perhaps even bloodshed, all who are old enough to recall the peculiar ferment which preceded the struggle between North and South cannot doubt. It may be that there is a political lull in the States at present. That is of but slight importance, and the reason for it lies on the surface. The Republic is within an easily measurable distance of a Presidential Election. The leaders of both parties are seeking to give comparatively moderate expression to the distinctive views which separate them, so that they may secure the votes of the timid and wavering. Beyond all question many of Mr. M'Kinley's strongest supporters are believers in trans-Atlantic Imperialism or Expansion. Yet he has found it necessary to repudiate extreme views of this character. At the back of Mr. Bryan, too, is a strong movement in the direction of what those writers who take their inspiration from Mr. Bellamy would term 'absolute economic equality.' But he has confined himself, at least in his comparatively non-enigmatical utterances, to some rather indefinite proposals for curbing the growth of Combines and Trusts. But when the November contest is over, the opposing views will re-assert themselves with increased vigour. It was thus before the Civil War which ended in the abolition of slavery. Compromise prevailed at more than one Presidential Election ere the crisis came in the first triumph of Abraham Lincoln.

No doubt the new American ideas are in the air rather than on the earth; we are confronted less with views than with viewiness. But certain tendencies have already emerged from the controversial struggle. Whatever be their fate, also, we may rest assured that the American nation in all the pride—and perhaps a little of the insolence as well—of its vigorous youth, will not allow its aspirations to be baulked either by the *litera scripta* of its Constitution, or by that unwritten Con-

stitution which means the wisdom of the fathers. It may—perhaps it must—put its new wine into the old bottles of the Declaration of Independence and the Monroe Doctrine, but it will not be greatly disturbed. The bursting of old bottles is a familiar spectacle on the other side of the Atlantic. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, were described as ‘inalienable’ rights by the Declaration. But at first these were confined to an oligarchy—in other words, to the men who adopted the original American Constitution and to their descendants. So when in 1811 the new State of Louisiana claimed admission into the Union, a great political storm arose, and Josiah Quincy declared—‘This Constitution was never constructed to form a covering for the inhabitants of the Missouri and Red River country, and whenever it is attempted to stretch it over these, it will be rent asunder. . . . It was not for these men that our fathers fought, it was not for them that this Constitution was adopted. You have no authority to throw the rights and liberties and property of this people into the hotchpot with the wild men of the Missouri nor with the mixed but more respectable race of Anglo-Hispano-Jallo-Americans who bask on the sands in the mouth of the Mississippi.’ Yet in spite of Quincy, ‘The Constitution with its ample guarantees of the most substantial liberties has been extended to the Red River country, to the Missouri, to Florida, to the Pacific Coast, and to the Gadsden purchase, and our country is greater and stronger and more united than ever. So successful has our experiment been, and so inexorable the events indicating the destined course of a free country, that we are now engaged in extending these privileges and liberties not only to the islands of the sea at our doors, but to those in the far distant southern ocean.’ When we consider the present relations between races on the American Continent, it seems almost incredible that no farther back than 1857 the Supreme Court of the United States should have formerly declared in the Dred-Scott case that, ‘blacks have no connection with the “people of the United States” and the “citizens” in whose hands “sovereignty” is placed. The question before us is whether these people (the negroes)

compose a portion of this people and are constituent members of this sovereignty. We think they are not, and that they are not included, and were not intended to be included, under the word "citizens" in the Constitution, and can therefore claim none of the rights and privileges which that instrument provides for and secures to citizens of the United States. On the contrary, they were at that time considered as a subordinate or inferior class of beings who had been subjugated by the dominant race, and, whether emancipated or not, yet remained subject to their authority, and had no rights or privileges but such as those who held the power and the government might choose to grant them.' How many—or how few—years may pass before the Monroe Doctrine, at all events in the old-fashioned sense which is still approved of by men like Mr. Andrew Carnegie, appears as miraculously outgrown as that which at one time seemed to have been crystallised in the Dred-Scott decision!

It would, of course, be rash to predict which of the new ideas that are seeking for dominance in the New World will be the first to run its race; that will probably be determined by circumstances. The following, however, from the pen of one of the ablest of those academic politicians who are certain to exert greater influence in the future than they have done in the past would appear to suggest a certain line of change—I do not say of reform—which may be followed:—

'The American, in ordinary matters, likes directness. In business, industrial and social affairs, he comes straight to the point; and so he does, for that matter, in political affairs, except in his written constitutions. In these he still worships at the shrine of complexity and indirection. He has found a way out of the maze of his own theories, however, and through the medium of political parties carries out his intents and purposes with little loss of personal energy. Yet to secure his immediate ends quickly he pays a great price, which is exacted to the last farthing. Practically he surrenders governmental functions to the political party organization, in exchange for direct action on a few subjects of commanding importance. This practice has been so persisted in that party success and supremacy have come to be considered as the end, rather than as the means to an end. We rail against bosses, and we denounce party organization, as if that would avail; while we overlook the direct cause of the whole trouble—the complexity of our methods. How is a voter, who is called upon to vote

for candidates for twenty-two offices at a single election, to exercise that care and caution which a conscientious citizen should exercise? Yet this was what each elector in one division was obliged to do at the February (1900) election. He had to vote for ten magistrates, whose duties are judicial; for one select and three common council-men, whose duties are legislative; for three directors of the public schools, who are charged with regulating the schools of the ward and selecting the teachers and the janitors; for a registry assessor, to make a complete list of all the qualified voters in the district; and for a board of three election officers, to receive and count the votes at the next two elections. For these offices the voter had thirty-two magisterial candidates to choose from; three candidates for the select and eight for the common council-men; five candidates for school director; two candidates for assessor; two for election judge; and three for election inspector—in all fifty candidates, concerning whose merits and qualifications it was incumbent upon the voter to inform himself. Yet this was an "off year." In the November election of 1898 the same voter was confronted with a still more serious task. He had to select a Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the State to serve four years; a secretary of international affairs, also to serve four years; two judges of the Superior Court, to serve for ten years each; two Congressmen-at-large; one district Congressman; two representatives in the General Assembly; two judges of the orphan's court; a district attorney; a controller; a recorder of deeds; a coroner; and a clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions. There were four candidates for Governor; five for Lieutenant-Governor; six for Secretary of Internal Affairs; six for judge of the Superior Court; eleven for Congressmen-at-large; three for district Congressman; five for representatives; two for judges of the Orphan's Court; three for district attorney; five for recorder of deeds; four for controller; five for coroner; and five for the clerkship of Quarter Sessions—in all, sixty-four candidates for judicial, executive, and legislative offices, and representing national, state, and local issues. Is it strange that the average voter accepted the judgment of his party organization, and voted for his party ticket without question, instead of investigating the claims and fitness of each of the sixty-four candidates? It was only natural that he should substitute his party's judgment for his own, as it was practically impossible for him to exercise wise discrimination where so many offices and candidates were involved. Once agreed, however, to surrender your judgment to the party, and you make the boss possible; for by a further refinement of complexities he possesses himself of the party organization, and then he is in a position to dictate his own terms and defy successful competition for years, if he does not overreach himself. Should he become too arrogant or ostentatious in the exercise of his power, which is likely to happen in time, he will in all likelihood bow his head to the storm and allow it to pass over. Then he, or another like him, is ready to pursue his old practices of giving to the politically lazy and

negligent an opportunity to secure what they feel at the time they need the most, while he takes all the rest—and that is no small amount. We still maintain, however, that we must afford no opportunity for the creation of a dictator; that there must be frequent change in office, and multiplicity of offices, to prevent the foundation of an aristocracy of office-holders; and that we must surround our legislatures with abundant safeguards, lest our liberties be filched away. Consequently, we play directly into the hands of the worst sort of dictator—an unofficial one. Let us, if necessary, officialize our dictator. Let us recognize that concentration is the order of the day and essential to efficiency. Let us recognize that direct action is better than indirection, and then change our laws and constitution accordingly.'

Whether the particular plan of introducing directness into the working of the American Constitution which is here hinted at, be given effect to, whether or not a scheme, which has found at least one able advocate in the *North American Review*, for the election of the President by a direct vote of the electorate ever emerge from political dreamland, it is evident from such a quotation as this that the notion which was so long all-powerful upon the other side of the Atlantic that America was but Great Britain with the flag of the Republic substituted for that of the Monarchy, has ceased to have much weight with that imagination which after all controls the reason and dictates action. Not only is the 'greatness' of the continent alike the note of such poetry as Walt Whitman's and of such a policy as that of expansion, but the specialty of the American temperament—which is indeed not inaccurately rendered as 'directness'—is also beginning to assert itself.

Circumstances, and especially the exigencies of present-day politics in the States, may lead to the precipitation of this constitutional question. But the chances are in the meantime in favour of 'dreaminess' ousting 'directness' from the first place in the affections of Americans. This 'dreaminess,' which being of the 'day' order has a very considerable amount of practicality in it has in turn several forms, and it has yet to be decided which of these will be triumphant. In the first place, there is the dream of the primacy of Anglo-Saxondom and of the crushing of all other races and nationalities by this Anglo-Saxondom. As has been recently seen in a variety of

ways and a variety of quarters, this desire for primacy is not necessarily associated with hatred to Great Britain. On the contrary, when it is at its best and least visionary, it rather takes the form of dislike to Russia. Has Urquhartism ever been more persuasively put than here?—

‘It is imperative to comprehend fully the purport of this great question, and discern the abyss that yawns beyond. Nor is it necessary to defame the Russian character in order to strengthen the protest against their assumptions. It is in race tendency rather than in the people themselves that the danger lies. They have often and beneficially played the role of civilizers in darkest Asia, enforcing peace and good order where none had been known for centuries. Their work in reducing the Khanates of Turkestan and compelling the desert slavers there to forego their favourite activities of kidnapping and robbery, compares favourably with anything that England has done of the same sort. In dealing with the ruder Asiatic they undoubtedly succeed better than their less pliant rivals, the English; and by reason of the personal popularity of their administrators, as well as because of the prestige of their unbroken successes, they enjoy a fairer prospect of securing the guidance of militant Asia by choice of the fighting class than any other foreign folk. Yet it is their very *simpatia* with a grosser civilisation than befits their Aryan descent that constitutes the gravity of the impending crisis. It shows that half-measures and a merely superficial modification of barbaric society satisfy the Russian conscience. It proves again, if additional proof be needed, that the Slav is ready in all that touches and inspires the soul of the nation to sink to the low level of Asiatic ideals, to surrender what he has learned from liberal Europe and relapse into the animalism of Oriental life. And when the mark of his European culture, brandished a little contemptuously now before our eyes, is at length thrown aside, we shall find ourselves, while opposed to his culture of to-day, confronted with the old unchanging issue of Eastern tyranny and retrogression *versus* Western freedom and progress. To keep this prototype of brute force from pervading and controlling the whole world, the nations that still cherish lofty hopes for humanity must forget their sectionalism and stand together in battle. It is madness to abate one particle of the issue and declare that something ought to be conceded for the cause of peace; to pretend, as do some Englishmen already weary of the strain, that Russia, if given Northern China, or Constantinople, or a port on the Persian Gulf, will be content. She is not striving for portions, but for the whole of Asia; when she has gained this she knows, and we must eventually agree, that nothing human can resist her. Fortunately for the cause of freedom, America has just discovered that she is necessarily involved in the affairs of Eastern Asia; that she has a stake in common there with others whom she can already undersell in distant as well as in domestic markets; that her business compels her to join in the

work of reducing barbarians to order and educating them; finally, and perhaps most fortunately of all for the present crisis, that there is no real antagonism between the mother country and her once rebellious colony, but that friendly co-operation has only to be proffered to be eagerly accepted. When we realize that the menace of Russian aggression affects not only the political supremacy of Great Britain in Asia, but the free exercise of those high aspirations which are vital to the existence of every regenerate people, we will cease to imagine vain fears of Imperialism and assemble the utmost strength of the enlightened West against that portentous Imperialism embodied in the spirit of a devouring and devastating East. Finally, when we appreciate the fact that to secure China is the *sine qua non* of Russian designs for the establishment of a universal empire, that without her wealth and willing hands the Muscovite can never become master of a double continent, and so of the world, we will listen before it is too late to the Macedonian cry of that misgoverned nation to go over and help them.'

It would serve no purpose to labour the point of this quotation, at least in the present connection. It is, to say the least, highly probable that the attempts which have been made by Mr. Chamberlain on this side of the Atlantic and by statesmen of perhaps equal ability on the other to bring about an *entente cordiale*—which might, if the necessity arose, develop into a working alliance—between the Union and Great Britain, may be frustrated, or at least temporarily impeded, by the revival of anti-British feeling. For, however much we may dislike to look the fact in the face, this country was some years ago by no means loved in America; on the contrary, the feeling which prevailed towards us was very much that which we are told on too good authority prevails on the Continent now. It has not yet been expelled; the hints which have been given to Mr. McKinley and the rebuffs that have been offered to Mr. Chamberlain, armed only with an olive branch, supply but too ample proof of this. As an electioneering cry it might with the help of 'inevitable' trade jealousies and commercial rivalries, be easily and perhaps successfully revived. There is reason to believe, however, that even such a reaction would not have a lasting effect. Everything would depend upon the growth of something like a passion for Anglo-Saxon racial ascendancy all over the world. It is a general belief in America, and here as well

that after the first triumph of the United States navy in the Philippines, Russia proposed to the other interested European powers that the victor should be deprived of the fruits of victory, on the ground that this at present 'shapeless monster' will ultimately prove a danger to the world. Let such a belief become an absolute conviction; let the Americans feel *en masse* that their most dangerous enemy is the same as ours—the Russian military autocracy—and the dream of a struggle for the racial supremacy of the world, will become of the genuine 'practical' sort. Tennyson's 'Parliament of Man, Federation of the World,' has not been heard of for long, possibly enough it will not be heard of for at least the present generation. The passion of race in Anglo-Saxondom will have to exhaust itself, before there is a revival of the Tennysonian idea even as a platform sentimentality. Yet should this passion of race 'catch on,' as it will, if Russophobia proves to be based on facts, it may 'hold the field' for a considerable time, for a sufficient number of years at all event, to make its mark on the relations between the two countries, and still more between the two Anglo-Saxon populations.

But the 'dream' of Pan-Saxonism may be met in mid-air, as it were, and crushed by that other 'dream' of absolute social equality which finds expression, on the one hand, in books like Mr. Bellamy's and in the war—the as yet irregular war—which is being waged against Trusts and Combines. To argue this question from either the economical or the purely political point of view would be out of place here, and a waste of time as well. But it is beyond all question that an idea is in the air that over the problem of Combines and Trusts there will be the greatest social struggle that the world has seen since 'the red fool fury of the Seine piled her barricades with dead,' more than once in the first half of the dying century. As for the cure of the existing trouble take this comparatively moderate statement by Mr. Baker:—

'Bunyan's famous allegory tells how Christian and his companion languished for a long time in the dungeon of Giant Despair, until at length Christian bethought himself that he was a fool to lie in a foul prison while he had a key in his bosom that would turn any lock in the entire castle.

Modern society, threatened by the extortions of the trusts in hundreds of industries, has the key in its possession which can render every one of them harmless. Every one of these monopolies is a corporation—an artificial person—created by society, and subject in each and every respect to any restrictions which society may impose. True, the making and enforcement of these restrictions is a task demanding the best wisdom, sound judgment, and honest statesmanship that civilisation possesses; but it is not an impossible task. Though it may be imperfectly done, and though mistakes may be made, great improvement over present conditions is certainly possible. If we look back for a century, or even a much shorter time, we find that the carrying on of industry by corporations is a thing of very recent growth. The privilege or charter permitting the organization of a corporation was jealously guarded in the days of our grandfathers. Only by a special act of a legislative body could a charter be obtained, and the business which the corporation could conduct was strictly limited. Charters were frequently limited also in their duration. The statesmen of these days reasoned that it was unwise to create by law an artificial personality to endure for all time. Such a creation might prove at some future day an enemy to the State and to public welfare. It was deemed safer, therefore, to place a limit on the corporation's life. Within the past two-score years, however, all the old-time restrictions upon the creation of corporations have been swept away. Anyone may buy a corporation charter now-a-days for a song, with powers to conduct every sort of business under the sun. A charter in one State, moreover, empowers it to conduct business in every State. There is nothing gained, therefore, if a State like Massachusetts or New York prepares and adopts a well-digested system of laws to regulate corporations. The result is that corporations are organised in New Jersey, or Delaware, or West Virginia, or one of the many States which impose practically no restrictions upon corporations organised under their laws. There are two plans by which this difficulty in the way of proper regulation and control of corporations may be overcome. The first would be to take away the rights which corporations now have of doing business in States other than that by which they are chartered. The manifest objection to this is that it establishes a precedent for the putting up of barriers to commerce between the different States. All are agreed that one of the most beneficial features of the federal union which was formed at the close of the Revolution, was its removal of State restrictions upon commerce. The freedom of trade between the several States which was thus insured has been of incalculable value in developing the country's resources and increasing the wealth and prosperity. If now we establish the principle that one State may shut out from doing business within its limits a corporation organised in another State, we shall strike a serious blow at this most beneficial system of interstate commerce. Another method which would obviate the difficulties above outlined, and which is apparently the only logical method of

tackling the problem, would be the assumption by Congress of the sole right to charter corporations which desire to extend their operations beyond the limits of the States in which they are formed. Congress has already found it necessary to legislate upon such commercial matters as bankruptcy; and there is a far greater need that it should undertake the task of dealing with the corporations which have outgrown the power of the States to control them.'

In this 'other method'—the entrusting to the Congress of the United States of power to control the Trusts—we may have the the beginning at least of the end, the acceptance of the doctrine that the body which represents the whole of the Union shall have absolute power to over-ride individual States and their Legislatures. From thence to the adoption of the Bellamy ideal of economic equality, the substitution of public for private management of all industries, the service of all and the mastery of all, may be a far cry, but it is not illogical. There is further a decided tendency to fly to the State—the Socialised or Bellamised State that is to say—for protection against the tyranny of newspapers. Here again is the view of a moderate writer in 'The Annals of the American Academy' on 'The American Newspaper, a study in Social Psychology.'

'The vital question with reference to the newspaper question is, from the social standpoint, the question of control. Who shall be responsible for the newspaper? It is rationally absurd that an intelligent, self-governing community should be the helpless victim of the caprice of newspapers managed solely for individual profit. The practical newspaper man would choose to publish a partial and inaccurate account of some new occurrence to-day rather than wait till to-morrow and be able to publish a full and exact account of the affair. Furthermore, an earlier garbled report makes a later complete report unavoidable—it is no longer *news*. Why are these things so? Simply because the *sine qua non* of successful competitive journalism is believed to be not to give an accurate report, but to give the *first* report. The American people must dearly love the freedom of the press, or we should have heard before now much talk of Government control or operation of the newspaper. Censorship is, however, distasteful to the people even when apparently necessary in time of war. Nevertheless, the newspaper business, if not a "natural monopoly," is at least a business in which a large aggregation of capital and a widespread and unified organization for news-gathering and news-distribution is essential to success. The function of the newspaper is so predominantly public, and its service so universally requisite, that many govern-

ment undertakings are far less truly political. When we assail political corruption we generally blame either the "politicians" or the "citizens." If the latter, we practically concede that there is no immediate remedy for corruption available. In attacking the abuses of journalism, there is a like tendency either to put the blame on the newspaper managers or on the "public." If we blame the "public" solely, there is no apparent remedy; for the newspapers themselves are coming more and more to be the principal organs through which public tastes are formed and appeals to public intelligence made. The tool is master of the man, and, too late, we blame the man. It is certainly probable that a newspaper directly responsible to an intelligent and conscientious public would have to be a good journal in order to succeed. In a perfect democracy the newspaper business would regulate itself. But, unfortunately, the public is not altogether intelligent and conscientious, and for that reason the newspaper becomes an organ of dynamic education. It would be treachery to social ideals for school-teachers to choose and pursue their profession *simply* as a money-getting enterprise. The same is true of journalism. Responsibility must attach to this public function. If the people trusted their chosen governors and were themselves united in their support of the public welfare, they would undoubtedly be willing to put the newspaper business, like education, into Government hands, though not as a monopoly. In fact, however, we as a people still regard government as a necessary evil. It is my belief that the salvation of our cities depends on the displacement of this view by the view that government, the co-operative organization of all for the benefit of all, is a necessary good. Newspaper competition is, as we have seen, most severe in the largest cities, and there also the need of a new development of social consciousness is most pressing. Weekly and monthly journals appeal to a more widely scattered constituency, and for that reason do not supply to the city man even imperfect summaries of city news and municipal doings. For such summaries he must depend on himself or on municipal reports. Annual reports for free distribution are usually published by the large cities. Two American cities, New York and Boston, publish a daily or weekly *City Record*, containing an account of all municipal business. These two cities have also instituted statistical bureaus for the collection and distribution of what we may call general municipal news. In Cleveland, at least, bulletins of important events are posted daily in the public library. In another direction also government is encroaching on the field of the newspaper. In the establishment of public employment bureaus under state authority in Chicago and other cities, we see an entrenchment on the 'wanted' columns of the daily newspaper. Is it at all unlikely that, following out these lines of activity, government, particularly in cities, will sooner or later put into the field newspapers to cover at least the news of local business and politics and be of use in the public schools, the public libraries, the city offices, and elsewhere? If such journals

could be kept free from factional control and from the debauching influence of irresponsible newspaper competition, they would be of great service in the education of the 'public' and in the control of private journals.'

Leaving out of consideration as an incalculable possibility in the meantime the chance that America may develop a new religion, there are three 'ideas' on the conflict (or compromise) between which the future of the Union may depend—the perfection of the American democracy on its present lines by means of the passion for directness; the attempt through the passion for Pan-Saxonism to secure the supremacy of the world; and the enthronement of State Socialism in its most absolute form through the passion for equality.

Which is to triumph, or whether a settlement is to be come to after a bloodless or a bloody struggle, has, as I have said, yet to be seen. There is one factor, however, in the possible solution of the problem or problems now before the American people which has hitherto been left out of consideration, but which may be mentioned by way of conclusion. Of late there has been a boom in colleges and universities, for a parallel to which we must go back to the enthusiasm which attended the foundation of similar—yet marvellously dissimilar—institutions in the Middle Ages, when to 'an island in the Seine as to a new Mecca, masters and scholars crowded in their thousands, stirred by the same spirit of impatience with the older traditions of Europe that at the beginning of the century had hurried a ruder feudalism to recover the tomb of its lord.' There are some 420 seminaries of one kind or another which call themselves universities in America. There are as many as 114 institutions not only bearing the name but aiming at the character, as against twenty-one throughout the whole German Empire. It is true that a professor in the university of Chicago has gone so far as to say, 'There is in the United States as yet not a single university in the sense attached to the word by Europeans. All the American institutions bearing this name are either compounds of college and university—the university—the university as an aftergrowth figuring still to some extent as a kind of annex or excrescence of the college—or hybrids of college and university,

or finally, a torso of a university.' On the other hand, Mr. Seth Low, the President of the flourishing and energetic Columbia University, contends that 'In one very important respect the American system of higher education is distinctly superior to the German. In Germany a clear-cut dividing line between the gymnasium and the university is drawn by the complete and carefully preserved difference in method, in spirit and in ideal, that exists between them. The contrast between the narrowness of the gymnasium and the generous freedom of the university is very sharp, and many a university student loses his balance entirely, or wastes much precious time and force in adjusting himself to his totally new surroundings. In America, on the contrary, the college and the university sometimes exist side by side in the same corporation, as at Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, and Chicago, and the work of the one passes gradually and insensibly into that of the other. Even when, as is generally the case, the college exists as a thing apart, the later years of its course of study are so organized and conducted as to make the transition from college to university easy and natural. This practice is sound in psychology, sound in economics, and sound in common sense.' Be these things as they may, the undoubted liberty and variety of American universities allow of the devotion to the study of politico-social subjects of a great amount of academic energy, which would be carefully repressed in Germany, and which can hardly be said to exist either in Scotland or in England. The future of America is perhaps being written in advance in the pages of the *Political Science Quarterly*, and of the innumerable short monographs that are included in *The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences*. Such writing is contributed almost entirely by Professors and Lecturers belonging to the Political Science Faculties of the different universities—Columbia, in the State of New York, is an example—who, with eagerness, enthusiasm, and freedom, discuss all the political questions that at present vex the American mind, from Trusts to Expansion. There will soon be in the States a body of educated opinion on all problems created by

the action of the minds of idealists upon each other, which many of the public are bound to rush for shelter to from the street brawl of newspapers and demagogues. It is at least possible that this body of opinion in America will yet save the situation, be the death of 'rings' and 'bosses,' bring order out of chaos, and reduce 'viewiness' to socially safe practicality.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

ART. V.—A LOST ART.

IT was Lord Beaconsfield, in the last years of his life, who remarked that 'Epigrammatic table-talk was one of the lost arts.' In this expression of opinion the great Conservative Ulysses did not imply that brilliant conversational powers, or even that wit displays, coruscant and scintillating as that stage dialogue in the Robertsonian and Byronic dramas of two or three decades ago, were unknown in society. Far from it, for London society then and now would furnish practical disproof of the assertion. His meaning was that the 'Table Talk'—or as the Germans call it, the *Tischreden*—for which in bygone generations men of the very first order of genius laid themselves out, that conversational fence and rapier-play, in a word, between intellectual peers, whose weapons are drawn from the armoury of a catholic culture and of trenchant wit, had, in these latter days, almost entirely disappeared.

Among the last masters of the expiring art, whose displays even yet are fresh upon the memories of those who had the privilege of listening to them, were Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Sydney Smith, Thomas Babington Macaulay, and Thomas de Quincey. Of the first three of these there is every probability that Lord Beaconsfield spoke from personal knowledge. We are apt to forget the extraordinary precocity of the youthful Disraeli and to overlook the fact that he had relations extending at least the length of acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott.

Lockhart, in his life of his father-in-law, it is true, makes no mention of the fact. In Scott's 'Journal,' however, under date 'November 27th, 1825, there is an entry describing a journey made by 'Young D'Israeli,' as he is termed, with reference to Lockhart's appointment as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and from the context we would gather that the future Prime Minister's intercourse with the Coleridges, Southey, Canning, and Ellis, as well as the leading writers of the *Edinburgh Review*, had been both intimate and frequent.

In their day, the four writers named above were admittedly unrivalled as masters of 'table-talk.' Regarding the impression made on his auditors by the mighty volume of Coleridge's 'Monologue,' as Madame de Stael styled it, Carlyle's description in *John Sterling* is probably not very much exaggerated. The influence of Macaulay's 'table-talk' on such a powerful mind as that of the great Lord Carlisle is still preserved for us in the 'Journals' of the latter—'Never were such torrents of good talk as burst and sputtered over from Macaulay;' while of De Quincey's weird conversational 'Suspiria,' my friend Professor Masson assures me that nothing he has ever heard in the character of human talk approached the sheer mesmeric fascination of the 'Opium-Eater's' discourse. Possibly it was the consciousness that society now-a-days has fallen upon the age of specialists, when scholars are men of only one branch of learning, and while supreme in that department have no time for the acquisition of that catholic culture, which lent a charm so piquant to the table-tourneys of seventy or eighty years ago, that led Lord Beaconsfield to utter his half-regretful, half-critical dictum. Certainly in neither Oxford nor Cambridge circles, in none of the leading London Clubs, nay not even in the Modern Athens, where life presumably flows on through stiller reaches, is there a conversationalist to-day worthy to be named in the same breath with Coleridge, Macaulay, or De Quincey.

Nor are these honours paid to the 'Society' talker incident merely to our modern system of civilisation. The farther we throw our gaze into the deep backward of the past, the same consideration paid to the ready table conversationalist meets

us. Of course in the pre-printing-press days, when the human tongue ranked with the *stylus* as a co-ordinate instrument in the diffusion of culture, 'table-talk' had an altogether adventitious value attached to it. Socrates, whether we esteem the Platonic or the Xenophontic portrait the more correct representation of the grand old founder of Greek Ethical Science, was a 'table-talker' of the very first order. The *hetairai gunaikēs*, also of the Periclean epoch in Athens, as typified in the glorious Aspasia, were wholly dependent on their conversational powers to impress their individuality on their age. Horace, moreover, has for ever immortalised the subtle and supreme delights of exalted intellectual converse in the phrase, *Noctes coenaeque Deorum*, especially when read in the light of the context, in that noble Sixth Satire of the Second Book where it occurs.

Many of the 'Fathers' in the early Christian Church were in the habit of discussing at meals certain vexed questions in theology and morals with their disciples or followers. Patristic literature, both Greek and Latin, has many references to this custom; while at the Renaissance epoch, the Medici, Politian, Erasmus, and others were in the habit of admitting humble scholars and students to their table, for the avowed end that the latter might profit by the discussions carried on by the guests, who from time to time assembled there. None of these circles of culture, however, have been commemorated either by reminiscences of conversations, or by those volumes of *Ana* which are somewhat analagous in both aim and form to the 'Table-Talk' in question. While the latter represents the English and the German type of those personal memorials, the former is the mode wherein the French have manifested their predilection for this agreeable species of biographical memoranda.

The famous *Tischreden* of Martin Luther may, however, be styled, as Dr. Irving aptly remarks, the earliest systematic attempt to record the familiar discourses of an eminent man amid the circle of his friends. Originally produced under the editorial supervision of Joannes Aurifaber (Johann Goldschmidt), it appeared in folio form from the Eisleben Press in

1566, but there can be little doubt that it had circulated in MS. for several years before being printed. The *Tischreden* has served as a model for numerous works of a cognate type. In fact for the next two centuries Europe was literally deluged with volumes of 'Table-Talk' and 'Ana.' The majority of these had not sufficient innate vitality to recommend them to the popular taste. In most cases they were the lucubrations of obscure men whose vanity was in inverse proportion to their ability. Their remarks, in many instances, were chiefly notable for the extreme frequency of the use of the first personal pronoun, and for their acidulous jealousy of the merits of others.

A few of these volumes, however, were of sufficient excellence to defy the tooth of time. For example we have the *Scaligerana*, written partly in Latin and partly in French, but containing in the form of 'Table-Talk' a great mass of the opinions, the criticisms, and the animadversions of Joseph Scaliger, admittedly one of the most learned men of modern times. Scaliger the younger, covered in his term of life one of the most interesting and important periods in the history of letters—1540 and 1606. His remarks on many of the current literary, political, and theological controversies of the epoch—albeit disfigured by gross and uncharitable attacks on his contemporaries—are of distinct value to the historian of the period as well as to scholars of the ancient classics. Evidence so conclusive of the great polymath's wanton disregard of the feelings of others explains the reason why so little sympathy was extended to him on the occasion of the scurrilous but intensely clever attack on him by Gaspar Scioppius—an attack, without doubt, the ultimate cause of Scaliger's death.

Another collection of almost equal interest is the *Casauboniana*—or the 'table-talk' and *obiter dicta* of the celebrated classical commentator, Isaac Casaubon (1559-1614), who, after acting for many years as professor of Greek, first at Geneva, afterwards at Montpellier, and then as royal librarian at Paris, removed to London owing to his pronounced Protestant views, where he became prebendary of Canterbury and Westminster. As the late Mark Pattison says, his astonishing powers as a

critical commentator are seen at best advantage in his editions of Athenaeus, Aristotle, Polybius, and Strabo, and his treatises on the Satiric Poets of Greece and Rome. His 'table-talk' is largely concerned with topics cognate to these, and with remarks on the *Annales* of Cardinal Baronius, with whom he carried on a controversy. The pictures which he affords us of the London of James VI. are exceedingly interesting, while the portrait he draws of the 'Royal Pedant,' as the monarch is too frequently called, is more flattering and attractive than we are accustomed to consider as strictly warranted by historic fact. But to his honour be it said, James acted the part of a munificent patron to Casaubon, whom he sincerely admired, and the grateful scholar painted his benefactor as he personally 'found' him. Casaubon's talk is rich in allusion, and is characterised by a broad human sympathy and toleration rare in his age.

Among other Continental collections of 'table-talk' deserving mention before we consider those native to England, are the *Perroniana* or the '*Pensées Judicieuses*,' as they are termed, of Cardinal du Perron, delivered 'when he threw off official reserve and restraint amid the circle of his friends. His Eminence, who is chiefly memorable for his controversial ability, was one of the chief ornaments of the Court of Henry III. of France, his life being almost exactly contemporary with that of Casaubon—viz., 1556-1618. So distinguished was he for his dialectical powers that he was in the habit of remarking that he cared not which side of a proposition he assumed, he would undertake to find arguments to prove its truth. In fact, he owed his banishment from the Court for a time to an ill-advised display of his ratiocinative skill against the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The circumstances were these: One day, while the King was at dinner, Cardinal Du Perron delivered an admirable discourse against Atheism, with which Henry was greatly delighted, and praised the churchman for having demonstrated the Being of God by arguments so solid. But Perron replied that if his Majesty would sit a little longer he would prove the contrary by arguments as solid, which he proceeded to do. The monarch, however, was

so offended that he refused to allow the Cardinal to approach him for several months. This incident gives a good indication of what the Cardinal's 'table-talk' was like. It was essentially a reflection of his own mind, being full of paradoxes, some of them brilliant dialectical *tour de force*, others mere logic-chopping. In a word, Du Perron's persistent efforts to display his own acumen and controversial sword-play in theology and metaphysics become insufferably wearisome.

Another remarkable collection was that entitled the *Thuana*, being the familiar talk and general opinions of the famous French historian, Jacques Auguste de Thon, better known under the Latinised form of his name, Thuanus (1552-1617). He produced a stupendous history of his own time, and until the advent of Hume, was regarded as the greatest of modern historians. His 'table-talk' and 'Ana' are weighty, sententious expressions of opinion, couched in a pithy, aphoristic style, and displaying frequently profound political wisdom.

The *Huetiana* was a collection of 'occasional' opinions of the learned Bishop of Avranches, Pierre Daniel Huet (1630-1721). As Dr. Irving points out, it differs from all the other 'miscellanea' of the period, inasmuch as the author personally prepared the work for posthumous publication. Instead of producing specimens of his own smart sayings on the topics of the hour, he gravely discusses a variety of themes literary and philosophical.

Entirely different from this collection was another celebrated one, the *Fureteriana*, being the wise, witty, and learned apophthegms of the famous Antony Furetiere (1620-1688) a scholarly writer on civil and canon law, but better known now for his *Universal Dictionary of the French Tongue*. His 'table-talk' and 'Ana' are sparkling with the real 'attic salt' of wit. The same may be said of the *Chevraeana*, or the posthumous opinions on various topics in literature, science, philosophy, theology, and civil law of Urban Chevræan (1613-1701), a French historian of great celebrity in his day. His 'Table-Talk,' or 'Chevraeana,' was in much demand, as he had enjoyed the reputation of being the best table conversationalist in France during the latter half of the seventeenth century.

The *Colomesiana* was the 'table-talk' of the learned French Protestant historian and critic, Paul Colomies, or Colesmesius (1638-1692) whose controversies with Boileau and Racine excited much interest at the Court of Louis XIV. His opinions upon the France of the early years of the reign of *Le Grand Monarque* are infinitely piquant and amusing. Nor must we forget to select from amidst many other 'miscellanies' that well deserve mention did space permit, the *Valesiana* of Henricus Valesius, otherwise Henri de Valois (1603-1676), another French critic of great ability and learning. His reputation was so great in his lifetime that his verdict was regarded as final upon the merits of any work. His 'Ana' are lively criticisms on contemporary men, manners, and things.

But undoubtedly the greatest collection of this popular form of 'posthumous opinions,' if the phrase may be permitted, was the famous *Menagiana*. This was the sentiments on a variety of current topics, literary, social, philosophical, and general, of Gilles de Menage (1612-1692). The author was a man of no ordinary attainments and talent. His annotations on Diogenes Laertius indicate classical erudition of the first order; while his best known works, *Juris Civilis Amoenitates*, his *Historia Mulierum Philosopharum*, and his volume of poems in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, testify at once to his genius and versatility. His 'table-talk' is racy and piquant, characterised by pith and point, and is well deserving of perusal. The social circle where Gilles de Menage was present would not suffer from dullness nor intellectual aridity.

But while the collection of 'Talk-talk' and 'Ana' is a branch of letters more sedulously cultivated on the Continent than in England, we are not wholly destitute of favourable examples of this type of literature on this side of the channel also. The late Matthew Arnold remarked:—'Englishmen have so profound a respect for the mutual confidence which inspires a circle of friends when they meet, that their interchange of views is under the seal of privacy—a seal of which no circumstances save the most urgent would excuse the breach.' Thus it is that our sense of the social sanctity of

friendly intercourse at table has tabooed to a large extent the practice of gathering material for those collections of 'table-talk' and 'Ana,' on the ground that the privacy of hospitality is inviolable. Still, we have a few examples that could be cited, of which three or four are specially worthy of mention, to wit, the 'Table-Talk' of John Selden, the *Walpoliana* of the Earl of Oxford, the *Johnsoniana* of the great lexicographer, and the 'Table-Talk' of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

The first named volume is one that should be in every scholar's library. Selden was born in 1584, and devoted himself to the study of law, eventually obtaining great reputation as a conveyancer and chamber counsel. He entered Parliament in 1623, represented the University of Oxford for many years—nay, at the date of his death in 1654, was still the member for that ancient seat of learning. Selden will be ever memorable for his writings on the subject of international law, in one of which he came into direct contact with the famous Hugo Grotius. In 1609 the latter published his *Mare Liberum* for the purpose of asserting against the pretensions of the Portuguese, the right of his countrymen, the Dutch, to navigate the 'Eastern Ocean.' But in 1636, Selden replied with his *Mare Clausum*, in order to vindicate the maritime supremacy of the English. Neither treatise possesses now more than a merely historical value, but the reasoning in both is of an exceedingly cogent character.

Selden's 'Table-Talk' reveals the character of the man at every turn, and thoroughly supports his reputation as one of the most learned of Englishmen. As might therefore be expected, his conversation ranges over an immense variety of topics. Here are one or two specimens of his style. On 'Superstition' he remarks:—'They that are against superstition often run into it off the wrong side. If I will wear all colours but black, then am I superstitious in not wearing black.'

On the demand for the payment of 'Ship-Money' by Charles I., Selden remarks—'Mr. Noy brought in "Ship-money" first for maritime towns, but that was like putting in a little angur, that afterwards you may put in a greater. He

that pulls down the first brick does the main work : afterwards 'tis easy to pull down the wall.'

With reference to the free use of the word 'Traitor,' he quaintly asserts—'Tis not seasonable to call a man traitor that hath an army at his heels. My Lady Cotton was in the right when she laughed at the Duchess of Richmond for taking such state upon her when she could command no forces— "She a duchess! there's in Flanders a duchess indeed"— meaning the Archduchess.'

'In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see it very little, till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth; when times are quiet and settled, then truth appears.'

And so on; we might quote pages of the profoundest political wisdom, intermixed with valuable comments on current events, references to quaint old customs of the period, and critical dicta on the literature, philosophy, and theology of his age. His 'Table-Talk' is a storehouse of the most valuable historic, philosophic, and antiquarian lore.

The 'Walpoliana' is a collection essentially different. It records many pithy and acute remarks by the Earl of Oxford—better known as 'the inimitable Horace Walpole (1717-1797)—on a vast variety of subjects, antiquarian, social, literary, political, fashionable, and grotesque, served up to us in the delightfully fragrant style that was all his own. For many years he was an authority on taste, and in the best circles of London society when a new book appeared, one of the first questions asked was "What does Horace say of it?" As a letter-writer he was unrivalled, his epistles to Sir Horace Mann being among the most charming ever penned. But of the correctness of his taste perhaps the less said the better, while his critical acumen may be judged from the following remark taken at random from one of the letters contained in the *Ana*:—"I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee than "Leonidas" or the "Seasons," as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrongheaded quarrel than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame geniuses, a Mr. Akenside who writes odes!!"

Further there is the collection that is composed of the 'Table-Talk' of one of the greatest of English prose-writers—Dr. Samuel Johnson (1708-1784). To the compilation of this the aid of many co-operators was invoked from Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins to Madame D'Arblay, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Miss Seward. All the characteristics of the mighty Ursa Major of letters are brought out with startling emphasis and clearness in these volumes, his vast stores of learning, his sagacity, his critical acumen, his piety, his tenderness, and his manly sincerity, at one and the same time with his overbearing dogmatism, his disregard for the feelings of others, his uncouthness, his faults and his foibles. Johnson's 'Table-talk' is pure 'Johnsonese.' Every remark reverberates with the *ore rotundo* of his rolling periods. Christopher Smith, the poet, said of the lexicographer's 'Table Conversation'—'he always talked as if he were talking upon oath. He was the wisest person and had the most knowledge ready for use I ever met. His manner was interesting; the tone of his voice and the sincerity of his expressions, even when they did not captivate your affections or carry conviction, prevented contempt.'

From the death of Johnson to that of Beaconsfield many brilliant table-conversationalists achieved fame amid the literary and fashionable society of London. A volume entitled 'Specimens of the Table-Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge' was compiled by his son, Hartley, and it certainly conveys a vivid idea of that wondrous flood of talk 'majestic as the flow of the Orellana or the Mississippi,' as De Quincey says, which 'the dreamer of Highgate' was wont to pour forth to all and sundry. But who has preserved for us even the faintest approach to a realisation of the witchery exercised by Macaulay, by Sydney Smith, by De Quincey, by George Canning, and, in a lesser degree, by Lord Brougham, by Cobden, by Sir James Mackintosh, by Lord George Bentinck, by Ralph Bernal, Osborne, nay by Beaconsfield himself. Many of these men are now only names—names and nothing more to the present generation. In the days when 'table-talk' was a fashionable accomplishment the diffusion of culture was

materially provided by these brilliant conversational tourneys. But in our own epoch the ability to discourse fashionable small-talk and feeble witticisms has taken the place of the literary 'wit-combats' of seven or eight decades ago, and the man who would now converse as Coleridge, or Macaulay or De Quincey discoursed at table in the early decades of the present century, would be voted, if not a 'crank,' at least a bore of the first magnitude. Well might Lord Beaconsfield mourn over—'the lost art of Table-Talk.'

OLIPHANT SMEATON.

ART. VI.—THE STRATH OF ACHÉRON, AND ITS HOMERIC GHOSTS.

'Near Kichyros, too, there is a marsh which is said to be the Acherusian marsh, and the river Achéron; and Kokytos flows there, a most unpleasant water; and, as it seems to me, Homer, having seen these places, had the boldness to insert them in his poem about those in Hades, and to give to its rivers the names of those of Thresprotia.'—*Pausanias*, lib. I. cxvii. (5).

WE rode up the strath of Achéron—the two Turkish troopers who formed my escort, my Maltese servant, and myself—in the line of march of the Pilgrims of old when they went in *Θεοπλα*—sacred procession—to consult the Oracle of the Dead at the Gates of Hades. The previous evening, I had been greatly struck, on first catching sight of the Acherusian plain, as it lay far below, with its remarkable physical resemblance to the great Palestinian plain of Esdraelon. But there were more than physical resemblances. Of old, on the hills that bound the Palestinian plain—the hills of Judæa on the one side, and of Galilee on the other—two religions confronted each other: the Old Judaism of Jerusalem and the New of Nazareth. And here on the hills between which the Acherusian plain extends, we have Islamism on the hills of Margariti, and on the hills of Suli, Christianity. And if the Palestinian plain has a sort of sacred interest as the

apocalyptic battle-field of Armageddon, at least as much of such an interest has the Hellenic plain. It is the actual Homeric Hades, the actual vestibule of the 'House of Hades,' through the deadly marshes of which the infernal rivers of Achéron and Kokytos flow still to the shore to which Odysseus drew the Ghosts of the Dead, athirst for the blood of his sacrifices.

Though it was its port that was of old called Glyky, it is now the upper part of the plain that bears that name, while its lower part is called Fanari or Fari. But not only from the floodings, the *spats* of its rivers, but from its numerous mountain torrents and springs, it is still everywhere so marshy, this Acherusian plain, that, except at Kanalaki and Potamia, the dwellings of the cultivators are all on the side of the surrounding hills.

From the mountains of Suli flows the Gurla, the classic Acheron, and from the side-valley of Paramythia, the Vuvo, the classic Kokytos, and Pyriphlegethon. Towering up solitarily in the middle of the plain is the hill of Kastri, with the ruins of Thesprotia, which gave its name to another Pandosia, on another Acheron, in the country of the Brettii in Italy. Leaving the foot of the hill of Kastri on its right bank, the Gurla-Acheron turns towards the western hills, and enters the marshes which, from here almost to the sea, occupy all the eastern side of the plain, and are identified with the *Palus Acherusia*. The water of the Vovo-Kokytos is still so bad and bitter from the bituminous springs that fall into it, in the lower part at least of its course, that the villagers on the hills near it make use of the wells, or fetch water from the Sulio-tiko, another of the names of the Acheron. About three miles from the sea, the Kokytos-Pyriphlegethon unites with the Acheron, which has now issued from the Acherusian lake or marsh, and then they flow together through 'a waste shore' into 'deep-eddying Okeanos.' And it is the quantity of water supplied by the subterranean sources of the lake, and brought down, along with their own varying volume by the united rivers that makes the water of Port Fanari fresh, and still justifies its ancient name of 'Sweet Harbour.'

So marshy a plain is, of course, favourable to the culture of rice; and this is naturally one of its chief products. But from the absence of farmhouses and villages, save on the hillsides, and chiefly the western hillsides of Muslim Margariti, and from the destruction for the most part, of the 'tall poplars and willows' of the 'groves of Persephóné,' the Acherusian plain is now, in its natural features, about as uninteresting: a long, wide strath as one could well, hour after hour, have to ride up. Still, we several times come on not uninteresting groups of peasants and farm-animals. Horses driven round were trampling out the corn; dogs were playing with their master's children, or looking on contemplatively, till roused by our approach to watchful barking in their master's interests; and, caring only for themselves, sheep, goats, and pigs were grubbing and grazing. Innumerable, also, were the frogs that leapt into the water whenever we rode along the edge of a watercourse. But the poor, human-like wretches had not much to choose between our horses' hoofs and the water-snakes that instantly went for them.

This little interestingness, however, now of the natural features of the Acherusian plain left one's mind more free for its historical associations. For, as Pausanias says, it was from the rivers of this plain that Homer took the names of the infernal rivers of Hades. And hence it was that the fair goddess Kirke, of the braided tresses, thus commanded Odysseus, and said unto him (*Od. x.*, in the admirable version of Messrs. Butcher and Lang), 'When thou hast now sailed in thy ship across the stream Okeanos, where is a waste shore and the groves of Persephone, even tall poplar trees and willows that shed their fruit before their season, there beach thy ship by deep-eddying Okeanos, but go thyself to the dark house of Hades. Thereby into Acheron flows Pyriphlegethon, and Kokytos, a branch of the water of the Styx, and there is a rock, and the meeting of the roaring waters.' [The hill of Kastri, no doubt, though the meeting of the waters, as above said, is considerably lower down.] 'So, hero, draw nigh thereto as I command thee, and dig a trench as it were a cubit in length and breadth, and about it pour a drink offering to all

the Dead, first with mead, and thereafter with sweet wine, and for the third time with water, and sprinkle white meal thereon. . . . But when thou hast with prayers made supplication to the lordly races of the Dead, then offer up a ram and a black ewe, bending their heads towards Erebos, and thyself turn thy back with thy face set for the shore of the river. Then will many Spirits come to thee of the Dead that be departed.'

It was as the actual locality—so far, that is, as a fairy-tale can have an actual locality—of the wonderful, and often most pathetic scenes of the Eleventh Book of the *Odyssey*—it was as the Plain of which the rivers appear also by name in those other two great Descents into Hades, of which the tales are told in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, and in the First Part of the *Commedia*—it was as the actual locality of the first of the great classic representations of the Underworld, that the Plain up which I was riding assumed an historical interest inexpressible. Unpeopled as it was by living men—for hardly one was to be seen save along its sides—it became re-peopled for me with its classic ghosts. Nor was this more than an ordinary feat of Book-magic. To draw the ghosts from Hades I needed not, as Odysseus, to sacrifice victims, and pour out for the spirits of the dead a drink-offering of blood. I needed but my Book. Nor had I to make any *descent*, nor actually to enter into the 'House of Hades.' Neither was the former required of, nor the latter accomplished by Odysseus. The hero came to the 'Land of the Kimmerians,' across the stream Okeanos, and beached his shallop on the waste shore. And it was down this plain—transported to that mythic land—marshy as it now is, only more covered with the poplar and willow-groves of Persephóné—down this marshy, and then reed and jungle-covered plain, that the shades of the Dead passed in troops, to where the hero, below where Pyriphlegethon and Kokytos flow into Achéron, had, as Kirké had commanded, dug a 'trench as it were a cubit in length and breadth,' and poured into it a drink-offering of blood.

And so now, to me, there flock down, first, an undistinguished throng of brides and youths unwed, and old men of

many and evil days, and tender maidens with grief yet fresh at heart, and many also wounded with bronze-shod spears, men slain in fight with their bloody mail about them. But the hero suffers not these strengthless heads of the dead to draw nigh to the blood ere he has word of Teiresias. Nay, even when the soul of his unburied companion Elpener comes, Odysseus still stretches forth his sword over the blood, while, on the other side of the trench, the ghost of his friend tells all his tale. And resolutely he keeps to his purpose still, even when the shade of his mother, Anticleia, comes, though at sight of her he weeps and is moved by compassion. At length there passes us, and comes to the trench and to Odysseus, the shade of Theban Teiresias, with a golden sceptre in his hand, and when he has drunk the dark blood, then does the noble seer reveal all that Odysseus had come to ask him of his fates in returning to Itháké. And now, having told all his oracles, the Prince Teiresias passes us again, going back within the House of Hades.

But the hero abides steadfastly at the trench till his mother again draws nigh, and, permitting her now to drink the dark blood, at once she knows him, and, bewailing herself, speaks to him winged words. When he asks his mother what doom overcame her of death, she answers him, 'It was not the Archer Goddess of the keen sight who slew me in my halls with the visitation of her gentle shafts, nor did any sickness come upon me, such as chiefly with a sad wasting draws the spirit from the limbs; nay, it was my sore longing for thee and for thy counsels, great Odysseus, and for thy loving-kindness, that reft me of sweet life.' Then the hero would fain embrace the shade of his dead mother, and thrice he springs towards her; but thrice she flits from his hands as a shadow, or even as a dream, and grief waxes ever sharper at his heart, and he cries, 'Mother mine, wherefore dost thou not abide me who am eager to clasp thee, that even in Hades we twain may cast our arms each about the other, and have our fill of chill lament? Is this but a phantom that the high goddess Persephóné hath sent me, to the end that I may groan for more exceeding sorrow.' And his lady-mother answers him,

'Ah me! my child, of all men most ill-fated, Persephóné, the daughter of Zevs, doth in no wise deceive thee, but even on this wise it is with mortals when they die.'

And now there pass down before us bevvies of women-folk, who have all been the wives and daughters of mighty men, and they gather and flock about the dark blood; but the hero draws his long hanger from his stalwart thigh, and suffers them not all at one time to drink. So they draw nigh one by one, and each declares her lineage, and he makes question of all, and each tells him her story—Tyro, Antiópé, and fair Epicarté; Alcméné, Chloris, and Ledá; and Makra then, and Klyméné, and hateful Eriphylé, who took fine gold for the price of her dear lord's life; and other spirits of women of old, wives and daughters of heroes innumerable, throng and pass till holy Persephóné scatters them this way and that.

Thereafter comes the shade of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sorrowing, and he knows Odysseus straightway when he has drunk the dark blood. And he tells how Ægisthos it was that wrought his death, and slew him with the aid of his own wife, the accursed Klytemnestra, and how she suffered him not so much as to have his fill of gazing on his son ere she slew him; and how that shameless one turned her back upon him, and had not the heart to draw down his eyelids with her fingers, nor to close his mouth. And as Odysseus and the ghost of Agamemnon stand sorrowing, holding sad discourse, while the big tears fall fast, there comes the soul of Achilleus, son of Peleus, and of Patroklos, and of noble Antilochos, and of Aias, who in face and form was goodliest of all the Danaans after the noble son of Peleus. And Odysseus says, comfortingly, 'Let not thy death be any grief to thee, Achilleus. For of old, in the days of thy life, we Argives gave thee one honour with the Gods, and now thou art a great Prince here among the Dead.' But straightway he answers him and says, 'Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death, O great Odysseus! Rather would I live on ground as the hireling of another, than bear away among the Dead that be departed.' But when Odysseus had told him of the renown of his dear son, Neoptolemos, the spirit of the son of Æacus, fleet of foot,

passes, with great strides, along the mead of asphodel, rejoicing.

And lo! other spirits of the Dead stand sorrowing, and each one asks of those that were dear to them. The soul of Aias, son of Telamon, alone stands apart, being still angry for the victory wherein Odysseus had prevailed against him. And though Odysseus beseeches him and says, 'Art thou not even in death to forget this wrath against me?' yet he answers not a word, but passes again to Erebus, after the other spirits of the Dead. But now we see Minos, glorious son of Zeus, wielding a golden sceptre, giving sentence from his throne to the Dead, while they sit and stand about the Prince. And Tityos we see, covering nine roods as he lies, and two vultures beset him, one on either side, gnawing his liver, and piercing even to the caul, for that he had dealt violently with Leto, as she went up to Pytho, through the fair lawns of Panopeus. And Tantalos we behold in grievous torment, standing in a mere, and straining as one athirst; but as often as the old man stoops down in his eagerness to drink, so often the water is swallowed up and vanishes away; and when he reaches out his hand to clutch at the bright fruits overhead, the wind tosses them to the shadowy clouds. And—to conclude in Scottish Doric—

'There I saw Siayphus, wi' muckle wae,
Birsin' a haivy stane up a heich brae,
Tryin' to get it up abune the knowe
Wi' baith his hane, an' baith his feet, but wow!
When it is amaisht dune wi' awfu' dird,
Doon stots the stane, an' thumps upo' the yird.'

But now the myriad tribe of the Dead throng up together with such wondrous clamour, that pale fear gets hold of me as of Odysseus, lest the high goddess, Persephóné, should send me also the head of Gorgo, that dread monster, from out of Hades.

Returning, then, to the light of common day, I found myself at the wide shallow ford of the Achéron, below the site of the ancient Temple of the Oracle, in front of those dreadful, yet sublime Gates of the House of Hades, unentered by Odysseus.

And presently, in lieu of that divine Vision of the Ghosts, first evoked by the magician-bard of three thousand years ago, in lieu of those heroic figures which had been passing me, or which I had passed, in my journey up the Acherusian plain to the Oracle of the Dead, presently, in lieu of all these, I found myself among, and dismounted—in more senses than one—amid a wild group of armed and kilted Albanians at the entrance of a ruined fortalice. But as hospitable a reception as it was in his power to afford was—thanks to the letters of Khazim Bey—given me by the officer in command of the half-dozen irregulars who now occupied the fort. Bloody were its memories. It had been both erected and ruined in the Suli wars of Ali Pasha, the Lion-tyrant of Ioannina. For in his siege, equally sanguinary and treacherous, of the mountain stronghold of Suli, this fort was a watch-post at the gate of the fastness—the ravine of the Gurla-Acheron—a watch-post by which he hoped to prevent both succour and escape. This fort had been the bloody kennel of a Kerberos at the Gate of Hades.

After due refreshment, I sallied out to get to a ridge of the outer bulwark of mountains from which I might look down into the 'House of Hades'—the famous corries, braes, and glens of the Suliotcs. I found the climb stiffer than I had expected, and the view of the other side less satisfactory than I had anticipated. Then I came down the steep hillside to the entrance of the gorge, thinking to get into it, a little way at least, round a projecting rock. But this was impossible. The water rushed deep at its base. And, indeed, the single road now—the foundations only remaining of a mediæval bridge—is *through* the water; and to take it even on horseback is sometimes something of a feat, so swift and strong is the infernal stream, deepened also here, and glacialised by large and excessively cold springs issuing from the rocks. So, unable to get farther, I sat down on a bush-shadowed rock by the green-rushing river of Hades.

In such situations thought is often slow in coming to expression. Nay, it sometimes even bolts, as it were, from the attempt to realise and express. So I found it now. For the

scene was altogether worthy of its doomful and direful mythic associations. And as here, on this threshold of the most classical of the Gates innumerable of the Underworld—the history of Hades rose up before me—the developments of the simple, yet all-containing conception of Homer in the Frescoes of the great ‘ethical painter’ Polygnotos; in the *Republic* of the great idealist philosopher Plato; in the clearly differentiated Styx-region of Virgil, with Tartarus on the left, and Elysium on the right; in all the wild other-world revelations that followed the sublime *Apocalypse* of St. John the Divine; and finally, in that *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* of Dante in which was, at length, embodied all that the worst of miserable men believed and feared, as, in the *Paradiso*, all that the best believed and hoped, as, in a word, there rose up here before me all that hideous history of basely revengeful, or pitiaibly self-torturing fancy, of which the records, especially if we go back to Chaldea and Egypt, form a vast *Bibliotheca Diabolica*—I confess that I recoiled somewhat from the contemplation of its horrors. Nay, presently, I threw off altogether the vision of them. For though it is true that, for the historical student at least, the *Genius Loci* does actually exist, yet one may successfully revolt against its sovereign influence. So, after a time—aided, I admit, by a humorous story told by my servant—I shook off its historic associations and the influence of the Genius of the place. And then with enjoyment I gazed on the natural beauties of the Cleft of Suli, unshadowed by its human horrors as the Gate of Hades.

Returning along the low ground to the ruined fortalice, I found the village *papas* waiting to pay me a visit. With him I went down to what remains of the Cathedral-church of the bishopric of Glyky, built in the reign of Theodosius the Great (385), but pulled down by Ali Pasha (1803), both for the sake of destroying a refuge of the Suliotes and of building the castle, itself now ruined, from which we set out. It was dedicated to ‘Agios Donátos,’ vulgarly pronounced Ai Donáto, or St. Donatus, who was the patron of this part of the country, and had two other churches dedicated to him in the mountains of Suli. And precisely as Hades, Ai Donáto had a double

meaning—sometimes signifying the place, and sometimes its patron. *Aidonát Kalesi* also is the name by which *Paramythia* is always designated by the *Porte*.

It seems, moreover, more than probable that this Christian church was built here not merely because the place had been made sacred by the tomb of the Saint (for *Iassoria* would seem to be identified with *Glyky*), but because it was already sacred from of old as the site of an Oracle of the Dead. More than probable it seems—notwithstanding Professor Rawlinson's doubt about the locality—that here was the Temple to which the messengers came whom *Periander*, as we are told by *Herodotus* (v. 92), 'sent into *Thresprotia* to consult the Oracle of the Dead upon *Acheron* concerning a pledge which had been given into his charge by a stranger; and that it was here that *Melissa*, the deceased wife of *Periander*, appeared, but refused to speak, or to tell where the pledge was. "She was chilly," she said, "having no clothes, the garments buried with her being of no manner of use, since they had not been burnt.' And this should be her token to *Periander* that what she said was true—'The oven was cold when he baked his loaves in it.'" For though, among the shafts of broken columns, there is but one that has the appearance of Hellenic antiquity, yet the scene alone seems enough to identify the site as that of the 'Oracle of the Dead upon *Achéron*.' It is here, and here only, that, looking from between the Cathedral walls still standing, the Gates of *Hades* appear in all their dread yet majestic grandeur; a narrow cleft from which issues the *Acheron*; then, above the *Hades*-stream, three ranges of precipitous rocks; behind them, the Ridge of Lightning (now the Hill of *Trypa*, with its castle of *Kiafa* between two smaller forts); towering above this again, the higher mountains of *Suli*; and these mountains of the *Selli*, the priests of the *Dodonean Zeva*, are apparently twice as high above the Ridge of Lightning, as it is above the River of the Dead. Such was the scene presented to Pilgrims by the Gates of *Hades*, if here was the shrine of the 'Oracle of the Dead upon *Achéron*.'

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.

ART. VII.—THE FOLK-LORE OF ICELANDIC FISHES.

ICELAND has very few land animals other than those which man has brought to it, but its rivers and lakes, and the seas which wash its coasts, abound in fish and other living creatures of many different kinds. This contrast is clearly reflected in the folk-lore of the country ; there are few beliefs which relate to land animals, but the inhabitants of the deep, real or imaginary, have for a long time played a great part in the popular fancy, and many a strange idea concerning them has taken hold on the ordinary mind. There is here a wide field open to the collector of folk-lore, but it is a domain that has been little worked as yet, notwithstanding the fact that the folk-lore of Iceland has by no means been neglected during the past half-century. The few contributions to this particular department which have hitherto appeared might easily be supplemented with much new and interesting material, and so curious and wonderful are many of the beliefs, that it has seemed to me not altogether useless to attempt to bring them together in the present article. Printed and manuscript sources, as well as living traditions, have all contributed to furnish the items for these pages ; I have in fact made use of everything available, but it is almost impossible to exhaust the fund of popular lore of this kind which has existed, and still exists, among the fisherman and farmers of Iceland.

These beliefs are of no recent origin. The existence of strange beings whose home is in the waters is a very ancient article of faith in the island, and tales concerning them are found even in our oldest literature. The impression one gets from the sagas, however, is that such beliefs were not very widespread in the old days, and the fact may be that as Iceland declined in its material and mental status during the middle ages, superstitions of every kind took greater hold on the popular mind. In this case many of the traditions relating to fishes and other water-beings may be immediate products of the mediæval mind, and there is every likelihood that they

reached their height during the seventeenth century; but at the present day they are still current all over the country, especially on the coast or in the neighbourhood of the large rivers, though they are no doubt steadily diminishing under the influence of education.

I have not thought it necessary to re-tell here the stories found in the sagas, but have confined myself to those dating from the sixteenth century right down to the present day. During the whole of this period the beliefs in question have the same general character, and so form a natural whole; but in every case where it was possible to do so I have given the date of the story, so that it might be clear whether the tradition was recent or remote. Where the exact year could not be ascertained, I have at least given the century.

The water-beings which play a part in Icelandic folk-lore may be divided into two groups—those which are altogether supernatural or imaginary, such as the river-horse (*nykur*) and various other monsters unknown to science, and those which really exist but are invested by the popular mind with strange and fanciful properties. It is the latter class that I here propose to deal with, though it is perhaps impossible to separate them absolutely from the former. The ‘wicked whales,’ for example, are really imaginary, as all or most of them have no proper place in the animal kingdom, but they are yet classed among whales, which are real and well-known creatures. In the case of real fish I have always given the scientific name along with the Icelandic, but I must confess that some of these designations may now be antiquated, as there are no recent zoological works at hand in this remote dale of northern Iceland.

It has not seemed to me either necessary or advisable, in a brief paper such as this, to enter into details as to the real nature and habits of the creatures round which the beliefs centre; in some cases this would involve no little research in zoological matters. It is possible, for example, that the ‘wicked whales’ are not altogether pure creations of fancy; there *may* be unknown (or imperfectly known) species of whales in the seas round Iceland; but many of the wicked

whales that have been seen were probably very large sharks, especially the 'bone-shark' (*Selache maxima*). Nor is it at all to be wondered at, though imagination has at times played strange tricks on Icelandic fishermen when they got among whales in their small boats, especially in heavy seas or during a storm, when both vessels and crews were in danger of perishing.

I begin with the seal (*selur*: *Phoca* *), of whose origin the following story is told. When Pharaoh, King of Egypt, pursued Moses and the Israelites over the Red Sea, and was drowned there with all his host, as is known from the Bible, the King and all his followers were turned into seals; hence the resemblance between the bone of a seal and those of a man. Their dogs, which had remained on the beach, were transformed into the fish called 'stone-biter' (*steinbítur*: *Anarrhichas lupus*), and all stone-biters are lineally descended from these. Since that time the seals have lived in the sea, and have human figures, natures, and qualities all complete, concealed beneath their coats of seal-skin. They were, however, granted the privilege of coming out of these coverings on St. John's Eve (June 24), or, as others say, on Twelfth Night; on that occasion they go ashore, take on human shape, and sing and dance like mortal men. Some say, however, that seals can only come out of their coats in this fashion every ninth Christmas Eve.

It happened once that a man living on the south coast of Iceland was walking along the beach, at the foot of some rocks, early in the morning. He came to the mouth of a cave, from which there issued sounds of music and dancing, while outside there lay many seal-skins. He lifted one of these and took it home with him, and locked it up in a chest. Later in the day he went back to the cave, and there he found a young and beautiful woman, who was quite naked and weeping bitterly; this was the seal whose coat the man had carried off. He brought clothes to her, comforted her as best he could, and

* The first of the names given within brackets is the Icelandic, the second the Latin scientific name.

took her home with him, where she soon became friendly with him, though not with others. She would often sit by herself and gaze out upon the sea. After some time had passed, the man married her: their married life was a happy one, and they were blessed with children. The husband was careful to keep the seal-skin always locked up in the chest, and carried the key about with him wherever he went. Many years later, he rowed out to sea one day, and left the key at home, lying under his pillow. When he came home again, the chest was open, and both his wife and the seal's coat had disappeared. She had found the key and opened the chest out of curiosity, and finding the coat, had slipped into it and plunged into the sea. Before she dived she is said to have repeated these lines:—

‘ To stay or go is hard for me,
With seven children in the sea
And seven, too, on land.’

The man is said to have felt his loss very deeply. When he went out fishing after this, a seal was often seen hovering about the boat; he always had good catches, and many a valuable thing was cast up on his foreshore. It was often seen, when his children walked along the beach, that a seal kept near them a little way out in the sea, and threw up to them bright-coloured fish and shells; but their mother never came on shore again.

A common belief about the seal is, that if it comes swimming towards a ship which is beginning a voyage, it is as well to turn back, as this is a bad omen; but it is a good omen if it swims in the same direction as the ship, or follows in its wake. It is alleged that the seal is extremely inquisitive, and is keenly interested with women who are with child (especially if it is a boy); it can notice their condition when no one else would observe it. Anything red also has a great attraction for it, and it will swim backwards and forwards for a long time at any spot from which it can see either of these things on shore, as well as follow closely in the wake of any vessel that has either of them on board. If a woman in this condi-

tion happens to be wearing a red dress, the seal's excitement becomes something extraordinary.

About the Westmen Islands (*Vest-manna-eyjar*) there are sometimes seen huge and terrible creatures which resemble seals, but have heads very like that of a horse. They sometimes roar fearfully, and are not at all alarmed though men row close up to them or shout at them, but continue to lie quite still and unconcerned.

The walrus (*rostúngur*: *Trichechus rosmarus*) is sometimes, though very rarely, seen off the coast of Iceland. It is said that when the walrus and the white bear (*hvíti-björn*: *Ursus maritimus*) meet, they are certain to kill each other. The walrus cannot endure blood or filth on its tusks, and the easiest way to master it is to throw dirt on these or draw blood from its face: yet it is difficult to kill and dies hard. It is said to be dangerous to approach it from behind, but quite safe to assail it from the front. In former days the hide of the walrus was cut in strips, which were dried and called 'skin-ropes' (*svard-reipi*); these are frequently mentioned in the sagas. It is said that a rope of this kind, made out of the hide of an old walrus, was so strong that it would not break with any smaller strain than sixty men pulling with all their might.

Next come the whales (*hvalir*: *Cetacea*), especially such whales as are or were believed to do damage to ships and men. It is believed that these whales know their own name as well as the river-horse (*nykur*) does, and that they appear as soon as they hear it uttered. For this reason, seamen take care to avoid calling the 'wicked whales' (*illhveli*) by their names when they are out at sea, and call them 'big fish' instead. Those who offend against this rule render themselves liable to a fine, which usually consists in handing over a portion of their food to their mates, if they reach land safe and sound. A fine is also imposed if any word is spoken which at all resembles the name of the wicked whale, for they will accept even this as a summons, and will come to attack the ship. It was, and indeed still is, a common belief that these whales are so ravenous that they will take both boat and crew

together between their jaws, crush the boat to splinters, and swallow the men. So greedy are they after human flesh that they will remain for a whole year or more near any spot where they have once found their favourite food. Fishermen therefore avoid for a long time those fishing-grounds where a boat's crew has perished in this fashion. Many, if not all, of the wicked whales are considered unfit for food, and in the oldest Icelandic laws it is expressly forbidden to eat some of the species. Some give it as a feature common to all the kinds that no smoke rises from them when they blow, only water or spray, whereas the harmless whales emit large volumes of smoke when they breathe.

The harmless whales protect boats against the wicked whales which attack them, by mastering them and driving them away; this is especially the case with the large whale called *steypireydur* (*Balenoptera gigas*). It is related that on one occasion a whale of this species had protected a boat all day, and had become greatly exhausted by doing so. When evening came and the fishermen began to row towards the land, one of the crew threw a stone into its blow-hole, thus preventing it from breathing and causing its death. Before long this man was affected with an unknown disease, and rotted away while still alive; this was looked upon as a punishment for his unmanly act. On another occasion two of these good whales had defended a boat from wicked ones, till one of them became much exhausted; one of the crew then threw a stone into its blow-hole and killed it. The others reproached him for his cruel and ungrateful deed, and warned him that he would be punished for it. They strongly advised him not to go to sea again for twenty years, and then he would probably be safe. The man took their advice and stayed on shore for eighteen years, but at the end of that time he could refrain no longer, and went out to fish. During the day a whale swam up to the boat, thrust its tail into it and swept the man overboard; others say that it put its tongue round him and swallowed him. It was supposed that this whale was the mate of the one that the man had killed.

Between the years 1850 and 1860 some fishers who were out

at sea off the north coast of Iceland saw three humps rise out of the water, at a considerable distance from each other. On viewing them more closely, they discovered that this was a wicked whale, with two others of the well-disposed kind lying across it. They could see the whale open its mouth, the inside of which was of a deep black colour marked with stripes. So huge was the monster that each stripe looked as large as an ordinary stream. The men at once made for land, and were full of gratitude to the good whales, which had prevented the other from swallowing them, boat and all.

It is regarded as a general rule, when a well-disposed whale is protecting a boat, not to remain at that spot after it has made the circuit of the boat two or three times. Unless it goes away then, the best course is to remove to some distance or make for land, for it is certain that wicked whales are close at hand, probably under the surface of the sea.

There are various devices by which the assaults of such whales may be warded off, such as taking fresh cow-dung or sheep-dung in the boat and throwing it overboard. Some fishermen take sulphur, juniper (*einir*: *Juniperus communis*), milfoil (*vall-humall*: *Achillea millefolium*), etc. Cow-dung is, however, considered to be the most effective, or else to make a great noise in the boat, either by hallooing and shouting or beating with pieces of wood.

As already indicated, there are several distinct varieties of wicked whales known to Icelandic folk-lore. We shall take first the one called the 'jumper' (*stökkull*) as being the best known and the most dangerous of them all. It is also known by the names of horse-whale (*hross-hvalur*) and flap-whale (*blöðku-hvalur*), the latter designation being due to the common belief that it has flaps of skin hanging down over both its eyes. These prevent it from seeing in front of it, and the only way in which it can effect this is by leaping clear out of the water: so high does it spring on such occasions, that the fishermen allege that they can see the land, and even the lesser mountains below its body while it is in the air. At this height it can look down from under the flaps, and so contrives to see its way; with each spring it advances the length of four waves.

Some say that the flaps only fall over its eyes when it rises out of the water, but this is not in accordance with the common ideas about the jumper. The story goes that it was St. Brandan who, by earnest prayer to God, caused the flaps to grow over the jumper's eyes, for while it had its full sight it was so destructive to boats that it was quite unbearable. Some say that it can cover a mile at a single spring when it is making its way towards a boat. To avoid the chance of inciting the jumper to attack a boat, a fisherman when at sea must always be careful not to give it any other name than *lettir*. It always wants to sink everything that it sees floating, and its constant springing into the air is done so that it may look about and see whether there is anything near that it may fall upon—a boat or anything else. Some men were once out in a boat on Eyjafirth, and saw a jumper coming towards them. The captain ordered the rowers to get away as fast as they could, and they did so, but one man's hat fell into the sea. He wished to pick it up, but the captain ordered him to leave it there, and they held on their course. When the jumper reached the hat, it began to try to sink it, and as the hat always came up again, it was still busy with it when they saw the last of it.

To escape from the attacks of the jumper there are two principal devices. The one is to throw an empty cask, or a buoy, overboard and let him do his best with that. It is said that he will go on trying to sink it until he kills himself with his exertions, and in the meantime the boat's crew makes its escape. The other plan is to row straight towards the sun, if it is shining at the time, for even if the jumper springs into the air, the glare of the sunlight will prevent him from seeing the boat.

The jumper has a rounded body and is about forty feet in length. On one occasion a shot was fired at one when it rose out of the sea, which so alarmed it that it fell back again with a loud splash, and made off at once, leaving a track of blood behind it.

The *bár* whale or *búri*, sometimes also called *durnir* (*Physeter macrocephalus*), is often reckoned among the wicked whales,

but it is quite harmless and does no damage to boats. Those who give it a bad name say that it destroys boats by getting them between its jaws and cutting them right in two. It has a bigger skull than any other kind of whale.

The 'horse-whale' (*hross-hvalur* or *hross-hveli*) is said to resemble a horse in appearance. It neighs like a horse, and has a horse's tail and mane, which it shakes when it comes near to a boat, its approach being also accompanied by tremendous waves. In the year 1751 the crew of a Danish vessel saw some horse-whales, which were from fifty to sixty feet in length. They neighed like horses, and a strong stench proceeded from them. They were shot at, but received no harm from it. The sailors were of opinion that these whales foreboded bad weather, and this turned out to be correct, for a violent gale arose in the evening.

Biggest of all the wicked whales, with the exception of the 'ling-back' (*lýng-bakur*), and very dangerous to boats, is the 'ox-whale' (*naut-hveli*), also called 'byre-whale' (*fjósi*) and 'ox-fish' (*naut-fiskur*). It is so named from its habit of bellowing like an ox, both when in the open sea and when swimming along the coast. When it hears cows lowing, it lows in return, and the noise has such an effect upon the cows that they rush in the direction of it, dash into the sea, and can never be brought back. So loud does the ox-whale bellow, that the sound re-echoes from the hills, and the very earth shakes, and cases have been known of oars being knocked out of the hands of fishermen when this whale happened to roar in the water beneath them.

The 'swine-whale' (*svín-hvalur*) is very fierce, and dangerous to small boats. It is very fat, and the fat is so strong that it immediately oozes out through the skin of any person eating it; it never becomes rancid, however long it is kept. Similar tales are told of the fat of the bottle-nose whale (*andar-nefja*: *Hyperoodon rostratus*), which is used for medical purposes in Iceland to this day, being sometimes mixed with fox's fat, and applied hot to the arm to cure pains in it.

Another of the wicked whales is the 'red-crest' (*raud-kembingur*), which is believed to have a continual thirst for

drowning men and destroying boats. It gets its name from the crest of red hair along its back; others say that it is reddish all over, or has a reddish comb on its back, while some call it the 'red-cheek' (*raud-kinnúg*), and say that its cheeks are of a red colour. This whale is sixty feet long and swims with great swiftness. One red-crest is credited with having assailed eighteen boats in one day, all of which it broke in pieces. The nineteenth escaped only by the ingenuity of its captain, who put some clothes on a log of wood and threw this into the sea. The red-crest evidently believed it to be a man, and set to work to drown him, but found that the victim was no sooner put under water than he came up again. While its attention was taken up in this way, the boat's crew escaped to land.

It is asserted that the red-crest is so insanely fond of destroying boats, that if one escapes him, and he does not find another the same day, he will kill himself out of pure chagrin. He will also lie on the surface of the sea for half a month without moving, as if he were stone dead, in order to put the fishermen off their guard. On one occasion a red-crest attacked a boat in Eyja-firth, in the north of Iceland, about mid-day, and the crew saved themselves with great difficulty. The same evening another boat was attacked at Langa-nes, more than ninety miles to the east, and it was generally believed that it was the same whale in both cases.

The narwhal (*ná-hvalur*: *Monodon monoceros*) and the red-crest are said always to go in company, and to give out an intolerable stench. The red-crest's sole idea is to smash up boats and drown the crews; when he has done this, the narwhal sets to work and eats the men. The narwhal is forty feet in length, and of a pale colour, like that of a dead man's skin. It is harmless, and so far from doing any mischief to men, that it rather avoids them. On the other hand, it will seize upon any dead body (*ná*) that it finds in the sea, and from this practice it takes its name. The narwhal is so poisonous that any creature which eats the flesh of it is certain to die within a short time. It has one tusk about fourteen feet long, white in colour, and twisted, and is very proud o

this, although it is no manner of use to it. This tusk is a great prize, and useful for many purposes, especially for healing.

One of the wicked whales is named the 'brown fish' (*brún-fiskur*); about it the following story is told. One autumn a trading ship was on a voyage between Copenhagen and the east coast of Iceland. When it was in mid ocean, it fell in with a school of whales, which swarmed round the ship in such numbers that it was brought to a complete stand-still. Presently the crew felt a sudden pull upon the vessel, but this instantly ceased, and was not repeated. When the ship reached Copenhagen it was unloaded and pulled ashore; and the captain discovered a fish's tusk sticking in the side of the ship, close to the keel, and going almost right through the planking. The captain said that he knew the tusk, it belonged to a 'brown fish,' which must have struck the ship while it was lying still, and had only been able to get free by breaking off the tusk. This probably refers to the sword-fish (*Xiphias gladius*) which is not found in Icelandic waters; instances are not unknown when this fish has driven its sword into a ship and got it broken off.

One of the biggest and most terrible among the wicked whales is the 'bridle-fish' (*tauma-fiskur*). It is as black as a raven, but has two white streaks extending like a bridle from its eyes down to the corners of its mouth. About 1830 this whale was seen at close quarters to a Danish ship off the west coast of Iceland, but the captain saved himself and his men by his skill in the black art.

The 'shell-whale' (*skeljúngur*, also called *svarf-hvalur*) is 120 feet in length, very fat, and short in the flippers. It cannot bear to hear iron filed; the sound of this drives it frantic, and if there are shallows near at hand, it rushes upon these and kills itself. Of all the whales that can be eaten it is the most dangerous to boats and men; it rushes against the boats, and dashes them to pieces with blows of its fins and tail. Sometimes it lies directly in the course of a boat, so that it has no alternative but to sail right into it; then the whale overturns

the boat and drowns all the crew, unless these have been expert enough to change their course in time.

The 'snow-whale' (*mjaldur*) or 'white-whale' (*hvíttingur* : *Beluga catodon*) is white in colour, with a high shoulder, and pursues boats with great fury. It is seldom seen above water, and yet it is very inquisitive. If it discovers a boat frequenting a fishing-ground, it will lie there for weeks on end. It has a long memory for injuries, as the following story shows. On one occasion all the members of a boat's crew had gone to sleep save one; just then a *mjaldur* rose to the surface and lay there dozing, whereupon the man took the chance to strike it with a pole. His comrades warned him that it would have its revenge on him, and he himself thought that this was quite probable, so he removed to an inland district and never went to sea again for nearly eighteen years. When this time had passed, he thought the whale would be dead, and rowed out to the same fishing-ground. No sooner had the boat reached the spot than a whale rose, seized the man and dragged him out of the boat; neither of them was ever seen again, and the rest of the crew were not harmed. Others say that the whale killed them all except one man, who escaped to tell the tale.

The 'heather-back' (*lýngbakur*) is mentioned even in the sagas, and is said to be the biggest whale of all. When it lies on the surface of the water it has the appearance of an island overgrown with heather; hence its name. The heather-back does not require to eat oftener than every third year; then it simply swallows everything that comes between its jaws, fish or birds, or other sea-creatures, without distinction. There is only one of the species, so that it does not multiply its kind, but on the other hand it will continue to live till the end of the world. It is said that St. Brandan celebrated mass on a heather-grown island out in the main ocean, and all at once the island sank; this was the heather-back. It is still seen occasionally, and is now known as the 'island-fish' (*hólmna-fiskur*). On one occasion some men in the south of Iceland went out fishing; when they reached the fishing-ground they saw an island which they had never seen before. They

thought it had been thrown up by some volcanic eruption, and landed on it. It was covered with thick grass, and altogether a most beautiful spot. The fishermen stayed on it for two days, and were intending to remain as long as their food held out, but when they least expected it, the island suddenly moved and sank. Fortunately for the men, there happened to be a boat near at hand by which they were rescued.

Other ill-disposed fish there are, the names of which are unknown to me. In newspapers of 1845 from the west coast of Iceland, two of these nameless monsters are described. One of them rises out of the water like a rounded hillock; it lies quite still for about an hour, and then sinks again. The other appears like a large flat reef, and makes tremendous noises when it comes up or goes down, probably by lashing the water with its flippers.

While the greater part of these popular beliefs are thus connected with the wicked whales, there are also some which relate to harmless members of the genus, such as the narwhal, of which some account has been given above. Another of them is the 'north-whale' (*nord-hvalur*: *Balæna mysticetus*), which is one hundred and sixty feet in length, and eats no living thing, but subsists solely on the rain and dew which fall from heaven upon the sea. Its throat has whalebone stretching across it, and this often causes its death, by preventing it from closing its mouth again, when it has opened it wide to catch the falling moisture.

But whatever be the kind of the whale, its liver must not be eaten; if any one does eat it, it produces a terrible sloughing disease.

No other class of marine creatures plays so great a part in Icelandic folklore as the whales, but popular fancy has also busied itself to some extent with other fishes, and in the following pages I shall set down all I have found relating to them.

Little is told about the codfish (*thorskur*: *Gadus morrhua*). In a written account from the seventeenth century mention is made of a species of cod with reversed fins, which is said to be deadly poison. In the north of Iceland it is commonly believed that the presence of red flesh, such as is sometimes

found in the cod, or in other fishes, as the flounder and shark, is a proof that they have been eating the bodies of drowned men. The ling (*langa: Lota molva*) supplies popular pharmacy with an oil which is believed to be effective in relieving pain in any part of the body; it is mixed with calves' marrow and applied to the part affected.

On one occasion the devil went a-fishing, and caught a fish with his hands; it was a haddock (*yša*). He got hold of it just behind the gills, and his finger and thumb left the black marks which may still be seen on the haddock. The fish, however, struggled hard and wriggled out of his claws, and this accounts for the black streak which runs along both its sides.

The coal-fish (*upsi: Merlangus carbonarius*) is worth having in one's possession, for the man who has one will never be without fish. A good cure for a pain in any part of the body is to let the blood of this fish fall upon the spot.

The salmon (*lax: Salmo salar*) is believed to be extremely fond of milk; to obtain this, they watch their chance when cows wade into the water, catch the teats in their mouths, and suck as fast as they can. So absorbed are they in this occupation, that they will not let go even when the cow leaves the water, but remain hanging at the udder until they are carried a good way up on dry land. Then they are easily caught and killed.

The Virgin Mary was once walking along the sea-shore, when there came to her a countless shoal of fish of all kinds, intent upon seeing her glory. Among these was the flounder (*flydra*), which Mary admired, and said to herself, 'what a beautiful fish the flounder is!' The flounder heard the remark, and was not very well pleased, for it had never heard any one say that it was *not* beautiful, so it imitated Mary's voice and repeated, 'Yes, what a beautiful fish the flounder is!' In the same moment as it said this, a change came over it; one of its eyes shifted its place, and ever since the two of them have been on the same side—the black side. When Mary heard the flounder's insolent speech, she said, 'Henceforward you shall always be squint-eyed, and serve as a warn-

ing to all other creatures, not to make a mock of holy persons.'

The fishermen of Grimsey say that while flounders are lying in the boat, the black side ought to be kept uppermost, but they always turn the white side uppermost when they bring them ashore. The reason for this is not at all clear, but the practice is no doubt based upon some popular belief.

The carp (*karfi*: *Sebastes septentrionalis*) is said to have its eyes protected by a bright film like the clearest glass, which makes the best artificial eye that can be found, if it can only be got whole. A strange thing about this fish is that it never can be seen by any man while it is alive.

The male of the lump-fish (*Cyclopterus lumpus*) is called in Icelandic *raud-magi*, 'red-maw,' and the female *grá-sleppa* (*grá* means 'grey'). Of their origin the following account is given:—On one occasion Christ and St. Peter were walking by the sea-shore, when Christ spat into the sea, and from that came the red-maw. St. Peter did the same, and from that came the *grá-sleppa*. Both of them are considered good eating, especially the former. Now the devil was following Christ and St. Peter at no great distance, and saw what had happened. He did not want to be behind-hand, and also spat into the sea; from this came the jelly-fish called *marglitta* (*Aurelia aurita*), which is of no use whatever.

The common eel (*áll*: *Anguilla vulgaris*) is of great value for healing purposes. If any one with a pain in the back will wear an eel skin, and sleep with it for nine or eleven nights, it will effect a cure. Its fat is an excellent application for old sores on women's legs. It can also be used to prevent intoxication; in this case, five young eels must be taken and drowned in the liquor which the person is to drink; they are then taken out, and the liquor given to the person in question, who must not know anything about these preparations. It is said that the eel often drowns in fresh rain-water, and sometimes it changes into a black snake.

Some curious items of folk-lore are connected with the skate (*skata*; *Raia*). It is accounted the holiest fish in the sea, as the following story bears witness. One time Saint Peter was asked

which fish he considered the holiest. He was unable to answer the question, but cast out his line, and prayed that God might reveal to him the fish in question. He then pulled up a skate, but put it back again, thinking that this ugly creature could not be the holiest fish. Again he cast his line, and again he caught a skate. When this happened the third time, he took the fish into his boat and gutted it; in it he found the small bag or purse, which has ever since been called 'Peter's ship' or 'Peter's purse.' This is in reality the egg-case of the skate, and is believed to have marvellous properties, especially that of the species called *tinda-bikkja* (*Raio fullonica*). The skate, it is said, goes with young for nine months, after which it lies upon them for nine weeks (or nine months) like a bird on its eggs, and during that time there grows in them a 'stone of invisibility' (*hulín-hjalms-steinn*), or, according to others, a stone which relieves from the pangs of labour (*lausnar-steinn*). This stone of invisibility was called 'skate-stone,' and was inferior to other (namely, mineral) stones having like power, because it could only make a man invisible for one hour of the day. The egg-cases are often cast on shore, and are then always open at one end: that is where the stone made its way out. If a boat has any 'Peter's purses' on board, the crew are safe from drowning.

The skate has more properties of its own than any other fish,—nine good qualities and nine bad. It will thus keep watch over a drowned man for nine nights, and spend the following nine in eating him. If anyone eats skate the last thing in the evening, it will make him bear false witness against the innocent, even though it should cause their death. It is most wholesome if eaten in the morning or at the midday meal, but it ought to be eaten neither as the first nor the last dish. In some places it is the custom when a skate is caught, to cut off the tail and divide it in three pieces, one of which is thrown out at the stern of the boat, and the other two over the two sides. In the year 1634 a strange thing happened with a skate in the north of Iceland. Some fishermen had caught it, and after they had got it into the boat and cut it in pieces, most lamentable sounds were heard issuing from these. Even when the

pieces were taken ashore, they continued to give out the most pitiful wails. This was rather startling to everyone, and all the pieces were thrown back into the sea.

Among the north coast fishermen it is believed that when the blue shark (*hámeri*: *Galeus arcticus*) is caught, care must be taken that it does not get sight of every one in the boat. If it succeeds in this, either one of the crew will shortly die, or the boat will go down before long. It is therefore a custom, when a blue shark is pulled up to the gunwale, that one of the crew lies down flat in the boat, to avoid being seen by it, while the others make haste to put out its eyes before it is brought on board. The man, however, who catches one will not lose any of his strength that year. Its skin makes excellent shoe-leather, but has the great defect, that shoes of this material come away in flakes if the person wearing them enters a church or church-yard.

The common shark (*hákarl*: *Scymnus microcephalus*) has the reputation in popular belief of being so rapid a swimmer that he can do a dozen leagues in twelve hours. Shark-oil, mixed with the gall of an ox or sheep, is a good thing to apply to a sore or a bruise. It is said that no wicked whale will do damage to any boat which has a shark attached to it. The species known as *bein-hákarl*, *bard-fiskur*, or *rýnir* (*Selache maxima*), is very scarce now-a-days, but was formerly more common. Tradition asserts that it sometimes fixes its teeth in the rudder or keel of a boat, and holds it fast until it gets something to eat. Others say that it merely follows in the wake of the boat and keeps its eyes fixed on it, until fish are thrown to it. It is no use to try to row away from it; the rowers will hurt themselves by their exertions before they tire out the shark. If there are no fish to give to it, it is best to leave it to itself for a time, and then throw to it a spar or log, which it will then proceed to play with. As a rule this species is harmless, but on its back it has a fin as sharp as a sword, with which it can cut a boat in two when it gets into a vicious mood.

The sea-mouse (*Chimera monstrosa*) is in reality a very small fish, but Icelandic folk-lore has made out of it a terrible

monster. It is believed to swim so fast that the sea foams in front of it as it pursues its rapid course. The best plan for fishermen is to make for shore as soon as ever they hear it coming, for it has a gape so enormous that it can swallow the whole boat. On one occasion two men were out at sea on the east coast in an open boat, while near them was a French fishing-vessel. They had been fishing quietly for some time, when they heard a tremendous noise out to sea, and at once suspected that it was caused by a sea-mouse. In a short time they saw it coming, in the midst of a white foaming wave, and making straight for their boat. The men were so scared that they could do nothing to save themselves. The Frenchmen saw their danger, and ran their schooner right in the way of the monster, which, however, still kept the same course and speed, and struck the vessel with such force as to cant it over to one side. The sea-mouse continued to press against the ship for a little while, and during that time the men were taken on board. Then it disappeared, and the men afterwards rowed to land. Some years ago a sea-mouse chased a boat till it finally ran itself aground. Three shots were then fired at it, but it was quite unhurt, and got off with the next tide.

The reputation of being the ugliest fish in the sea falls to the *blá-góma* (*Lophius piscatorius*); this disgusting creature is said to have been a queen, who persecuted her step-daughter in every conceivable way, and was thus transformed by way of punishment. The west-coast fishermen regard it with so much aversion that when they find they have caught one they will rather cut the line than take it on board. Others say that the wicked queen became the flat fish called the 'wave-mare' (*vág-meri*: *Trachipterus arcticus*), which is never caught on the hook but is sometimes cast up on the beach. When found, it ought to be burned, but so that the smoke may be carried out to sea: then there is hope that a whale will strand there before long. If this point is not observed, a wreck is likely to follow, but some say that the simplest way to avoid any such disaster is just to throw the fish back into the sea.

The pike (*gedda*: *Esox lucius*) is not found in Iceland, but

its name is preserved in the saying that 'everything is meat that comes to the maw, except the raw roots of the moss campion (*holta-rætur* : *Silene acaulis*) and the unscraped skin of the pike.' The name of *gedda* is also given to a sea-fish said to be found on the coast of Iceland, part of which is poisonous. Moreover, there lives in the lakes a mysterious fish, which is called the 'loch-pike' (*vatna-gedda*). It is of a flaming gold colour, about the size and shape of a small flounder. A very rare fish indeed it is, and seldom seen except in fog and thick weather before a violent storm. Whoever will catch it must bait his hook with gold, and wear gloves of human skin. It makes the best protection against the assaults of ghosts, and never was there ghost so powerful as to be able to rise again, if a loch-pike was laid on the spot where it was made to sink into the earth. So venomous is this creature that though it is put into a bottle, and the bottle wrapped up in many coverings, any horse which carries it will lose all the hair on the place touched by the parcel, and will never be good for much after. On one occasion when a specimen was caught, it was wrapped up in two horse-skins, but it bored its way through both and disappeared into the earth. The only absolutely certain method of securing it is to wrap it first in the caul of a child and then in that of a calf.

The 'coil-eel' (*hrökk-áll*) is about two feet in length, and lives chiefly in ditches or stagnant pools, but is sometimes found in running waters. If any animal or human being puts foot into the water where it is, the eel coils itself round their leg and cuts into the bone, or even takes it right off. This frequently happens with horses, but sheep escape because their legs are too slender for the eel to work upon. How the cutting is done is a point on which opinions differ. Some say that the venom in the eel is so strong that it corrodes the flesh and bone; others say that the eel has fins as sharp as the teeth of a saw, and does the work with these. It is also said to have thin scales as hard as iron, and its flesh is poisonous. One time some of these eels, which had been taken in a net, were thrown out on hard ground at some distance from a brook. They immediately wriggled into the ground, and so made

their way to the water. As to the origin of the *hrökk-áll*, the story is that a wizard put life into a dead and half-rotten eel, and so made it into this poisonous creature.

Another deadly fish is known by its reversed fins, from which it takes its Icelandic name (*öfug-uggi*). In other respects it resembles a trout, but is coal-black in colour. When it moves about, it swims backwards, tail first and head last. According to some, however, it has all its fins placed in the ordinary way except a little one on its back. It is so poisonous that if anyone by mistake happens to eat of it, the result is instant death—an accident which is asserted to have happened more than once.

On the shores of lakes in the north of Iceland there have sometimes been found strange and ugly fishes resembling trout, which neither dogs nor birds of prey would eat. These were doubtless specimens of the 'shaggy trout' (*lod-silungur*), also a very poisonous fish. One of these was cast on shore at Svína-vatn in 1854, and an illustration of it is given in the newspaper *Nordri* for 1855. It was very unlike an ordinary trout both in shape and in colour. On its lower jaw and its neck it had reddish hair, forming a kind of beard. There were also hairy patches on its sides, and hair on its fins, so there can be no doubt it was a 'shaggy trout,' though the writer of the article in *Nordri* does not say so.

With the exception of a few items of minor interest, the above details give a fairly complete summary of what is commonly believed in Iceland regarding the mammals and fishes that people (or are supposed to people) its waters. More might be said of the lower forms of aquatic life, some of which are credited with properties no less wonderful than those of their larger neighbours, but enough has perhaps been brought forward to give a fair idea of the world of wonders in which the ordinary Icelander lived, and to some extent still lives. How far his beliefs are shared by those of his class in other countries I am not in a position to say, but what I have collected in this article may serve as a basis of comparison for others. One thing, however, has struck me in this respect, and that is, how very few stories there are in Iceland about

the great sea-serpent. Only once is it said to have been seen in Icelandic seas, and that was shortly before the beginning of the present century.

OLAF DAVIDSSON.

ART. VIII.—CONCERNING BIRDS.

(1.) SOME BIRD HABITS.

PERHAPS there is no class of animals so nearly resembling man, in many habits and traits, as birds; these traits are especially prominent in connection with the family life. Not only do they seem to be under the dominion of many of the same natural laws, but they display the same qualities of disposition—evidences of love, passion, jealousy—they seek counsel of one another, are sociable beings, have judgment, and use ingenuity in a way more akin to mankind than quadrupeds. In studying the habits of birds one is constantly reminded of similar turns and tricks in the ways of humanity. Have you never had the misfortune to listen to a waterfall of volubility from some man or woman who at the end of half an hour, having poured out a whole Niagara of words has yet conveyed no intelligible meaning to your mind? There are birds of vociferous chatter which remind one of these. Have you never seen a group of human beings fighting for a place in the 'bus, or a front seat in the lecture or concert hall? Look up at the eaves, or the sheltered bush when the cold wind blows, and watch a group of bottle tits, or young sparrows, huddling together for warmth; see how they struggle for the cosiest corner, and if a breeze touches their tails, how they up and wedge themselves between companions, into a snugger niche, heedless of corns or defying screeches. And at the first signal from the mother—how the infant birds fly homeward, hurrying to be first into the warmest nook.

And birds too are musicians, as true as men or women, and some of them are excellent imitators of the human voice. They are not the only plagiarists in that line either, for it is the glory of our prima-donna to come near the singing of the lark, or thrush, or nightingale; to emulate the tremulous passages of birds. The birds sing for joy and gladness; that is why their song is so fascinating; they sing because the sun shines, they are happy, their hearts are atune to the gladness of spring. The nightingale which sings near the tomb of Orpheus, so Pausanias says, is more songful and jubilant than elsewhere, for the living influence of the great glad singer seems to permeate the air. Birds seldom sing in dull weather, and never when they are sad; the larks in the wild, gloomy valley of Glandalough do not make glad the heart of man by joyous song, for the atmosphere is weighty with depression. One hears of the sweet but melancholy song of the nightingale, and of the singing swan who moans out her own requiem—ah yes! and one hears too of human death songs—but these are not evidences of sadness, rather of joy and triumph. The song of the nightingale is not really sad, its intense sweetness has minor chords, in which perhaps the sad find soothing and affinity, but they come from a glad and jubilant little heart. To the motive of the swan, our wise and incomparable Plato finds answer. Speaking through the mouth of Socrates, he says, in his *Phaedo*, ‘No bird can sing when it is hungry, or cold, or is afflicted with any other pain, not even, the nightingale, or swallow, or the hoopoes. Neither do these birds appear to me to sing through sorrow, nor yet do swans; but in my opinion, belonging to Apollo, they are prophetic, and foreseeing the blessings of Hades, they sing and rejoice on that day (*viz.*, day of death) more excellently than at any preceding time.’ But modern ornithologists hold the swan as mythical and sentimental, and only hear an unmusical though modulated lay, with shrill and piercing high notes, and a hissing finale.

Not for gladness only do the birds sing, but in rivalry, like the gifted Marsyas, they strive among a troupe of Apollos; vying with one another until the woods resound with the rich melodies given out from small, but wonderfully musical throats. What

variety of tone and mellowness some of these songsters display—natural musicians, not singing only the song their parents taught them, but leaving out that which does not suit their ear, and putting in here and there trills and arpeggio, staccato and legato passages, until a new song is made; little composers, full of impromptus, and glad fantasias. The whinchat, though not receiving as heirloom an elaborate song, is marvellously clever in embellishing and improving by borrowed notes. The canary and linnet, too, are apt little students in this line, and quickly acquire new songs, aspiring to the sweetest notes of the nightingale. Of birds, however, there is no better mimicker than the bullfinch; in Germany it and the redstart are trained to sing waltzes and polkas, and to whistle various tunes, to which they keep time with their feet, making many curious and grotesque motions with their bodies.

Some birds not only borrow the songs of other birds, but copy the inflexions and tones of the human voice and musical instruments, and in many instances the gesture of the teacher. It is easy to hear that birds sing in different keys, and were you to carry a tuning fork into the lanes, you might test them for yourself as others have done. And if you were about when the owls were hooting, you might hear one in G flat or F sharp, another in B flat or A flat, or a friend hooting in D, while its mate answered in D sharp, and the tones falling near together the result would be anything but musical. The rook has one or two inharmonious notes, and it is not the only one who has not a fine musical sense. But who ever heard of a nightingale, or a lark, or a thrush, singing out of tune?

We have already observed that the bird sings in joy, and in rivalry, but some have a less pleasing reason for their song; they pipe in defiance and in mischief, sing a war song, with feathers all ruffled and eyes gleaming with passion, or mischievously mislead their innocent audience by their imitative powers. The poorest singers are generally the cleverest mimics. The mocking bird not only imitates the notes of other birds, but the voices of animals. How cleverly he can feign the baying of the wolf, or

the shriek of the raven, the mewing of a cat, and the barking of a dog. He has a capacious throat, a full, strong, musical voice with a very wide compass which can take in the savage scream of the eagle, and the sweet, mellow tones of the thrush. He is an intelligent little bird, very quick to learn, and one of the most persistent of teasers; he will whistle for Carlo until the deceived dog wags his tail and eagerly runs to meet his master; he will squeak like a hurt chicken until the anxious mother sets up a vigorous clucking and an active search for her young. Then he will strike up in the sweet tones of some gifted songster of the woods, until a little April fool comes in search of her mate. The polyglot chat is another equally good simulator, carrying on many comical antics and manœuvres while he imitates in tones and gestures either his own kind or the humans which pass by. He chooses to live in the close thickets of hazel, bramble, or thick underwood; and there guards his worldly possessions with avidity. If a traveller comes too near, or shows any signs of inquisitiveness, he begins to scold in odd and uncouth notes, pouring out a volume of angry, abusive language, all the time minding to keep out of sight. In this humour he will often follow a passer long distances, popping in and out, and hopping along without once appearing in sight, but shrieking in angry, reproachful voice, like the spirit of a revengeful demon haunting the lane. If he finds that at last you have caught sight of his lively little body, attracted perhaps by the yellow breast, a sort of mad dance begins, like nothing so much as the wild careering of a dervish in his most fantastic capers. The American blue jay, a small fellow easily trained to curious tricks and comic ways, in its wild state is perhaps the most accomplished teaser and mimic, for there is no bird which he cannot imitate, and he is never so happy as when ridiculing some poor brother or sister. He will simulate the soft, amorous chattering of the duck, and when you come near to look at the picture of loving ducks, he suddenly sets up such a terrific scream of feigned fear and sense of outrage that your hair stands on end lest murder has been committed close at hand. Then he laughs and nods and jerks his head in impudent superiority, and

calls his mate in so harsh and jarring a voice you think some old hinge is creaking in the wind, and hurry away lest the air is bewitched. He is fond too of irritating the hawk; he mimics his cry, then utters loud squeals as though caught; a group of jays soon appear on the scene to join in the fun, they dart about round and round the hawk, imitating his cries, and then feigning the moans of a wounded bird. But sad to say, this often goes on until the hawk is exasperated, and swoops down upon them and ends one little life. Then the buffoonery changes into real sorrow, cries of distress, and a funeral.

I have hinted so far, however, only at the subordinate incentives for the invocation of the bird's song; the strongest, most deeply rooted, and primary motive, and the one producing the sweetest song, is the rapture of love. It is the male who chants this passionate roundelay, the female, more silent than her mate, seldom sings. Rousseau could not scornfully say of birds as he does of his own kind—'The tongues of females are very voluble, they speak earlier, more readily, and more agreeably than the men; they are accused also of speaking much more.' The male bird, anxious to please and lure a desirable mate, sits high on a budding branch and trills out his sweetest notes, rich, full, and modulating, with passionate and alluring passages. Or it may be provocative or defiant if another mate comes within sight. He has no need to fly in and out the woods or along moors or meadows in search of a wife; his melodious song attracts the females who pass that way, and they come to inspect the songster on view. The examination is not always satisfactory; if he proves not sufficiently pleasing to the fastidious taste of the high dame, she scuttles away until another song allures her, and she flies to inspect the new candidate for her favours. If approbation is the outcome of the reconnaissance after the song is ended, they both carry on a sort of stately minuet to show off their colours and elegance; a further inspection takes place, and the hen decides the fate of her wooer. When he has been accepted, his song is not so loud, he has now no need to attract the attention of outsiders, but hums sweet nothings into his sweetheart's ears; amorous cooings of a gentle cadence; and together they seek a

nook suitable for the nest. He is a true gallant, and while helping with the building of the new home, he fills his bride's ears with honeyed words, and makes her smile by his gestures and antics. And during the days of incubation he perches on a near twig, attentive and alert, and again sings his loudest and best to comfort and entertain his patient spouse. He exerts himself to the utmost to alleviate her fatigue, and to soothe her under weariness. And when the birdlings are hatched, once more he is silent, too busy with his many new duties to find time to sing. In many cases the same two birds will pair year after year, and magpies have been known to be faithful to the same mate for ten years, and have built in the same tree for many consecutive seasons. There are such conditions as orphanhood even in bird life, and then step or foster parents are necessary. The name of stepmother among men is not held by all as one of good repute, though the position is often a difficult and thankless one; but the distinction of stepmother amongst birds is one of respect and dignity. Professor Kalm tells of a couple of swallows who built in a stable, the eggs were laid, and while the mother was sitting, the male showed signs of great agitation and distress. It was found on examining the nest, that the female had died, the body was removed and the nest watched for a couple of hours. The male at once sat upon the eggs, but he grew restless and flew away, and in a short time returned with another wife, who covered the eggs, hatched them, and nurtured the young, acting as the kindest and best of mothers. Capons are excellent foster mothers and will either sit upon the eggs when the mother has died, or nurse chickens already hatched. In some cases the cock will act the mother's part when his widowed heart is too much stricken to seek a second wife; he will keep the chicks warm and supply them with plenty of food.

When the young ones try to sing their croaking is as musical as the melodies of a flock of geese; they begin by recording a few broken passages in a helpless, pitiable sort of way; but practice brings the vocal organs into right condition, and very soon the little one can manage a bit of a song, and from that learn to warble the sweet notes of their mother. The bird

has to have a voice, of course, before it can sing, but when it has heard its own voice and tried its powers, it seldom is satisfied to stop there. When its painstaking and persistent parents have faithfully schooled it in the correct trills and customary strains, ambition leads it to try notes of its own and add bits which it has heard others sing. If young birds are taken from their parents before they are three weeks old, they may as easily be taught the song of another species as that of the true parents, and not infrequently a young goldfinch acquires in this way the song of the wren, and the linnet that of the lark; just in the same way as a baby, if put amongst foreigners, will adopt a foreign tongue in place of its mother's.

Adult birds after a silence, through moulting or illness, have again to record their song, or go through the learning, as it were, once more; but this is not, as some ornithologists seem to think, through forgetfulness, but simply through want of practice, their vocal organs having grown rusty and out of order. Soft billed birds, who sing from the lower part of the throat, have finely toned, mellow, plaintive voices, while the song of the hard billed birds is of a sprightly, cheerful, rapid turn. It is the smaller birds, as a rule, who cheer us with their sweet song, very few large birds swell the chorus of the wood oratorios. There are exceptions to this rule as to every other, notably the male chanting falcon, which has a remarkable and fascinating song—an enthusiast, who becomes so absorbed in his own singing, that he is oblivious of all danger, and is often caught when under the spell.

Apart from singing, birds do a good deal of talking, each species has its own vernacular, its own peculiar calls for food, for council, for amusement, for love, which it, and no other species, understands. Though there is one call in common which all birds seem to recognise, and that is the cry of alarm; whether this signal comes from skylark or jay, from weaver or stork, all the feathery little bodies scuttle off for safety into bushes or holes, or collect in force to meet the foe. If a hawk appears the tocsin is sounded, and timid birds hurry-scurry away, while swallows and other bold ones fly to the spot in hope of

sport, quite ready to attack the intruder with beak and wing until he is glad if haply he may escape alive from the fray. One call of warning is given for the approach of fierce bird or prowling cat, but quite another cry is raised at the approach of man. They have different sounds, carrying with them meanings as significant as human speech. The Roman Pliny, was a great student of birds, and says that cranes never journey or migrate without calling a council and agreeing together. These birds, as many others do, elect a captain to take the lead, and give instructions. And when journeying in groups, crowds of them sleep with heads under their wings, in care of vigilant sentinels, who take turns in watching during the hours of the night, and promptly apprise their comrades of any danger in the neighbourhood. They are so determined to carry out worthily their purpose that rather than be found napping when on duty, they will stand on one foot, holding a stone in the other, so that if drowsiness comes over them and they fall into a doze, the stone drops and wakens them. If we could have utilized such trusty sentinels in our South African War would it not have saved the wear and tear of many brave men? The great Alexander observed this habit in cranes, and himself tried the plan, or rather one very similar. He held a silver ball in his hand over a brass basin, and when inclined to sleep of course he released his hold and the ball clattered into the bowl and awaked him. I have not heard that he required this habit from his men, but we can any of us learn from the birds if we will.

It is not only the crane who sets a watch during the night, even sparrows will do this sometimes, and rooks are specially noted for the custom. The latter take such precaution, and their sentries are so alert and argus-eyed, that it is said they can smell gunpowder. In fact, nearly all gregarious birds in some degree follow this plan, both while sleeping and feeding, many of them selecting a king who takes the lead in everything, giving the morning call, and conducting his subjects on their migrations. The plover is by this means often captured by the peasants with little trouble, who, imitating the cry of the leader, decoy quite a flock of them into their toils. It is said, but whether true or

not I cannot say, that many species of these gregarious birds who elect a king, choose one from another species rather than their own, as the position is a precarious one and often ends in death. Who dare say that birds do not reason? If not, instinct must be as great and wonderful a thing as wisdom and judgment. There are many wonders told of how birds form councils and parliaments, where laws are not only passed and discussed, but carried into force with rigour. Again I quote Pliny, who, though of ancient origin, was not without powers and opportunities of observation; he says: 'There is a place in the open plains and champaign country of Asia where storks assemble, to keep up a jangling one with another, and in the end tear in pieces the tardy one, the lagger.' We know for certain that crows hold court and debate, and sparrows, too, have their council chambers, where they meet and carry on lively demonstrations. Birds of a pugilistic turn, however, have meetings and assemblies not for counsel, but for fight; they are regular John Bulls. Such birds as ruffs and quails will fight to the death, while an excited audience watch in glee and urge on the combat, just as a crowd of young Britishers will watch and incite their comrades to fight. A male bird will fight another for his lady-love, true old English duels, when they go at it tooth and nail, until one is complete master, and victorious suitor of his queen. It is well for the bird world that males and females are in proportional numbers, and though the males fight individual battles there is no great loss of life, and though they have the fighting element in them, they have no South African War to carry off some thousands of males at one stroke; or coal and mineral mining to lessen their numbers so largely.

But besides the fighting capacity, birds show marks of great kindness and affection. A naturalist tells a story of a guinea parrot and his mate who were caged together for four years, and lived on the most affectionate terms, shewing unexpected signs of care and thought for each other. The wife then began to display signs of infirmity and weakness; her mate was most arduous in his attentions, bringing food so that she had no need to move from her perch—taking her wing, as it were, if she expressed a

wish to try a few steps across the cage; and doing all in his power to comfort or amuse her. The poor thing finally died, and the mourning mate was inconsolable in his grief, and did not long survive her. Have you noticed how kind and attentive the parent birds are to their young? Not only do they feed them, and care for them in the nest before they can fly or fend for themselves, but in case of danger they will do their utmost to protect them. Thrushes and blackbirds in severe weather will go to a great deal of trouble and inconvenience to shield their young from cold, heedless of wind and storm, and are at times found frozen to death with wings outstretched over their offspring. A young owl being caught at a farm was shut up in a large hen-coop, its parents hearing its cries brought food, such as partridges, moorfowl, and other large birds to it, for fourteen consecutive nights. Another instance is where a boy took home a nest of young sparrows, the parents followed, flying a few yards behind. He put them into a cage outside the window of his home, and the parent birds came regularly and fed them. After a time the boy took a young one out and placed it on the top of the cage; when the parents came they were highly delighted to see their young one free, and fluttered about with joy, entreating it to attempt to fly, but the fledgling was afraid at first to venture. The parents repeated their solicitations, and themselves flying from cage to chimney, and chimney to cage, showing how easy the flight was, the young one at length summoned up the necessary courage and flew away from its prison, alighting on the eaves, amid the applause of its parents. The next day another was released, and the same thing occurred, and so on until they were all rescued. Parent birds will go to an enormous amount of trouble to procure food for their young, sometimes travelling long distances. A pair of starlings feeding young not unusually will travel fifty miles a day, returning and feeding their chicks about a hundred and fifty times. A house wren will fly backwards and forwards from food to nest from forty to sixty times an hour. Though the male bird is not so assiduous in helping to build the nest, and gets plenty of feminine pecks, with scoldings into the bargain, for idleness and want of patience, he is a most

pattern husband and father in the case of finding and procuring food, not only for his wife while she guards and keeps warm the eggs, but when the young ones have made their appearance, and their one cry, with wide open mouth, is 'Give, give, give.' It takes no small amount of exertion to satisfy these young leeches, who readily devour their own weight of food in one day, and it is a busy time for both father and mother when they have themselves and four or five little ones to feed. It is calculated that a pair of sparrows while feeding their young will destroy weekly 2000 caterpillars. This surely is a good thing for farmers as well as for the birdlings. So we can understand that it is necessary for the field markets to have large supplies of insects in the breeding season, and not altogether a bad investment to have plenty of birds near your vegetation. They principally destroy insects which are injurious to garden and field; longlegs, worms, caterpillars, grubs, and such like, as well as clearing the air of innumerable minute insects which otherwise would get into our throats and eyes.

In some cases where rooks, or other birds, as they sometimes do, build a second nest late in the season, in consequence of the first being destroyed, they find it very hard work rearing their young, because of the difficulty of obtaining food. There is little or no ploughing and digging going on, and the warmth of the sun has dried up the ground, and the worms and grubs are driven out of sight. It is a case of the day labourer with his large family and his eighteen or twenty shillings per week to spend amongst them; a hard and anxious time for the parents. The mothers of quadrupeds are usually provided with milk for their young, but it is not generally supposed that birds have any such provision; they have to go hunting and snaring. The first day of hatching the youngster has sufficient food by the absorption of a portion of the egg yolk. It is stated, however, by some ornithologists that the dove and rook have a lacteal substance resembling milk with which they feed their young in the early stages. The pelican is supposed to have this provision, and by the ancients who looked on this operation, it was believed to have nourished its young by its own blood. The Egyptians believed the vulture fed its young with its own blood, and hence that bird was

to them an emblem of eternal devotion. Whether the pelican has milk for its young or not, it certainly is very fond of the milk of the crocodile, which it finds in the mud along the banks of the rivers, and in the marshy land.

What birds know from instinct, and what they acquire through experience, is difficult to determine, though many close and interesting experiments have recently been made. Many actions, we know, are performed without previous instructions, unless with the Buddhists we are inclined to say they were learned in an earlier existence. We see a young duckling swim perfectly without any teaching, one indeed which has been hatched in the oven, and having no mother to teach it anything. And though birds seem to need educating in some branches, they do not require colleges, universities, or any other learned institutions which seem to be thought necessary for men. They learn their lessons in the old-fashioned way at home with mother and father for tutor, governess, professor and nurse. The eagle educates her own children, and spares no pains. The stork teaches hers in all the rudiments and advanced classes of storkland. So do the smaller birds, all having the nursery and schoolroom under their own management, giving their young emphatic and forceful lessons. The young are not allowed to attempt to leave the nest before they are in a safe condition, physically and morally, and have the permission of their parents. If they are not obedient the parents peck them, beat them with their wings, and the obedients seldom try it a second time.

Migration is surely an instinct; some birds seem to have this instinct of travel so deeply inborn, that if in confinement when the time for migration comes round they are so restless and agitated that if not released they become ill, and in many cases die. Every bird has its own native country, and if free he stays there half the year; but a large community like students of means and opportunity spend the rest of each year in travelling and taking notes in foreign lands, though I don't know that any one of them is ambitious enough to write a book or give a lecture on his travels for the benefit of the stay-at-homes. But probably some of the noisy chatterings which we hear are social gather-

ings where wild stories of the East, and sensational accounts of the aborigines are poured into astonished bird ears. And tales of skirmishes with savage tribes, dangers amongst fierce enemies, probably make bird eyes open wide; while romances of sweet-voiced birds of paradise in gorgeous costume; of fair, luscious fruit gardens; of fat, unctuous grain; of wide expanses and great forests, make their blood tingle and their feathers to shake.

Some birds are extensive travellers; the blue bird of America will in one journey pass six hundred miles over the sea. They migrate for different reasons, not always to seek a milder climate but often in search of special food, which they seem to know quite well where to find, for they arrive punctually at certain places at the right time for ripened grain, or other nutritious food of which their native country is destitute. For instance, the wheatear will visit Cuba and help the farmers off with the redundant rice grains, and then when the crop is taken in will make their way over the sea to Carolina for the same object, the rice fields there being later in ripening. And actually in some cases they are discoverers of new grain, and return to acquaint their friends of their find, who join them in flight to the new and fruitful country. Though the wild turkey can scarcely be classed among migrating birds, it moves about from one district to another according to the sparsity and abundance of food. Birds travel both north and south, some are limited to distance and locality. The curlew, golden plover, and such which dwell along the shores in the winter time, in summer seek the inland lakes and moors. The linnet, who in summer loves the deserts and bracing hills, in winter needs the solace and company of man. In the early spring we look for the wheatear among the sandy downs, and the whinchat in the furze thickets, and on the hills the ring-ouzel with its white circle shining on its breast. Then come the swallows and the swifts; and the milder weather brings the cuckoo and landrail, which are quickly followed by some of our sweetest songsters—the nightingale, the redstart, blackcap, willow wren, which stay in the hottest weather, build their nests, breed, and when the young are strong enough to travel, hurry away to a more sultry zone. The shores

are alive with terns, auks, guillemots, puffins, eider ducks, etc.; a sight of the breeding places of these birds is one of rare interest. In the Hebrides may be seen many such; of auks and guillemots which lay only one egg on the bare rock. Upon a ledge of the cliff not more than three yards long and three feet broad there will crowd fifty or sixty birds jammed together like a solid mass, each a contented mother sitting on her one treasure. Scores of such living ledges are to be found along those shaggy coasts; and if a shot is sounded, or an alarm given, the air will become black with a cloud of hovering birds. The gull is more particular about the receptacle for its eggs, and makes a primitive sort of nest of coarse grass. There is an incident told of a stork caught by a Polish gentleman on his estate near Lemburg; he put round its neck an iron collar with the words—*Haec ciconia ex Polonia* (this stork comes from Poland), and set it at liberty. The next year it returned to the same spot, and was caught by the same gentleman, who found round its neck a new collar of gold with the inscription—*India cum donis remittit ciconiam Polonis* (India sends back the stork to the Poles with gifts), and was again set at liberty.

As I remarked in an early paper, birds are cleanly little creatures, going in for baths of every description, douche, shower, sitz, and even dust baths, swizzing away to rid themselves of annoying insects, as the great beasts of Nubia rub themselves in the mud to extinguish the zimb or great breeze fly, and the cattle of Africa to deliver themselves from the annoying tsetse. The smaller the bird, as a rule, the more active and sprightly it is, and the more cleanly. These fastidious little things not only brush and bathe themselves, but will often help to clean and make comfortable their brothers and sisters. The love of water often proves in more ways than one the death of confiding birds. Continental peoples set bath-traps, by means of net and rods, to lure the cleanly little bathers into danger and imprisonment. Bathing for many birds in confinement is injurious, and to such as the nightingale proves fatal. In many cases, wrens, sedgewarblers, and whinchats have through it succumbed to palsy, and the poor little things lose the use of

both legs, and suffer other distortions. With some species it will bring on epileptic fits and death. If these birds were free they would prevent such disasters by flying about in the air and sunshine and rubbing themselves against leaves or dust, but in confinement they cannot, and they consequently get a severe chill. Though birds are fond of bathing, they drink very little water; especially big birds, the eagle in fact may be left many weeks without any water, and suffers little or no inconvenience.

(2.) THE SHRIKE FAMILY.

Let us now turn to a particular family which is of some note in the bird world, being endued with special qualities and peculiar traits of interest. The shrike family has a long pedigree, and no end of brothers and cousins, distant and near relations, and family connections. The genus is known by the short, strong bill, straight at the base and more or less bent at the end, with a notch or tooth near the tip of the upper mandible—a fine weapon, as some smaller birds find to their sorrow. The jagged tongue; a peculiarity of the big toe, which is curved and sharp; a twelve feathered tail, are other points of distinction which mark this illustrious family.

When writing the biography of any man we begin with his ancestry, his relations, and family, so in giving a true account of bird life we must follow the same plan. Much uncertainty often gathers round a great man's birth-place and connections, and many are eager to claim association with him. So it is with birds; as soon as they become in any way famous, by power of claw or bill, by special sweetness of song, or by glorious colour of plumage, they are claimed as natives of many countries, and sojourners of various climes. It is generally supposed that the shrike family is of high degree. As most Englishmen are supposed to have come over with William the Conqueror, so most birds have some ancestor who has figured in the royal court, and if you study the *Avian Debrett*, you will find different members of the family prominent enough. There are American chiefs, ameers, princes, dukes, magnates, and bashaws among them, and they boast a viscount and a lord, and even a king. The tyrant

shrike of Virginia is an acknowledged and reigning king, proud indeed of his crimson streaked crown; his home is among the red cedars, where he sits fearing neither crow nor eagle. Fierce and merciless to a degree; such a fury that its bitter passion of fierceness has dried up the power of song—as base passions in men blunt or destroy the spiritual part of nature.

They are a military stock, these shrikes, and through the fighting quality have earned the name of butcher bird or *lanûdæ*—the latter word of Latin origin, *lanius*, a butcher, *eidos*, resemblance. They are fierce combatants on the battlefield; in fact, veritable Boers in so far as ferocity and rapacity go. John Ray, the blacksmith's son who rose to such eminence as naturalist, ranks them among hawks. The French philosopher and zoologist, Buffon, says the falcons were their far back ancestors, for who else could tear so savagely with tooth and claw? But the more complimentary Monsieur Brisson places them with the sweet-voiced thrushes and the ever-talking chatterers. If birds could read our calligraphy, how they would laugh and sneer at our base ignorance, our arrogant assumption. But man and his hieroglyphs are far beneath their aerial notice. The shrikes are found in almost every part of the globe, though they certainly do fight shy of the South American continent; and wherever they are found, they are notable for their sanguinary and destructive habits. They vary extensively in colour, many of them take their name from their uniform; thus, the rufous-tailed, the chesnut-backed, crested red, ash-crowned, red-throated, puff-backed, and purple-sided; such are the distinguishing names of the shrikes. Nearly all this tribe have a colouring produced by more or less admixtures of red, white, and black; sometimes the red is rusty and dull, at other times it has a strong mixture of black, which gives it a decided brown hue; in some the black and white are intermingled so as to produce an ashy or grey appearance; while others will have the distinct red back, or breast, or crown, with black wings, and white tips or streaks, like fringe to relieve a dark cloak. Thus the grey-backed shrike has the top of its head, neck, and back a fine blue grey, while the smaller feathers end in a pale brownish red;

there is a good deal of black about, with various dashes of white, and always a suggestion of rusty red. The ring-necked shrike has its lesser wings white and its back dark ash or lead colour: and the dubious shrike has a dash of crimson on its feathers. The hottiqua of the great forests is black, with white-tipped feathers: the white shrike which flutters over the trees of Panay Isle is nearly all snow-white, with a few black feathers and a beak of ebony: and on the feathers of the cabecoté of India, the dull rusty red predominates. There are some shrikes, however, which add other colours to the red and white of their many relations. The barbary shrike, with the addition of black on the upper wings, and a red breast, has yellow touches on the head, thighs, and under tail, with tinges of green. There is a fine specimen in the British Museum collection, coloured in this way. The red throated shrike, which flies over the hills of Africa, seeking berries for its young, is decked in olive green plumage, with bright yellow breast and shoulders, and red throat, its tail and legs of black. The name of the green shrike of Madagascar speaks for itself; tchachert, as it is called in its native place, it is of a dull green, the long wings reaching nearly to the end of its tail. The purple-sided, the white-cheeked, the blue-shouldered, the brimstone, the olive, all suggest by their name the predominating colour, while the bronzed shrike, or bujunza, of Bengal, whose plumage has a brilliant blue gloss like bronze, appears in the sunshine to be dressed in bright green. The forktail crested shrike of South America has its long black forked tail edged with dark green; vast troops inhabit the Cape of Good Hope, where they make the air resound with the echo of their matin and even song. The natives call them the 'devils' because of their dark, sombre colouring.

The family of shrikes is usually divided into two great classes. the true shrikes, or *Laninæ*, and the bush shrike, or *Thamnophilinæ*. The great grey shrike, living in the southern and warmer parts of Europe, is a typical bird of the true shrike. It occasionally visits England, but not commonly so; it is perhaps the largest branch of the shrike family, and frequents the

forests of Siberia, where it lives the winter through. It has a most peculiar cry, which Naumann likens to 'Schäch, schäch,' and its note when calling to its young is 'truü, truü.' It is a bird of about ten inches in length, the upper part of its body a pearly grey, the other parts mostly black, with patches of white here and there. One peculiarity of the shrike, not this species only, is the strange way they have of killing their prey and storing their food. When attacking a mouse or bird, the shrike bites the head, crushing the skull, thus immediately killing it. It will always commence its meal by devouring the head, and what is not eaten it sticks upon a thorn or sharp point that happens to be handy. As this butcher bird brings in fresh food it fills its larder with mice, frogs, shrews, lizards, grasshoppers, and other luscious morsels, impaling each one upon some spike or thorn. This habit is so strong and instinctive in the shrike, that when it is confined and becomes tame, it still continues the custom of impaling food, and if not provided with thorns, will hang the pieces of flesh between the wires of its cage. A cruel and ferocious bird, it will fly and run after prey with untiring persistency. But fierce and bloodthirsty as it is, it too has its enemies, and the falcon is one of the great terrors of its life. This terror, and the wonderful clear and far-seeing eye of the great grey shrike, are facts which are eagerly seized and made use of by the fowler who is trying to quarry a falcon. The man sets his nets for the falcon, and near to these, on a prominent mound, he ties the shrike, who may, when danger threatens, run into a small shelter which is provided. The fowler then hides away in his hut where he can watch proceedings without being seen. He knows very well that no falcon will come within sight without early warning from the shrike, so he busies himself with other work. Plenty of birds pass over the net, but no alarm is given, no noise heard save the continual 'schäch, schäch,' or the constant twitterings or imitative notes in which the shrike indulges. But as soon as the enemy appears the scene changes, the shrike begins to kick with fright, and as the falcon comes nearer and nearer, the shrike capers about in a frenzy, and runs in terror into its shelter.

The fowler then lets out his pigeons, which, fluttering about over the nets, attract the falcon, which stooping for its prey, is caught in the strong meshes, and is captured with triumph. In such a way does the fowler use this strange bird, and by this custom it has won the name of excubitor or watchman. The great grey shrike has as keen a sense of hearing as it has of sight; it hears an enemy or a friend from a great distance, and can discern the different notes of young birds. Its natural song is not a sweet one, but its voice is capable of modulation, and it is one of the birds which is fond of imitating others, not only by introducing the notes of others in its song and imitating the cries of its fellows, but often successfully copying a whole phrase of the sweet warblers' song, such as the skylark or thrush. It chooses the high branches of tall trees in which to build its nest, weaving it of fine grass, soft roots, and mosses, with a lining of down and wool. In this cosy nest the female lays four or five eggs in the season—they are of grey, with deeper grey or brown spots on the larger end.

A close relation of the great grey shrike is the red backed shrike, a rather smaller bird, not usually more than seven or eight inches long, the female being a little larger than her mate. Its wings are of a rusty red, hence its name, while its head and shoulders of ashy grey, its tail deep brown, other parts a variation of black red, and tips of white with a hint of red, hence some naturalists describe it blossom colour. The hooked beak with which it does such savage work is like a piece of shining jet. The male and female vary a little in distribution of colour, and the young ones take the mother's colouring until arriving near adult age, then the males change into a more masculine suit. In this surely they imitate the young male element of mankind, or man imitates the bird, which is it? They are not so ambitious in their nest building as the great grey shrike; they are content to build in hedges five or six feet from the ground; they choose thick, strong grass and fibres for the exterior of their nests, and line them with hair, or any soft material procurable, but they are neither uniformly nor securely made. The red backed shrike has not learned his nest-making in the same university as the weaver

or the tailor bird ; the ends are left loose and untidy, the nest has an unfinished appearance, and the effect of a piece of clumsy work, and being large and not compact, is easily seen through the foliage, unless the latter is unusually thick. Five or six eggs are the general number laid ; they vary in colour, are more commonly blue or greenish white with a ring of rusty spots at the larger end. These birds are wont to hop about in pairs, among the hedges and bushes on the look-out for food ; they are good parents, paying every attention to their young, the mother tenderly keeping the little ones warm while the father flies over much ground to procure food for his family. When settling, these shrikes give the tail several wags up and down, very much in the style of the wagtail. It is called in Egypt the dagnousse, and known as a ferocious and greedy bird, strangling the young of other species without mercy. It strikes them on the head, tears open the brain and eyes, upon which it feeds first, then after eating the breast and more tender parts, throws away the remains. It is glad to capture a young pheasant, or any bird of tender flesh ; but supplies its own young chiefly with grasshoppers, chaffers, cocktail beetles, and such insects. These it impales upon the bushes near its nest in such large numbers as to be a veritable sign-post, 'This way to the shrike's nest.' It is so greedy a bird that when in confinement it will eat a whole sheep's kidney every day. Its home is in Africa, but it makes journeys north in the spring, travels through Italy and France, visiting us in the summer months ; then as autumn comes, off it goes back either to the temperate parts of Russia or to a warmer clime. In Egypt this species is caught in nets and sold for food, but being such fierce birds they have to be tied down to prevent disaster.

The woodchat is another shrike of pure breed ; it has most of the habits common to the shrike family, prominently that one of tearing and lacerating its prey, and of filling its larder with impaled game. For this practice of hanging its food, it is known at the Cape of Good Hope as the magistrate bird, a significant name, not especially complimentary to the Cape justices. It rarely travels so far north as England, known mainly in Africa, and common in the warmer districts of

Southern Europe. Its colouring is of rich chestnut red, with a good deal of black, relieved by white in places, and touches of grey. It is a smarter architect than the red backed shrike, more fastidious as to its selection of outlook and position, disdains either hedge or bush; a good strong branch forking out from a knarled oak is most to its mind, with plenty of turnings and dubious ways, and thick, green curtains to shut out the evil eyes of the enemy, or the glare of the midday sun. It loves the scent of pines and brings in twigs of this favourite timber for the outer walls of its new house; then it curls the moss in and out until it has woven a soft carpet, and lastly, it collects the tender grass and wool for the babies' cot. Into this the eggs are tucked soft and warm, and the mother puts over them the downy coverlet of her wings, and sits there patiently until the slender shells break and the birdlings peep out. For many days after the chicks are hatched the mother still keeps her nest, for warmth is as essential to the young birds as to the eggs, and if they were left to grow chill they would die. So in these early days the mother and children are dependent upon the father for food.

Another specimen is the cinereous shrike, one of larger size, generally over ten inches long and fourteen broad. It is known by various names according to the country in which it is found, in France it is called the French pie; in India the wapaw whiskey john; in Georgia the big-headed mocking-bird; and in Java the chenta. It is common enough in the south of Europe, and abounds largely in such places as Gibraltar and along the Mediterranean coast. The cinereous shrikes do not commonly frequent England, but when they do pay us a visit they arrive about May, stay three or four months, then wend their way towards a warmer country. They are fond of the higher hills and the mountains, make for the light, exhilarating air, and plenty of sunshine. Their food is chiefly insects and small birds, which they seize by the throat, strangle, and like the tribe impale upon a thorn. They are marvellously clever at imitating the calls and songs of other birds, and are useful in this way for luring and catching young birds, as the Russians find to their profit. The nests are of heath and moss,

with wool and gossamer linings, built half-way up the pine or juniper trees.

The nests of the shrikes in general are not of any elaborate or specific interest; they are gipsy-like in their arrangements, and their nests are mostly untidy, and of a somewhat slovenly nature. The nest of the jocose shrike, a small bird of India, is more uncommon than most of the shrike's nests; it is chiefly made of fibres suspended from two twigs; it hangs in the shape of a long purse with a large opening on one side. The bird is known in China as the cow-kee-quan, which means high-hair-hat, because it wears a crest very much like the head-dress of Chinese ladies, which is constructed of bunches of horse's hair added to their own. The jocose can erect its crest according to will or inclination. In India it bears the name bul-bul, the name of the Indian nightingale, because it can so well imitate the note of that bird, though naturally the jocose has a harsh unmusical voice. In some countries it is known as the fighting nightingale, because of its twin qualities of sweet song and ferocious disposition. It is considered a great treasure for the beauty of its song, and is captured and sold at a high price in the markets.

The silent shrike, too, which haunts the forests along the coasts of Natal has a nest of curious construction; it is mainly composed of batches of wool torn from various cotton plants. The mesembryanthemum is a general favourite whose conspicuous blossoms open to the sunshine, and close when clouds fill the sky and earth is overshadowed; the fig marigold, as some call it, yields fine soft wool, suitable for lining cosy nests. The shrike wedges the bits of cotton wool securely together, working them in and out with beak and claws until a soft, cosy, and secure repository is made for the precious eggs soon to be stowed in it. This is hung on to slender tree branches, and sways like an Indian cradle in the wind.

The nest of the drongear shrike is of singular fashion, made of flexible twigs and grasses, so flimsy and transparent, the very extreme of the nest of the silent shrike, so thin that the eggs, which are nearly square, are easily seen through the walls, for there is no lining to the nest, and it is erected in

forks at the end of tree branches in the mimosa woods of Cape Colony. The male and female share the labours of hatching, sitting upon the eggs in turn.

There are many more true shrikes, more even than I can mention, their numbers being legion; they vary slightly in habits, colour, and song, according to climate, environs, and other circumstances, varying too in disposition and in degrees of refinement; for some display rude and barbarous tastes, while others show more delicacy and refinement. There are shrikes whose fastidious appetites choose to dine upon 'brains à la canary,' with butterfly sauce; fillets of grouse; vol au vent of sparrow, garnished with moths and frogs' legs; vegetable salads, compote of fruit or ripe grain, and such dainty meals. But there are other shrikes of vulgar, unclean tastes, which act as scavengers, freeing cattle and sheep of noxious insects, destroying mice which pest the Carolina plantations; they eat beetles, the entrails of birds, and other objectionable food. Some there are, clamorous and noisy, screeching violently as they flutter swiftly in the sky, taunting and trying to rouse the ravens or crows, or other birds to combat; or croaking like an old gate on its rusty hinges. Others are musical and love melody, striving to emulate the sweetest songsters of the forest, and charm with their soft melodious notes. There are shrikes which combine the rainbow colours and irradiate like brilliants in the sunshine; while others wear a sombre, grey, and funereal costume. Unlike in many particulars, these birds are alike in the one great hereditary characteristic, which has earned them the contemptuous name of butcher birds.

Now we come to the second division or class, known as the bush shrikes or *Thamnophilinæ*. Very distant relatives of the *Laninæ* or true shrike; sort of bushmen or niggers perhaps, half caste, but having the same far back ancestors, and therefore some of the same blood in their veins; but the blood has grown thinner and poorer in the one case and richer and bluer in the other. The vigors bush shrike is a typical bird of the *Thamnophilinæ* family branch; it has the hooked beak of its progenitors in prominence, with powerful curved claws,

dire instruments, ready sharpened for their deadly work. It is a fine majestic bird, fearless, even before larger and more formidable looking animals; it will fight even the eagle when put to it, and though a smaller bird will not budge or give up until it has conquered or died; the eagle, in many instances, having to give in from sheer weariness and exhaustion, rather than injury from wounds. This shrike lives mostly in the vast forests of Southern America, or amongst the thick, stubby brushwood, and on this account is provided with long legs and powerful grasp of feet, which can lay hold of the boughs as in a vice. It stalks along amongst the rank herbage and thick foliage, like a king of the domains, holds high its ruddy crest, taking in the situation, and saying in thought at least, 'I am monarch of all I survey; my right can no man dispute.' Because of its habit of threading a devious way through the dense underwood, its wings are short and rounded, with no superfluous points and decorations which would catch, entangle, or break during its occupations. To make up for this in personal appearance it has a fine long tail, and an elegant bonnet, with red and black tipped feathers, a gorgeous erection which it wears with great dignity and hauteur. It busies itself the whole day in searching for food: it feeds chiefly upon insects which infest the woods, and occasionally small reptiles, and when young birds are in season it gladly seizes the opportunity of dining upon the tender flesh. It is not a noisy bird, and scorns to cultivate any sort of song either by development or imitation, but from a sense of sociableness or joy it calls out at times its single note, 'cha-cha;' and in the breeding season especially one constantly hears this short, monotonous call.

Then there is the pied-crow bush shrike of New South Wales, a very talkative old bird, with a loud ringing voice, shrill and penetrating, heard long before the shrike is in sight. It shrieks, and yells, and scolds, and is often harsh and unmusical in its song, but evidently reaches its own ideal and considers itself a fine orator and singer. In dull weather it wears sombre and dark garments; but when the sun shines it has on a coat of rich, deep blue, with tail tips snowy white,

elegant and festive, of which the shrike is very proud. It parades its costume, not only before its prospective bride; but to passers by and any who will give a glance upwards when they hear the shrill, unpleasant cry. It has a black bill, with piercing eyes of bright bronzed yellow, like oriental jewels set in jet—fine topazes or precious stones of mesmeric power such as the witches wore as talismans, with which they worked wonders in the days of fairy tales. It feeds upon berries, fruit, seeds, and other vegetable produce, a cleanly bird with no voracious appetite; and for its food makes regular migrations to the corn and rice harvests of different countries. It travels with companions, forming batches of six or eight, and when flying the company show their attractive plumage to advantage. They are not expert travellers, avoid long journeys, flying with erratic, unsteady movements. They never travel for the sake of it, but choose a spot for their home among the bushes and forests, or up upon the mountains, and there stay until from scarcity of food they are bound to move on. But at other times they take no aerial flights, no soarings like the lark, but stay on the same boughs for weeks and months, leaving them only to fly to other clumps close by where they may find more berries, or can view the fields of ripening grain. They dislike open spaces, or wide areas, and always avoid the exertion of flying whenever possible. Though not particularly fascinating birds, having no sweet notes, they are valued as a delicacy of food and sold in the markets. They make their nests large and roomy, with rounded walls, cup shaped in the interior, constructed of short sticks, and lined with grass and leaves; and three or four eggs are the usual number laid in each nest. They prefer a lowly position for habitation and are well content to build in a bush, or upon the lower branches of trees.

Not much like the pied crow is the piping crow bush shrike, another native of New South Wales; not a lover of sea-air, but very common away from the coasts. It has bright plumage, jet black and snowy white in large contrasting masses, with deep ruddy hazel eyes and ink black bill. The colonists call

it the magpie, its feathers are coloured so like that talkative bird; though by others it is called tibicen, which means flute-player, from its piping, flute-like voice. It has a deliciously sweet and mellow tone, and sings a varied and jubilant song, which must be sung to the end whatever the disturbance or danger. It is a never-tiring little bird, an early riser, beginning the young day with a melodious matin, in clear strong notes. The day through it may be heard, at hot noon, in the cool evening, and again when most other songsters have long put their heads under their wings, it warbles forth a deep flute-toned song. And in its charming evening dress it rehearses in full orchestral concert, to any or no audience, as it happens, in joy and satisfaction giving its finale and choicest to the evening air. It is fond of the society of man, and needs very small encouragement to build in barn or outhouse, in orchard or garden, where it will charm the inhabitants with its fine and continual outpourings of song. It is no traveller, but sticks to its own country in true home-like fashion. Unlike the pied crow it prefers the open plains and wide grassy downs rather than any closed in forests. It feeds principally upon large grasshoppers, beetles, and other insects, though it is equally glad of larger prey, and being a remarkably good hunter, its prey have very little chance of escape. It is a hardy bird and well adapted for confinement—that is as well as any bird or other animal stands what is diametrically opposed to its nature. It is able to bear great variableness of climate, and can live on fruits, berries, seeds, and animal food, and thrive upon them. The nest in construction is much like the pied crow's, but the bird lodges it in the higher branches of lofty trees, as singing birds usually do, and has two broods of chicks in the season, hatching two to four at each sitting.

The Cunningham's bush shrike is a bird of contested lineage. Some will have it that this bird has nothing in common with the shrikes; it certainly has not much save in name, and a likeness in its hooked bill. Perhaps a paternal ancestor married into another clan or tribe, and so lost connection. It is usually grouped with *Alectrurine*, or cock-tailed birds, and is found largely in the forests of South America. It is coloured much

after the pattern and tone of the true shrikes, having a preponderating tone of ashen grey with streaks of brown and a fine collar of bronzed purple, and some of the tail and wing feathers have the specific ruddy touches which are found in so many of the *Laniæ*. Its tail is of an uncommon length, the two outer feathers exceeding the others, forming a conspicuous ornament of graceful waving plumes. It feeds upon large insects, is not a cannibal, never eats its own kind, however small or tempting. It has fine strong wings which it uses with remarkable agility, flying at a break-neck rate through the air.

Another group of birds ranked with the shrikes by some naturalists, because of their sanguinary habits, or other traits common to the shrike family, are the drongo shrikes. Other naturalists spurn the notion of ranking them together. If they are not kin to the shrike family, why do they own the same name, I wonder. Surely all the Smiths in the world are akin if you look far enough back, and all the shrikes should have the same antediluvian ancestors. There are many varieties under this head, more than a few noticeable for their fine coats and elegance of flight. The drongo shrike is a highly prized bird in India, sought for its sweet song and its fine costume; its note is not unlike the mocking bird's. The natives call it huyan dustan, 'bird of a thousand tails,' from the fine rocket tail, white tipped, which it proudly spreads out for view. The sordid thrush, of which Mr. Gould speaks, is perhaps one of the most interesting species of this group. It is a beautiful and attractive bird, full of grace and elegance, swaying in the air with such ease, displaying a fine, widely spread white tipped tail, and singing with a strong, mellow voice, not unlike the swallow. It has a most ingenious and original habit, found perhaps amongst no other species of birds in the ornithological catalogue. A congregation of these thrush shrikes collect together upon one of the trees in an Australian wood, seven or eight of them hang on to a bough, others hang on to the tree branch, like a living curtain of black and white feathers, swinging as a clock pendulum backwards and forwards in the breeze. One is reminded of nothing so much as a swarm of

bees, or a cluster of busy ants. This bird is a favourite with the Australians, not only because of its beauty and elegance, but because of its friendly character, and pretty, winning ways. Building near the dwellings of man, it hovers in and out of its nest, passing his door, and looking in at his windows, giving him a morning and evening chirp. Fearless of his children, it spreads its wings for inspection, spying with coy air to see if he is bestowing sufficient admiration, and flying fearlessly around him if he pays a visit to the shallow, cup-shaped nest, which holds the mottled grey eggs.

And so there is among birds, variety as great, interesting and wonderful as among men or quadrupeds. We have yet to learn whether it is possible for man to acquire the language of animals, and teach to them his language. We have already heard of Professor Garnier who some years ago set off to Africa to study the vocabulary of the monkeys. And Monsieur Prevôt du Handray, who for some time has been paying close attention to the chicken dialects, by means of the phonograph. If these experiments bring about successful results, we have a wonderful field ready opened out in the future.

S. E. SAVILLE.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

GERMANY.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN (No. 4, 1900).—Professor Ryssel, of Zurich, continues here his examination of the earlier discovered fragments of the Hebrew texts of Ecclesiasticus, begun in the last number. It is to the texts known now as A and B that he confines his attention in this present study. He compares these with the Syriac and Greek versions, and points out where corruptions or changes in A and B have crept in, and suggests several emendations—with a view, if possible, to restore the texts to their original form. He does not, in this section, reach yet the knotty question whether these texts represent the originals or are themselves translations. That question is reserved for a future paper.—Herr Hermann Kranichfeld discusses 'Der Gedankengang in der Rede des Stephanus.' The drift of Stephen's argument as an answer to the charges laid against him is not easily seen in the form in which the report of it has come to us. It may have been apparent enough to the author of the Acts, or the reporter of the speech here, who knew the doctrines which lay, so to speak, at the back of Stephen's reasoning, but it is difficult for any reader nowadays to discover them, and read the speech in the light of them. Herr Kranichfeld subjects the report of it, as we have it, to a minute analysis, carefully considering the opinions expressed by such critics as Baur, de Wette, Zeller, Overbeck, and others. The speech is not, however, so much an answer to the charges made against himself as an accusation made by him against his accusers, and the Jewish nation as a whole. Its thesis is: Israel never was in reality the people of God. It was not so in the time of the patriarchs. It was not so in the the time of Moses. It was not so in the time of the tabernacle, or when the temple bore witness to God's presence in their midst. It is not so now. The reason is that at no time has Israel fulfilled its part of the covenant. The writer here, it may be said, does not regard the report of the speech as from the pen of Luke, but as taken by him from some written source, and he gives his reasons for this opinion at length.—Dr. Köhler, of Tübingen, writes 'Über den Einfluss der deutschen Reformation auf das Reformationswerk des Johannes Honter, insbesondere auf seine Gottes-

dienstordnung.' Johannes Honter, who taught in Kronstadt from 1533, was one of the most scholarly and energetic of the pioneers of the Reformation in Transylvania. His earliest writings gave no indication of his having come under the influence of the reform movement, and aroused no suspicion on the part of the Church authorities as to his orthodoxy. It has been asserted often that he was a student at Wittenberg, and had there imbibed the reform spirit. It was really his personal studies of Augustine that led him to identify himself with the movement. It was in his edition of Augustine's *Catalogus Haeresen*, and in his volume of *Excerpts* from Augustine's writings, that the first symptoms of the change in him made themselves apparent. After the appearance of these volumes he openly identified himself with the reformers in at least his books, though what part, if any, he took in the practical work of reform in Kronstadt is unknown. His influence was certainly great in the direction taken by the leaders of the movement in their formulation of the doctrines of the Sacraments. Dr. Köhler shows this at some length.—'Ein Blick in die Mitarbeit der Gebildeten in Grossbritannien an der Lösung der naturwissenschaftlichen, religiösen und philosophischen Probleme mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Werke des Herzogs von Argyll,' is a survey by Dr. Rudolf Schmid, of Stuttgart, of the condition of scientific studies, especially in the province of the natural sciences, in this country, and of the influence of the late Duke of Argyll on both scientific and religious studies.—Herr E. Gunther contributes a brief exegetical paper on Rom. xi. 5, and Professor Loofs reviews Professor Barth's recent work, *Die Hauptprobleme des Lebens Jesu*.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (Aug., Sept., Oct.).—The August number opens with a novelette, or the first part of it, by Herr Ferdinand von Hornstein, a well known German poet and dramatist, entitled, 'Die Petersinsel.' It takes its title from a small island in Lake Biel, or Bienne, in Switzerland, Saint Pierre, sacred to the admirers of Rousseau because of the retreat he found there in 1765. The story is described by its author as 'Ein Bekenntniss Rousseau's des Jüngeren.'—Herr W. Gensel describes the works of art, the paintings and sculpture, exhibited at the Paris Exhibition. The article is not completed here.—Herr Elrich Adickes writes on 'Die Ganzen und die Halben: zwei Menschheitstypen.' The two types of manhood here introduced to us are the self-poised man, the man of independent mind, the whole man, and his opposite, the man who lacks self-reliance, who is always looking to others for guidance and help. The two specimens are illustrated in the

various walks of life, in politics, science, art, and philosophy. — 'Der "Rechte" der Gräfin Hahn-Hahn—eine Liebesgeschichte aus vormärzlicher Zeit,' is an effort to direct attention to a writer of several romances of note in their day (some fifty years ago), and to explain their influence. The ideal which the Countess sought to find, and to portray, viz., the true man, the right man, is the hero of her novels, and our author here endeavours to show with what success she did so.—Herr R. M. Meyer writes on 'Die Weltliteratur und die Gegenwart.'—Herr H. Meisner furnishes a few 'Briefe von Charlotte Diede,' a friend of Wilhelm von Humbolt, and prefaces them with a short account of her history.—Lady Blennerhasset has a paper on Miss Kingsley and her travels in West Africa. (Sept.)—In commemoration of the seventieth birthday of Marie von Ebner Eschenbach two writers contribute articles on her and her poetical works, viz., Wilhelm Bölsche and Anton Bettelheim.—F. von H. Hornstein continues and completes his story, 'Die Petersinsel.'—Eugen Jabel contributes an interesting article on 'The Siberian Railway System,' and describes its influence on the commercial life and prospects in the provinces through which it passes, and on Siberia especially, and the military advantages it gives and will give to Russia.—W. Günsel completes his article on 'Die Kunst auf der Pariser Weltausstellung.'—Herr P. Bailleu writes on the political relationships between Prussia and Russia in the first quarter of this century.—'Eine Erinnerung an Karl Werder,' is contributed by Herr Ferdinand Laban.—A humorous piece, 'Der Reisesack,' is from the pen of Isolde Kurze.—M. von Brand writes on the Chinese question, and the present troubles there. (Oct.)—This number opens with the first instalment of a novel by George Baron von Ompteda, titled 'Caecilia von Sarryn.'—The article that immediately follows—'Berlin in October und November, 1806'—contains a series of entries in the Diary of a diplomatist, Gabriel de Bray, afterwards Count de Bray, who represented then at the Court of Prussia the kingdom of Bavaria. These extracts are preceded by a short account of the history of their author. Though French by birth, he was continued in office, and trusted thoroughly by both Bavarians and Prussians, while Napoleon was carrying on his wars against these and other continental powers; and these extracts from his Diary throw a considerable amount of light on the details of Napoleon's entry into Berlin, and the events connected with it, from October 11 to November 14. The extracts are presented here in a German translation. M. von Brandt devotes an interesting paper to the 'Faiths of Japan,' taking occasion to introduce to

the readers of the *Rundschau* a writer whom he supposes to be little if at all known in the Fatherland, Lafcadio Hearn, who resided for a considerable time in Japan, and was an earnest and capable student of its history, its religions, Shintoism and Buddhism, and its daily life. Hearn's writings are published in America, and M. von Brandt has drawn much of the information he here gives on the religious beliefs and life of Japan from these.—'Die psychologische Denkrichtung in der Heilkunde,' by Otto Binswanger; 'Marie von Ebner-Eschenback und Louise von François,' continued by Anton Bettelheim; 'Zur charakteristik des Chinesen,' by Lady Blennerhasset; 'Australische skizzen,' by F. S. Delmer; with the usual political and literary *Rundschau*en, and book notices and appreciations, complete this number.

RUSSIA.

THE RUSSIAN PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for March and April (No. 52) begins with some words from the Editors, M. L. M. Lopatin and Prince S. N. Trubetskoi, lamenting that the great loss of Professor N. A. Grot should be followed so soon by the decease of B. P. Preobrashenski, who was also Associate Editor.—This is followed by a notice from the Editors, of their late Associate, which is coupled with a tribute to his self-sacrificing, laborious character.—Then follows a brief biography. He distinguished himself, we are told, during his university career by a dissertation on the Realism of Spencer, and, on the advice of Professor Troitski he was selected and trained for the work of the Professorate. Like his contemporaries, he gave lessons and took a place on the staff of the *Juridical Vjestnik*, on which he was employed as secretary and member of the editorial staff. In 1885, he translated, with philological notes, Delbrück's work on the introduction to the teaching of Language. In 1888, began his fruitful and unwearied activity in the Moscow Psychological Society, especially in the editing and issue of its labours. On the 14th of February of the same year he read at the public sitting of the Psychological Society his 'Outlines of the Theory of the Knowledge of Schopenhauer,' printed in the fourth number of the *Russian Misl* for 1888. In the autumn of 1889, he took a place offered him in the Duma of the City of Moscow, and on the 1st of May, he was confirmed as Assistant to the Secretary for the City. On the 12th of May, 1889, he married, but on the 10th of March, 1891, he was left a widower, with two children of tender age. About this time, appeared the first symptoms of the dis-

ease which put an end to his own life in the 36th year of his age. With all his troubles he did not neglect science. To the *Russian Muisl* and to this Journal he contributed a series of papers on the work of the Psychological Society, as well as other original and translated articles.—This biographical notice is followed by another on Professor M. M. Troitski, who, like Professor Preobrashenski, was originally connected with the Russian Church, his father having been a deacon in a village Church, in the Kaluga Government. He studied in Kiev with success, heard a course on Introduction to Philosophy, and gave himself up to its study, especially as represented by Beneke and Herbart, read hard in philosophy, particularly in its history, also in psychology, which last he worked at in private. His interest and success in philosophy were remarked by his teachers, especially his gift in philosophical analysis. In 1857 he finished his course as second pupil, and was named teacher at the Kiev Ecclesiastical Academy in Philosophical Science; besides this, he was entrusted with teaching the Greek class in the lower division. For his work on the judgment of the Fathers and Teachers of the first age of the Christian Church, an account of the relation of Greek Culture to Christianity, he received the degree of Master of Divinity, and in 1859 was made Baccalaureat of the Academy. In 1861 he left the Academy and passed into the service of the Imperial Reichsdomain, Department of Imperial Control. The service of M. Troitski with the Minister of the Imperial Reichsdomain continued only for a half year. He was replaced by others, and then sent abroad to study for two years, where he heard lectures, in Jena and Göttingen, under a variety of professors. Of these we may mention Kuno Fischer, Teichmüller, Fechner, and Drobisch; in Berlin, Trendelenburg, and Waitz. In 1864 he returned to Russia, and took up his Doctoral Dissertation under the title of 'German Psychology,' to which was added an excursus on English Psychology in which he dealt with the subject in England in the time of Bacon and Locke. The study of the subject connected with the names of these men, excited much attention. In May, 1867, M. Troitski was named Professor in the University of Kazan. He remained there for two years, when he was invited to the University of Warsaw. As Professor he read courses, on the whole of Philosophy and was greatly popular.—This paper is followed by one on the Characteristics of Professor Troitski, by B. N. Ivanoffski.—To this succeeds an article on the experiences of our Receptive Vision, in which we are introduced to Fechner, and

referred back to Troitski and his discoveries in regard to Tone, or *Tone-empfindungen*.—We have here a supplementary paper by Baltalon taken from Fechner, on the new method of *Æsthetical* Experimental research, to be further developed in future articles.—Finally, we have a paper by Styukareff on an Extract from the Philosophy of Nature, and a paper on Experimental Data, as to Questions of Attention and Feeling, as a matter of Psychology.—The number ends with a Report on the Moscow Psychological Society.

ITALY.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (July 16).—That meritorious novelist, Enrico Castelnova, begins a new novel in this number, entitled 'Giacomo,' the story of a vagabond match-boy in Venice, related in a graphic and taking style.—L. Capuano sends also a short story, 'The Birth-mark.'—F. Cerone gives an interesting account of secret societies in China, founding his paper on the statements of the Apostolic Bishop of Chei-choo.—E. Cavaliera describes the Agrarian Societies in Italy, and their effects, which promise in time a wealth of agriculture equal to that of any other country.—Signor O. Colombo publishes an account of the progress of electric-technic in Italy 'From 1867, when Pacinotti invented the first dynamo electric machine, to Marconi's last invention, a period of thirty years, this science grew gigantically, and Italy has always maintained the first post therein. The first city illumination was instituted in Milan in 1883, with 7000 lamps; now there is new motive power derived from the river Adda at 35 kilometres distance, furnishing nearly 100,000 incandescent lights and 1400 arcs, besides motive power for private industries and for the tramways. At the present moment there are in all Italy two million incandescent and 12,000 arc-lamps. Three Italian cities have electric tramways with a line development of about 690 kilometres, and others are in construction.' The article goes on to particularize the native force possible to utilize in Italy, amounting to more than three million horse-power.—The whole article is an irresistible argument for the employment of the natural energies of the peninsula to the fullest extent.—C. Schanzer examines the origins and future of administrative justice in Italy, advocating many reforms.—E. Fossataio relates the story of the German possessions in China, pointing out that the Latin race has pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for the Germans.—The 'Letter from Paris,' by G. Cena, describes the Exhibition at great length. (Aug. 1st).—Signora Deledda commences in this number a romance, entitled 'Elias Portolu,' the

scene of which is laid in Sicily. The story is continued in the following numbers.—G. Menasci describes Rudolph Lothar's new drama, '*König Harlequin*,' in which, the critic thinks, is realized the long desired union of the two forms of comedy and philosophic drama.—G. Boni informs the reader of the result of his excavations in the Roman Forum, and illustrates the article with several photographs of the ruins and fragments of the *Aedes Vestae*.—E. Castelnuovo's interesting novelette, '*Giacomo*,' is concluded.—D. Chilovi writes a long article on University Libraries in Italy, advocating many reforms.—A. Pratese ends his letters describing a journey to China and back.—E. Rocchi gives a sketch of the evolution of Italian thought in the science of war since the 13th century.—Neera discourses on the materialistic view of happiness.—G. M. Flamingo describes the evolution of English imperialism, and the tone of the article will be easily understood on reading the concluding sentence: 'This empire, built up by ardent adventurers, great capitalists, bold merchants, and splendid colonisers, which at many difficult periods, had the aid of Palmerston and Disraeli, finds now its sole support in Lord Salisbury; its new idols are Cromwell, or Wellington, or St. George, the protectors of mediæval and militant England.'—L. Einandi writes on the present Italian emigration.—(Aug. 16th.)—A. Fogazzaro publishes an address to Queen Margherita, full of feeling, on the death of King Humbert.—F. Bertolini describes the work of Cavour.—E. Arbib, under the impulse of horror and indignation roused by the tragedy at Monza, describes what he regards as the ideal of patriotism, expressed in the writings of Amari, Ricasoli, and other Italians.—Paolo Mantegazza begins here a series of papers on 'Human Characters.' The name of the writer renders any explanation needless comment. In these pages mothers will find very precious advice.—In this instalment Professor Montegazza gives an example of a catechism which anyone can answer himself as to his predilections to which the answers will fairly show his character.—Follows a translation of Alfred Austin's lecture on the realistic conception of the ideal, given at the meeting of the Dante Society, London.—G. Passigli contributes an interesting account of a journey in the petroleum region of the Caucasus, well illustrated by snap-shots.—P. Liroy describes the insect enemies of agriculture.—E. Barone writes on public spirit in war-time, exalting the true duties of soldiers and citizens, but decrying militarism.—G. Cena writes from Paris, describing the Exhibition.—Follows a collection made by Matilde Serao of letters of condolence, addresses, verses, etc., written on the occasion of the brutal murder of King Humbert.—(Sept. 16)—G. Carducci

contributes an essay on some sonnets of G. Parini, going to prove that this eighteenth century poet was the least Christian of all his contemporaries.—A pleasant novelette entitled 'A Merry Comedy,' by Salvatore Farina, has all the simple charm we are accustomed to find in the veteran novelist's work.—Follow the third and fourth chapters of Professor Mariani's 'Historical Antecedents of Christianity,' the chapters being headed respectively 'The Pagan Religions and their various Contents' and 'The Approach to Christianity.'—Signora Deledda's romance, 'Elias Portalu' is concluded.—G. Sforza contributes the story of the end of a Bourbon, Don Ferdinand Charles.—We have then the third chapter of Professor Mantegazza's treatise on human character, in which are discussed talent and genius, resulting from the innumerable combinations possible in man, with his sixty-five thousand nervous cells, every one of which is a laboratory of energy, and no one of which is like the other.—G. Franciosi sends an interesting paper on the Oberammergau Passion-Play. XXX describes the long stay of the late Friedrich Nietzsche at Turin in 1887-1888.—F. Cavalieri writes on the agrarian syndicate and the congress in Paris; and 'Victor' has a paper on 'Italy and the Powers in China.'—The minister Sonnino publishes a long article, noting the evils which distress Italy, and invoking an agreement between all the parliamentary groups with intent to arrive at the reforms which will ensure the welfare of the public. He expresses his disapproval of the violent methods of the extreme parties, for their alliances and revolutionary tendencies, but confesses that their most important theories are just, and that to oppose the law of social gravitation can do nothing but harm.

LA RASSEGNA NAZIONALE (July 16th).—O. Senzapaura describes the Chinese army as corrupt and without real strength.—G. Mercalli describes the volcanic explosions of Stromboli and Vesuvius in May, 1900.—L. Vigodarzen gives a summary of the life of Father Hecker.—G. Vitali sends a 'Conversation on Art.'—O. Deledda has an interesting short story called 'Colomba.'—Follows a glance at the Islamism of the nineteenth century by A. Malvizzi, and 'Financial Notes' by F. de Morsier.—The Rev. F. de Felice reviews *Les Emules de Darwin*, by F. Allan.—There is also a short drama, 'A Philosophical Discussion,' by F. Bonatelli, directed against modern decadents.—Copious notes close the number.—(August 1).—V. A. writes on religious interests in Palestine, blaming the present action of the French protectorate.—A. Zardo reviews Signor Molmenti's 'Life and

Works of Antonio Foggazzaro.—Professor Massalongo, under the title 'University or Students?' offers some practical considerations on the study of law in Italy and Germany, remarking that in the former country there is great want of enthusiasm for justice, both among professors and students.—A. V. Vecchi describes China, founding his paper on a series of articles by Colonel Tchen-Ki-Tong, which appeared in the *Revue des deux mondes*.—L. d'Isengard contributes a one-act drama entitled 'Agar.'—There is another installation of the novel 'Towards the New Dawn.'—L. Lissone describes the usury practised in the agricultural regions of Piemonte.—A. Parisotti writes on Christian archaeology, apropos of a recent book by Professor Marucchi entitled *Elements d'archéologie chrétienne*.—The editor dedicates a page to the damage the atrocious murder of King Humbert involves on the country.—(August 16th).—A. Conti contributes a deeply-felt article entitled 'The Heart of King Humbert.'—X. sends a short paper on the late Cardinal Canossa.—A. G. Barilli writes on Fra Geraldo and his poem.—G. Cappello describes the act of the Venice conclave from 1799 to 1800.—A. M. Cornelio writes on the works and character of the late Rev. Don Carlo Testa.—O. Feruggia criticises the poetry of Vittoria Agénor, whose volume, *Leggenda Eterna*, was published this year in Milan.—A. Rossi has a brief biography of Eugene Torelli-Viollier.—P. Campello sends a paper on Pompeo Campello and his action in 1831.—(September 1).—T. Cuturi writes on the old and difficult question of inheritance, summing up various authoritative opinions from men of different countries, and many proposed reforms. In conclusion the writer declares that the problem arising from the present condition of the small landowners in rural Italy ought to receive the serious consideration of her statesmen. The Government ought to moderate the overburdening taxes and change some portion of the law regarding hereditary succession.—F. Nunziante contributes a long and very interesting article on the Italians in France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.—A. Campani has a paper founded on various accounts of the Life of Luigi Angelomi, who lately died in London at the age of eighty-three years.—Follows a portion of a book on the expedition of Savoy in 1834, which Signora Faldella is at present writing in continuation of her *Story of Young Italy in 1833*.—A 'Pilgrim from Rome' gives his 'Impressions and Anecdotes.'—E. A. Foperti describes the transactions of the late king with his ministers, proving that there is no truth in the idea that King Humbert was not sufficiently energetic in his political action. An impartial study of the facts shows that the king always acted with great intelli-

gence, and generally with a true and just perception of the necessities of the time. In fact, during King Humbert's reign the Crown was the only political institution which absolutely did its duty; magistrature and administration were often defective, but the Crown never failed in its special office. Humbert I. had the misfortune of never being surrounded by men equal to those who stood by his father.—Under the title of 'Mountain Stations in Tuscany,' Signora Siciliano pleasantly describes Montepieno and Boccaderio.—P. reviews the *Memoirs of De Amicis*.—(September 16).—T. del Lungo writes on the Medicean Republic.—F. Lampertico describes a festival of art and industry at Verona.—The young Roman patrician, Don Scipio Borghese, contributes some notes of his journey in Asia.—M. Malnate discusses 'Socialists and Malcontents.'—The novel 'Towards the New Day' is concluded.—Signora A. M. Cornelio writes on the murder of King Humbert, attributing the crime to the want of faith and evangelism.—O. P. writes on the organisation of the liberal parliamentary forces in Italy; and A. d'Arzago on the Conservative party.

MINERVA (July 22).—Under the rubric, 'In the World of Fine Arts,' this number relates the career of Guiseppe Pellizza, a young artist who lives in a kind of hermit retirement in an Alpine village of Piemonte. He was born at Volpedo, a small village in the Piemontese Apennines, in the year 1868. His father was a small farmer, and the boy Guiseppe himself dug, ploughed, and assisted at other rural work. Hard manual labour in the wide silence of the fields filled the thoughtful child with poetic visions of the symbolism which was one of the characteristics of his art. With much persuasion he determined his parents to send him to study drawing in the different cities of Italy, and, having mastered the art of design and painting, he returned to his native village and married while still very young. His paintings are almost the story of his simple retired life. He sent his first exhibition picture to Brera in 1885. He is a slow and conscientious painter, and produces a work only after mature consideration. The first canvas which attracted the attention of connoisseurs was that entitled '*Mammine*' (Little Mothers), exhibited at Genoa in 1892, and representing a group of peasant infants attended by their little sisters, in the brilliant sunshine of Italian fields. At Milan, in 1894, he exhibited his '*Delusive Hopes*' and '*Hayloft*.' In the first a peasant girl bends low over her rake so as not to see the wedding procession of the man she loves passing at the end of the valley. In the

second a priest is administering the last sacrament to a dying old man stretched on a heap of hay. The following year Signor Pellizza exhibited at Venice the picture, 'A Procession,' a cortege of white-habited girls passing along a narrow street. the effect of light and colour is admirable. The best, most complete, and sincere painting of this artist is considered to be 'The Mirror of Life,' exhibited at Turin in 1898. It is a symbolic painting. A string of white and black lambs follow each other slowly across the fields, while the sun, striped with small clouds and steeped in approaching twilight, sheds a golden light on the flock of lambs, and the green of the meadow, on the frame of the picture are inscribed some words from a poem by Signor Pastonchi, beginning 'Sheep and clouds to one deception tend. The clouds are scarcely impelled by the breeze; the lambs have no pastor.' At the Venice exhibition last year Pellizza only exhibited his own portrait, surrounded by a somewhat phantasmagoric light. The handsome bearded face gives an impression of intense vitality. Pellizza is now working at a great symbolic canvas with immense diligence and enthusiasm. It is to be entitled 'Love.' It is also hoped that the painter will now complete his 'The Path of the Labourers,' a vast realistic scene of peasant customs, already sketched on the canvas.—(July 29)—This number's artist is Filippo Cifariello, a rising young sculptor, born at Molfetta, in Puglia, in 1864, but who came to Naples as a child with his parents. As a lad, he renounced a career of study in order to keep his impoverished parents, and being naturally artistic, he modelled figures in clay and sold them at a very low price. He managed, however, by degrees, to save enough money to enable him to study at the Institute of Fine Arts, where, being of a restless and rebellious character, he was not liked by his teachers. His work, however, was so good that he gained prizes, and rapidly surpassed his fellow-students. On leaving the school, he attracted attention at the annual exhibition of the Neapolitan 'Promotrice' by a lovely statuette of a girl, called 'First Palpitations,' and a large figure, from the life, of a naked street-boy returning from the Feast of Piedigrotta, which was purchased by the King for the gallery of the palace at Capodimonte. His success encouraged the artist to produce rapidly many other works, which, though by no means faultless, revealed acute observation of nature and almost too careful regard to minuteness. Cifariello continued to meet with much opposition in Naples, and went in dudgeon to Rome, where he remained till 1896, when he was called to be artistic

director at the great *biscuit* factory at Passau in Bavaria. While he was in Rome Cifariello created a 'Christ and Magdalene,' which obtained the gold medal at Palermo, and was purchased by the National Gallery of Modern Art. His '*Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam*,' the figure of a Christian martyr, obtained the gold medal at Barcelona, and was purchased for the Gallery of that city; and the 'Wrestler' was given a prize at the Salon in Paris. Cifariello, while attending to his duties at Passau, continues to produce works of sculpture, exhibiting at various continental cities. His noble bust of Arnold Böcklin, has been purchased by the Gallery of Modern Art at Venice.—(August 12)—V. Pica's interesting notices of modern artists continue in this number with an account of Guiseppi Mentessi, a painter of sentiment, simple, spontaneous, and natural.—(August 26)—Alceste Campriana is the name of the artist noticed in this number, who is better known abroad than at home.—(Sep. 9th)—In this number's rubric, 'In the world of fine arts,' Eduardo Dalbouv, the celebrated Neapolitan painter, is the subject of a sketch by V. Pico.—(Sep. 23)—We have here V. Pico's account of the eccentric, fervent, and original painter, Gaetano Previati, who, ten years ago, dedicated himself to suggestive visionary subjects, bringing down on himself great opposition.

RIVISTA D'ITALIA (August).—G. Mazzoni dedicates a poem to the memory of King Humbert; and A. Gotti describes some not very interesting incidents in the late lamented monarch's life.—In this number's instalment of the letters of Ugo Foscolo, there is one written from London in September, 1817, in which the writer says:—'There is much to be learned here. I find men full of integrity, firm in opinion, frank of speech, loyal in friendship, and much more hospitable than is generally believed. The women, especially those of the upper classes, receive one with much friendliness, and even affectionately, though some of them are amiably haughty and others dumbly proud. But many seem ready to throw themselves into your arms at first sight, and then grow cold and indifferent, for such sudden likings are only inspired by the eyes and ears. I am more fortunate than most men.'—A. Mangoni describes F. D. Guerrazzi in his quality as a journalist.—G. Pardi contributes a short article on Orsolina Catinelli, one of Ariosto's mistresses.—F. Malzutaio contributes the first translation ever made in Italian of the scattered thoughts of the Japanese poet, Kenko Isocida, who was born in 1282 and died in 1320. We quote a few passages as an example of the poet's ideas:—'Life ends inexorably. The dews on the ceme-

tery of Adascino are never dry, and the crematory furnace of Mount Toribi never ceases to smoke. But though not devoid of sorrow, the succession of life is an admirable thing. Of all mortal creatures man has the longest life, while the dragon-fly never sees the evening of his day, and the cicada knows neither spring nor autumn. A year passed in idleness seems very long, but if we are not content to be idle, the course of a thousand years would seem the dream of one night. Life is long and full of humiliations; therefore it would seem better to die before, at most arriving at forty years of age. Once past that age, man no longer cares for himself as he did before; he meddles with other people's affairs; he thinks day and night about his children, only desiring to live in order to contribute to their happiness; he has nothing in his mind except the desire to live, which by degrees causes him to feel no compassion for others.'—(September).—G. Mazzoni contributes a paper on Lorenzo da Ponte, founded on Signor Marchesan's 'Life and Works of L. da Ponte.'—M. Tamaro has an important historic essay on the origin and first acts of the Istrian communes.—A very learned and interesting paper is contributed by G. Bernardini on naturalism and religion in the paintings of the fifteenth century.—G. Trivero writes on 'Galatea and Ethic.'—N. Gigliucci contributes a merry little one-act comedy, entitled 'End of the Century.'—L. Lucatelli discusses Nietzsche's philosophy.—Dr. C. Marinelli gives the outlines of the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition.

FRANCE.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (No. 3, 1900).—M. E. Doutté continues here, and concludes, his series of papers on Saint Worship among the Mohammedans in Algeria and Morocco—'Les Marabouts.' What constitutes the saintliness and secures the worship of the masses there, as elsewhere, is of a varied character. A marabout is defined in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* as a Mohammedan priest attached to a mosque. Our author here informs us that a marabout is neither a priest, nor has he any official position, or connection, with a mosque. What gives to a person the quality and rank of a marabout is either superior knowledge, good works, repute for justice, asceticism, madness, or imbecility, or direct descent from some one so distinguished. These qualifications are sometimes successfully simulated by crafty adventurers, and amusing instances are here given of the successful simulation of some of them by Europeans. Once attain to the reputation of a marabout and you may then

with impunity violate all the laws of the Koran. M. Doutté tells of a marabout who easily disposed at any time of a bottle of Scotch whisky, and of another who was heard quite publicly, when trying to get his somewhat lazy steed to spur up, shouting in a distinctly London accent, 'Hang it, go on, can't yer!' Not a few of these saints are as flagrantly immoral as they are drunken, and instances are quoted also of their open violations of the laws of decency. A special section of this article is devoted to the rôle of women in connection with maraboutism. That rôle is curious when the place of women in the creed of Islam is considered. Instances are cited of feminine marabouts playing their part in leadership, in miracle-working, in prophecy, and influence on public affairs. Some of them too have assumed liberties with the moral law without losing in the least degree their repute thereby. Political power is not commonly asserted or exercised by the marabouts, but there are instances of its assumption and exercise by some of the more distinguished of the order. In a closing section of his article M. Doutté points to some of the lessons which those having to do with the administrative department of affairs in Algeria might well pay heed to for their future guidance.—M. A. E. Chaignet devotes a paper to some of the early writings of Porphyry on 'The Philosophy of Oracles,' a work which has disappeared for centuries, and of which only fragments, quoted by other writers, have been preserved. M. Chaignet describes the nature and aim of Porphyry's work. It seems to have been a practical manual of rites and prayers for the use of Greek worshippers, and to show that it was by the due adoration of their ancestral deities that the past history of the Hellenes was so glorious, and that it could only be by the continuance of the same rites and religious observances that the same good fortune and prosperity could be maintained, and salvation be assured.—M. Leger furnishes next a paper read before the *Académie des Inscriptions* in April last on 'Svantovit et Saint Vit'; and Dr. A. Reville continues and concludes his summary and appreciation of Professor Tiele's Gifford Lectures, second series.—The usual reviews of books and 'Chronique' follow, completing this number. (No. 4.)—M. Louis Léger continues here his 'Etudes sur la Mythologie Slave,' and describes the ideas entertained by the ancient Slavs as to death and the future life.—E. Laetitia Moon Conrad follows with the first part of an article on the ideas as to a future life held, and the funeral rites and customs practised, by the Algonquin Indians. In this instalment of the article we have first an introductory section in which the sources of her knowledge are enumerated and appreciated, and

the course of her study is outlined. The article itself is divided into chapters, and then sub-divided into sections, each furnished with its own descriptive heading. In chapter first, 'Rites et coutumes,' we have a section devoted to the importance of such rites among primitive peoples generally. 'We accept,' she says, 'and regard as well founded the idea that with primitive peoples the rite, or religious act, constitutes the essential part of religion. It is the sacrifice which establishes between the worshipper and his god the relations which are desired. Beliefs are of no great value. They are subject to frequent modifications. The rites practised alone are permanent. The people themselves hardly ever, if ever, ask the reason why these rites are used. If they are asked for the reason they are puzzled for an answer, and on the spur of the moment will perhaps give a guess as wide of the mark as could be. It is sufficient for their simple minds that the rites have been ritually performed. The customs observed and the rites practised among the Algonquin tribe are then minutely described. Certain are observed when sickness assails any one, when death occurs, and the mode of death introduces others; the forms and terms of mourning on the part of the relatives are also detailed. These are all much the same as are to be found elsewhere among uncivilized races. She distinguishes the modifications in their rites and customs that followed their contact with the white race.—M. A. Barth continues his 'Bulletin des Religions de l'Inde,' dealing here still with the literature recently published on Buddhism.—M. E. Doutté adds some notes to his recent papers on the Marabouts of Algeria and Morocco, giving additional light on some points and answering criticisms passed on his papers.

REVUE DES ÉTUDES JUIVES—(No. 2, 1900).—M. S. Poznanski has the first place here with an article, 'Tanhoum Yerouschalmi et son commentaire sur le livre de Jonas.' Tanhoum ben Joseph of Jerusalem flourished in the thirteenth century, and was the author of a series of commentaries in Arabic on all the books of the Bible. Fragments of his commentaries on Deuteronomy (the work was thought to be wholly lost) have been discovered in St. Petersburg, and have been published by Dr. Harkavy. That on the Prophets (Isaiah excepted), and on the Megilloth and Daniel, is in Oxford, while some of the others are in St. Petersburg. They have received a large amount of attention, and the commentary on Jonah has now been published by M. P. de Kokowzow, accompanied by an introduction, a translation (in Russian), and learned notes. M. Kokowzow maintains that these commentaries have

both a literary and a historical interest. Tanhoum is almost the only representative in the East of a biblical exegete that is at once moderate and rational at the period when he flourished, and his works form an inexhaustible treasure of exegetical and grammatical interest. He drew largely, it is true, from his predecessors, and he names several of those to whom he had been indebted. He was nevertheless an independent thinker and a distinguished philologist. His commentary on Jonah establishes this beyond cavil, and our author here gives conclusive examples of his erudition and his sane religious philosophy. The article is not finished in this number.—M. A. Büchler furnishes two brief studies—one on the use of certain terms in the Talmudic tractate, *Yelamdenou*, and the other on passages in the *Pesikta* bearing on 'The Tabernacle of Sodom.'—Under the title 'Le bibliothèque de Leon Mosconi' is given the price-list of the sale of Mosconi's books in 1377.—M. J. Bergmann, 'Deux polémistes juifs Italiens,' furnishes an account of two works written by Jews in defence of Judaism, in answer to controversial challenges (the fashion of the times) by Christian writers.—M. Abraham Danon describes the condition of the Jewish refugees from Spain who found shelter in Salonica in the sixteenth century.—M. Ginsburgher writes on 'Les Memoriaux alsaciens.' There are several brief notes on a variety of subjects of minor importance, two of which we may name, though they are but notes, because of the interest taken just now on the subject with which they deal. They are notes, additional and corrective, on the Ben-Sira texts, and are from M. W. Bacher and M. Israel Levi. In the section, 'Actes et Conférences,' appears a lecture delivered at a meeting of the Société des Études Juives, on March last, by M. Auguste Sabatier. The title of the lecture is 'L'Apocalypse Juive et la Philosophie de l'histoire.' That these had any relationship the one to the other was first suggested by Lücke. The subject has engaged attention frequently since, and M. Sabatier discusses it very fully here. That the Jewish apocalyptic writers were among the first, if not the first, who tried to form a philosophy of history may seem, he says, a startling assertion bordering on paradox. Their writings have been commonly regarded as rather the products of men under the influence of overexcited imaginations than of rational and well-balanced judgment. The philosophy of history is in pursuit of permanent and regular laws of mental and social action. The two things seem to be poles asunder. But M. Sabatier says that here, as elsewhere, first impressions are deceptive, and he proceeds to

show that those Jewish rabbis to whom we owe those apocalyptic works were sober thinkers, and that there was a profound method in their 'madness.' In them in fact the philosophy of history took its origin. M. Sabatier shows how this was so, and then traces the history of it through the three stages of its advancement. The philosophy of history has passed through three stages, which he names the apocalyptic, the theological, and the philosophical. The second began with Augustine's *City of God*, and ended with Bossuet's *Discours sur l'histoire universelle*. The third stage began with the publication of Montesquieu's writings. Since then the idea of supernatural interventions in the guidance of the world's affairs has fallen into the background, and the explanation of the occurrences and events of daily life have been sought in the mundane action of local and climatic influences, and the native qualities of races. All along, however, the object has been to find out the explanation of the directing hand or influence that orders the course of the world's life and action.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE—(August).—There are three articles in this number besides a considerable number of reviews of recent philosophical books and magazines. The first is by M. Bourdeau on the 'Cause et origine du mal.' M. Bourdeau takes 'mal' here in its largest sense as including evil of every kind, and in every province of nature and life—physical, moral, social, political, etc. He traces the origin and cause of it to the constitution of the universe. It is the necessary accompaniment of all struggle, the necessary result of the conflict of the constituent elements of every organism or organisation of any kind. It is impossible to conceive of the cosmic procession of the world's order without friction. Life is impossible without death, struggle without resistance, joy without pain, growth without decay, good without evil, the victory of the fittest without the destruction of the weak and incompetent. But in all this there is no malign purpose. It is not, and has not been caused, or introduced into the evolution of the world by, or from, any evil or cruel intent, by any malicious or cruel being. It is the necessary concomitant of the energies and forces at play in the world's movement, of the action of the cells of every living organism, and of the units of every congeries of living existences.—Dr. Santenaise writes on 'Religion et Folie,' on the exaggerations of the religious sentiment which lead to mental derangement or destroy mental equilibrium. All fervid enthusiasms within the province of religion are in his eyes illustrations of this disordered state of mental balance, and all the great religious leaders in the world's

history, Jesus not excepted, have been more or less under the influence of its presence in them.—M. G. Palante—‘*Le mensonge de Groupe, étude sociologique*’—finds a large element of falsehood in all social life, as well as in all individual life. He seems to regard it as the natural atmosphere in which society exists. The article is a sort of commentary, in cold blood, on the psalmist’s hasty outburst, ‘All men are liars.’—(September)—This number opens with a trenchant criticism of Pascal’s famous theory of the religious life as being a game of hazard, where the stake ventured is the repression of our carnal or sinful passions and the possible gain eternal life; or believing in God, though we cannot prove His existence, in the hope of winning eternal life by so doing. The article is the joint product of M. L. Dugas and M. Ch. Riquier, and it bears the title, ‘*Le Pari de Pascal*.’—M. R. de la Grasserie furnishes a study on ‘*L’Individualisme religieux*.’ There is a constant conflict going on everywhere in the social world between two contrary forces—individualism, and what, for want of a better term, this writer calls *sociétarisme*. ‘Socialism’ does not exactly describe what he wishes to denote, and by this word he endeavours to make his meaning clearer. *Sociétarisme* aims at such a co-ordination of men among themselves as to bring their collective force, mental and physical, to bear on the conduct of life. There must be due subordination of parts—a recognised hierarchy of government—in order to effect this. Individualism is directly opposed to this, and so the conflict proceeds. It is chiefly with the religious phases of this conflict, or the individualistic side of it that M. de la Grasserie deals here, or with the claims which the individual makes for immediate access to, and communion with God, as opposed to the mediation of priests, etc. M. le Baron C. Mourre writes on ‘*Les causes psychologiques de l’Aboulie*.’ The usual ‘*Analyses and Comptes-rendus*’ follow.—(Oct.)—M. Eugene de Roberty—‘*Morale et Psychologie*’—discusses the relations between Sociology and Psychology in order to determine which owes most to the other, whether it is the aggregations of human beings with their complex needs that evolve the mental and moral life within the individual, or man that makes the social order prior to social experiences. Beyond the initial stages the influence of one on the other is mutual, but our author thinks that the impulse to the evolution of mind came first from human gregariousness. *Sans socialité, pas d’idéologie*, and then later, *sans morale, pas de science*.—M. G. Milhaud—‘*Les lois du mouvement et la philosophie de Leibnitz*’—thinks that Liebnitz has rendered his ideas on the laws

of motion somewhat obscure by his expressing them only casually instead of expounding them fully and systematically, and offers here some reflections on them which he hopes may make them clearer to the reader of that philosopher's works.—M. J. Novicow writes on 'Les castes et la sociologie biologique'; M. A. D. Xenopol on 'Les sciences naturelles et de l'histoire'; and M. L. Dauriac on 'L'hypnotisme et la psychologie musicale.'

REVUE SEMITIQUE D'ÉPIGRAPHIE ET D'HISTOIRE ANCIENNE (No. 3, 1900).—M. J. Halévy, in the first section of his 'Recherches Bibliques,' continues his examination of the Book of Deuteronomy, with the object of showing that it is not earlier but later than P. The modern school of criticism asserts that P is the last of the constituent documents of the Pentateuch, and that it dates from and after the Exile. M. Halévy, in defence of the traditional view (with modifications), has, in these recent 'Recherches Bibliques,' examined the testimony of the Prophetical writings, and is here now examining Deut. to refute the position taken up by the representatives of that school. We have had occasion in these Summaries frequently to illustrate the kind of evidence relied on by our author to substantiate his contention. He follows the same, or similar, lines in this section of his argument, and is, as usual, careful to note any weak points in the criticisms of his opponents. The chief part of this paper is devoted to the pretended alterations and additions to the original text said to have been introduced by redactors and copyists in the course of its transmission. M. Halévy admits, of course, that no text of antiquity has escaped, or could escape, unscathed from such misfortunes; but he stoutly denies that the text of Deut. has undergone the systematic modifications alleged by the Graffian school. He goes over these alleged alterations one by one, and meets the arguments put forward for their being alterations by redactors (at least where they are not mere slips of copyists) showing that the difficulties out of which the charges of alterations have arisen are for the most part imaginary, or are due to the exigencies of the position taken up by the school in question. M. Halévy then turns to the account of the finding of the Book of the Law given in 2 Kings xxii. 3—xxiii. 25, and finds there, too, a support for his contention. There is really nothing in Deuteronomy, he says, that could possibly cause such emotion in the breast of Josiah as is described in 2 Kings when he heard the Law read to him. But if the Law read to him contained Leviticus xxiv. 14-45, then his emotion finds its justification. M. Halévy finds,

too, in the historical details furnished in the narrative in 2 Kings other arguments in favour of his views. He next turns to three poems of a very early date, and shows how they bear testimony in the same direction. They are contained in 1 Kings viii. 12-53; 2 Samuel i. 19-27; and Judges v.—M. Halévy gives next a copy of a revised text of the Mesha inscription, recently published by M. Lidzbarski, and accompanies it with a number of notes chiefly philological.—In still another article, entitled 'Le Sumérisme et l'histoire Babylonienne,' M. Halévy replies to a paper read before the Asiatic Society in London, and since published in the Journal of the Society, under the heading, 'Sumerian and Cryptography; ' and reviews the Rev. Professor Radau's recent work, *Early Babylonian History down to the end of the Fourth Dynasty of Ur*. M. Halévy regards Mr. T. G. Pinches, the author of the paper in the Journal of the Asiatic Society, as hardly foeman worthy of his steel, and the paper read before the Society as rather a curiosity than a solid contribution to the elucidation of the matter in dispute. He, however, promises to deal with some of Mr. Pinches' 'proofs' in a future number, and gives here his attention chiefly to Professor Radau's volume.—M. F. Nau continues and concludes his paper on the Syrian version of the Life of Schenoudi, and gives a translation of the version itself.—M. Mondon-Vidailhet continues, too, his article on 'Les dialectes éthiopiens du Gouraghè,' accompanying it with explanatory notes.—M. Halévy furnishes still another article, or a continuation, rather, of an article begun in last number, entitled, 'Un mot sur l'origine du commerce de l'étain.'—He furnishes also, as usual, the 'Bibliographie.'

REVUE CELTIQUE (July, 1900)—In an article bearing the title, 'Les Survivances du totémisme chez les anciens Celtes,' M. S. Reinach takes the following words of Caesar respecting the Bretons for his text: 'Leporem et gallinam et anserem gustare fas non putant; haec tamen alunt animi voluptatisque causa,' and controverts the current opinion as to the reason why certain animals were regarded as unclean among the Hebrews and others, and seeks to show that at least among the ancient Bretons no such reason for abstaining from the so-called unclean animals was known, but that the abstention was due rather to survivals of totemism. The article is exceedingly well done and will repay perusal to the theologian as well as to the folklorist.—Dr. Whitely Stokes continues his text and translation of Bruiden Da Chocae: The Hostel of Da Choca.—M. J. Leite de Vasconcellos discusses, under the title 'Onomasticon Lusitanien,' the derivation of

'Tagus' and 'Endovellicus.'—M. J. Lothe continues his notes on the *Four Ancient Books of Wales*.—The 'Chronique' and the 'Periodiques' are scarcely so full as usual, but they are carefully done and informing.

HOLLAND.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT.—(July).—A paper by Mr. H. Y. Groenewegen on 'Dogma' discusses the views on that subject lately put forward by C. Stange of Halle, who criticises the current definition of dogma by Harnack and others as the formulated beliefs of the Church; and would have dogma regarded as the reasoned religious thought of an age as adopted by the Church, and the history of dogma as the history not of the formulated beliefs of the Church alone but of its important ideas. The Dutch writer finds this definition still too narrow, and proposes that the subject of the discipline in question should be considered to be the religious thought not of the Church only, but of human intellect in general. While he regards the formulation of belief as a necessary stage of religion, an inevitable manifestation of faith, even where no Church authority comes into play, he insists on it that the student must regard all such embodiments of faith as local and temporary. Intellect is not the main factor in religion but feeling and worship, and in some fine sentences the natural ripening of religious ideas is spoken of as a thing that goes its way of itself, and which no man can either help or hinder.—Dr. J. Herderschee writes on 'Rebirth,' giving an account of the argument of Carl Andersen of Hamburg in favour of metempsychosis. This writer holds the words of Jesus (John iii. 12-13), to teach the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, a doctrine which as he shows us, and as most people know, has appeared not only in Buddhism but in many Christian ages and lands. Dr. Herderschee disputes the exegesis which makes Jesus teach the re-birth of souls, and finds the doctrine of evolution superior to that of metempsychosis as a motive of moral and spiritual progress.—A discussion by Dr. M. H. Houtsma on the Hebrew text of Sirach is occupied principally with details. The writer considers the newly-discovered Hebrew fragments to be parts of the original, not as Margoliouth and Bickell have argued, translations from the Syriac. But he sees the text of Sirach to be even after the discovery in a very imperfect state, and hopes that the whole of the Hebrew may yet be found.—The volume 'Authority and Archæology,' by a set of English writers, is reviewed by Dr. J. C. Matthes. He approves highly of the work of Driver, and congratulates English Old Testament

scholarship on having something better to show than the apologetic essays of Sayce. The New Testament part of the volume finds less favour. Dr. Headlam's argument about the census of Quirinus, and that about Peter and Paul at Rome are spoken of as weak and very defective.—(September).—The number opens with a very suggestive paper by Dr. C. B. Hyklema on 'The Science of Social Development.' Engaged in the practical work of the Church and concerned with the problem how Christianity, now its dogmatic and metaphysical system have fallen to decay, is in future to fulfil its mission to the multitude, the writer calls for the study of the history of religion, and specially the Christian religion, as a social force. What has it done to bind communities together? How can it still act in order to do so? It is essential that religion recognise the actual facts about its own origin and history; only thus can it be a doctrine not for an aristocracy or upper class alone, but for all. In the science of history, truthful and seriously-cultivated religion will find its best apology and its best guide to future success.—Dr. Knappert, known to the readers of this periodical from his papers on Germanic religion, gives the first part of an account of Jastrow's new Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. The work is spoken of as a standard one; and the writer has no contributions to make to the subject, but acts simply as a reporter.

DE GIDS.—(August).—'The Chinese Question,' by Henri Borel, a very one-sided paper, in which all the difficulties in China are laid at the door of the missionaries principally, and Europeans generally, who are the real barbarians—China possesses in its own religious and philosophical systems more than sufficient power to elevate its people, and so on.—An interesting paper by Dr. Kok is devoted to the comedies of Machiavelli—'La Mandragola,' 'Il Frate.' These comedies, heralding a new literature that was to culminate in Shakspeare and Molière, are highly interesting and worthy of study.—The short story, 'Too Late,' by Jeanne C. van Leijden, is a delicate study of a woman's feelings and her decision when her lover returns to her after they have both reached middle life.—'La Jeunesse Dorée,' by W. P. Kops, is a study of French Revolution history, 1794-95.—(Aug.-Sept.).—'Dutch Shakspeare Criticism,' by Dr. Byvanck, is a remarkable evidence of the thoroughness with which Shakspeare study is pursued in Holland. Byvanck takes as his text the lately published book of Dr. van Dam, 'Prosody and Text of Shakspeare,' and while he has much to say in disagreement with the conclusions

arrived at in it, he has also much praise for it, and himself offers many valuable suggestions as to the original text of the great dramatist.—(Sept.-Oct.)—The greatest part of these two numbers is taken up with a novel by Louis Couperus, or rather by his impressions of Java and life in the East thrown into dramatic shape. 'The still mysterious power' which the practical man of the West despises while he feels its influence and is in the end subdued by it, is the subject of the novel. Most life-like pictures are given of native life in princely families; also of the half-caste set and life in a Dutch residency town. The resident himself, a strong and well-conceived character, is perhaps the best drawn of all. He too succumbs in the end to the 'still power' which had quickly corrupted his wife and family, and ends by making himself give up the struggle as hopeless. The whole novel gives most unpleasant yet, one cannot help feeling, true impressions of a corrupt and degraded society, neither of East nor West. Certainly it is a powerfully written piece, and one feels all through it the languid enervating atmosphere of the tropics.—(Sept.)—Henri Borel gives a paper on Fra. Angelico and his pictures, a pleasant chapter out of his notebook of travel in Italy.—Augusta de Wet has an appreciation of Marie Bilders van Bosse, an artist whose pictures and drawings, chiefly of Guelderland subjects, beech and birch trees, and landscapes, brought her considerable fame.—(Oct.)—'A just Watchword,' by Molengraaf, is a plea for proportionate representation. This, he insists, ought to be inseparably joined with the demand for universal suffrage. One great objection to proportionate representation in Holland is that it would give Roman Catholics a largely increased number of seats in the second chamber; yet if it is the case that a third part of the population belongs to this party, why should they not have due representation? In Belgium, and in five of the Swiss cantons, the system has been found practicable.—'Three books on India,' by C. Th. van Deventer, is a review of Augusta de Wet's 'Facts and Fancies about Java,' of Vett's 'Life in Dutch India,' of of Chailly Bert's 'Java and its Inhabitants.'—Byvanck treats of Nietzsche as a problem, saying he is one of those men who are out of harmony with their fellows and with life, yet have to be taken account of, and even make their mark on history like Shelley, Schopenhauer, Wagner. Nietzsche is the champion of individual energy as against the pressure of the mass, the customs of the mass, the virtue of the mass, etc.

SWITZERLAND.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE UNIVERSELLE (August, September, October)
—In the first of these numbers, under the title 'Un type

d'officier français contemporain,' we have, in the first place, the first of two articles on Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil. The second instalment appears in the September number. The two are biographical, and chiefly in praise of the French Colonel who went out to assist the Boers, but whose advice does not seem to have been much appreciated by them. The papers are over the signature of M. Abel Veuglaire.—The papers on the history of the Boers in South Africa are continued.—The rest of the number is taken up with fiction and the usual chronicles, in the last of these reference is made to Messrs. Smith and Elder's *Dictionary of National Biography*, and to the Australian Federation.—The September number opens with a paper by M. L. Leger, in which he discourses on Pouchkine and French poetry.—The articles on the Paris Exhibition are continued, and a further instalment of M. J. Villarais' articles dealing with the history of the Boers in South Africa is given.—Fiction, Chroniques, and the usual 'Bulletin littéraire et bibliographique' conclude the part.—The only novelties in the October number are an article by M. J. Hocart under the title 'La révolution française et la question juive,' and another from M. Michel Delines under the title, 'La musique dramatique en Russie.'—the rest of the principal articles are continuations.—As usual the 'Chroniques' are full of information: Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Avebury, the General Election, and the outbreak of the plague in Glasgow are among the subjects of remark.

S W E D E N.

THE ARKIV FOR NORDISK FILOLOGI (Vol. XII.)—No. 1 contains, in the first place, a long article by Professor Bugge on the life of Harold Fairhair during his earlier life, and before his accession to the throne of Norway, the time especially connected with his name of Dovrefoster.—This is succeeded by O. Klockhoff on the Folkvisan on King Didrik and his Warriors, an article of no less than ninety pages.—The next article, by H. K. Fridrikson, is a critique of a verse of the Volundarkvitha, in which Odin reveals himself as tormented between two fires by King Geirrod, to avenge himself and raise his son Agnar to the throne. The paper concludes with a carefully constructed map of the popular speech of Denmark; which is a new and interesting method of exhibiting the speech of a country, as also of exhibiting its peculiarities. We have next the interpretation of a Runic Inscription, in which there is a decided difference between the two masters who have undertaken its interpretation, Professor Bugge and M. Burg.

—This is followed by selected pieces from Swedish authors, from 1526 to 1732, with remarks by Professor Tamm.—On this follows a paper on *gubbe* and *gumma*, 'old man' and 'old woman,' given by way of exercise on its various usages and applications in various languages.—Next we have an interpretation of the Runic Inscription on the stone known as the Tune Stone. This, according to Bugge and Wimmer's reading, is 'Woduride witada-halaiban; worahto: runor.' According to Wimmer this is, 'I viwar these runes after my war-comrade Woduride.' The word which presents the greatest difficulty is *witadahalaiban*. Notwithstanding several comparisons and an approximation to a verse, the effort to extract a meaning does not prove to be successful.—The number concludes with a lengthened Bibliography for the year 1898, and an Obituary Notice of Eirikur Jonsson, the author of the first attempt to complete Cleasby's Dictionary and other works, by Finnur Jonsson.

AMERICA.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (July, 1900).—Over the signature of Mr. G. B. Adam we have an article treating of 'The Critical Period of English Constitutional History.' Mr. Adam finds the really critical period in the constitutional history of England in the time of John, and discourses on the significance of the Magna Charta in connection with feudalism.—Mr. Hubert Hall contributes an article on the Colonial Policy of Chatham, in which he briefly defines the colonial question at the date of Pitt's assumption of office from the respective points of view of the government and the governed with regard to the three main issues of the French war, extraordinary taxation, and illicit trade, and finds the general idea of Chatham's colonial policy in the Provisional Act for settling the troubles in America which was introduced by him in the House of Lords, February 1st, 1775.—The next contribution is by Mr. Max Ferrand, entitled 'Territory and District' and 'The Judiciary Act, 1801.'—Mr. Howard L. Wilson discourses on 'President Buchanan's Proposed Intervention in Mexico.'—Under 'Documents' we have the Letters of Ebenezer Huntington, 1774-1781. Huntington attained the rank of brigadier-general, and his letters, as need hardly be said, are of interest in connection with the War of Independence.—The Book Notices are, as usual, numerous, and in most cases well done.—'Notes and News' contains much information of use to students of history.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

The Holy Bible: Two Version Edition. Oxford and London: Henry Frowde.

This beautiful edition of the Scriptures supplies exactly what has long been wanted in connection with the two English versions of them, and will be of immense convenience to those who are in the habit of consulting and comparing them. One great defect in the editions of the Revised Version—the absence of marginal references to parallel or illustrative passages and of indications of where the citations from the Old Testament in the New are to be found—was removed a short time ago by the publication of the whole of the Revised Version with a series of carefully considered marginal references. But even when this defect was removed another difficulty was still experienced. Except in the case of the New Testament, if the reader desired to see wherein the Revised Version differed from the Authorised, he was under the necessity of using two separate volumes. By the publication of the 'Two Version' edition both these difficulties or inconveniences have been removed. On opening the volume the reader has practically before him the text of the two versions and a series of marginal references to parallel and illustrative passages. This is managed by a simple system of signs, which admits of the volume being no larger than an ordinary Bible. In short, as we have already said, the edition is exactly what was wanted. The use of the supplemental volume either for parallel passages or for the corresponding text of the Old or the New Testament is done away with and the reader has now in his hand in one volume all that was supplied by the two. The copy before us is a beautiful specimen of typography and is printed on the famous Oxford India paper. It can be had in different sizes and bindings and with or without the Scottish Metrical Psalms and Paraphrases, and with or without the Church Hymnary.

First Principles. By HERBERT SPENCER. Sixth Edition (otherwise Eleventh Thousand). London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1900.

In his retirement Mr. Herbert Spencer is apparently devoting his leisure to the preparation of new editions of his works. Already we have had revised issues of the *Essays*, the *Principles of Biology*, the *Principles of Psychology*, *Social Statics*, and several minor works. Here we have a new, and probably a finally revised edition, of the *First Principles*. Since its first lines were written forty years have elapsed, and a quarter of a century since it was thrown into what may be called its permanent form. From first to last considerable alterations have been made in it, but comparing the present issue with that of 1870 no change of any great importance has from a philosophical point of view been introduced. From a literary point of view, however, the revision has introduced many changes. Phrases have been altered, statements have been modified, sentences and even whole paragraphs have been suppressed. At the same time, while the work has been compressed, considerable additions have been made, so that

notwithstanding the excisions, the volume, though longer than more recent additions by some fifty pages, is still about the same length as the edition of 1870. The omissions are if anything improvements. The text has been relieved of redundancies, and the style has gained in force and precision. Here and there, too, the expression has been made more guarded, and the note of omniscience eliminated. The additions are in the main new illustrations, and such as the increase of knowledge or maturer thought has suggested. The central idea of the volume remains untouched. We have still the old division, 'The Unknowable' and 'The Knowable.' Knowledge, we are still told, is only of the phenomenal. As before, we are told that the 'deepest, widest, and most certain of all facts' is 'that the Power which the universe manifests to us is inscrutable,' and that the ultimate truth is the persistence of force. All through Mr. Spencer describes the manifestations of the power which to us is inscrutable, but still denies to us any knowledge of what it is, notwithstanding the many beautiful and wonderful things he tells us about it. In a postscript to Part I., however, Mr. Spencer tells us that the five chapters of which that consists have nothing to do with the chapters on the 'Knowable,' and that the latter may be read independently of them. With all deference, we venture to think that the relation between them is close, and that Part II. is the refutation of Part I., which is for the most part based upon the unfortunate conundrum started by Sir William Hamilton. A very useful index has been added to the volume, and a chapter on definitions might also have been added. But however much one may differ from Mr. Spencer, one cannot but welcome this volume as an excellent edition of a work which forms the introduction to one of the greatest systems of philosophy the nineteenth century has produced.

A History of the English Church during the Civil Wars and under the Commonwealth. 1640-1660. By WILLIAM A. SHAW, Litt. D. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1900.

Short as is the period which these two volumes cover, it is one of the most important in the history of the Church in England. The changes introduced by Henry VIII., great as they were, were almost as nothing when compared with those which were effected during the years 1640-1660. 'The whole ecclesiastical superstructure,' as Mr. Shaw remarks, 'was demolished—Episcopacy, the Spiritual Courts, Deans and Chapters, Convocation, the Book of Common Prayer, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Psalter; the lands of the Bishops and of the Deans and Chapters were sold, and the Cathedrals were purified or defiled.' On this 'clean-swept ground' an attempt was made, and in part successfully, to erect an entirely novel Church system. To use Mr. Shaw's words again, 'In place of Episcopal Church government, a Presbyterian organisation was introduced and a Presbyterian system of ordination. For the Spiritual Courts were substituted Presbyterian Assemblies (Parochial, Classical and Provincial) acting with a very real censorial jurisdiction, but in final subordination to a parliamentary committee sitting at Westminster. Instead of the Thirty-nine Articles, the Confession of Faith was introduced, and the Directory in place of the Book of Common Prayer. New Catechisms and a new metrical version were prepared, a parochial survey of the whole country was carried out, and extensive reorganisations of parishes effected. Finally, the equivalent of a modern ecclesiastical commission (or let us say a Queen Anne's Bounty Scheme) was invented, a body of Trustees was endowed

with considerable revenues for the purpose of augmenting poor livings, and for years the work of this ecclesiastical charity and reorganisation scheme was earnestly pursued.' It is the history of this drastic revolution—the greatest that the Church in England has ever undergone—that Mr. Shaw here narrates and illustrates with a number of valuable appendices and documents. He begins, of course, with the work of demolition, describes the Petitions and Remonstrances presented to Parliament against the Established Church, and gives a very detailed account of the debates upon them in the House of Commons, basing his narrative chiefly on the Journals of the House, D'Ewes' *Diary* and Baillie's *Letters*. Then come the debates on Crew's report of 9th March, 1640-1, on the two Bishops' Bills, and on the Root-and-Branch Bill. This last, as a little attention to dates shows, was not introduced as a threat or to bring pressure on the Lords to pass the Bishops' Bill sent up to them from the Commons. It came later, and was due to the rejection of that Bill. Next come the debates on Innovations, on the Bill calling for an Assembly of Divines, and on the Solemn League and Covenant. All these points are dealt with in Mr. Shaw's first chapter. Quite as elaborate is the one which follows in which the constructive work of the Westminster Assembly is described, and a very admirable chapter it is. It is full of minute information. Great use is made of Baillie's *Letters*, Dr. Mitchell's work, and the *Commons' Journal*. The debates and intrigues of the various parties are traced from day to day, the dislike of the English to the *jus divinum* of Presbytery is accentuated, and here and there one has no difficulty in seeing how that, while drawn to Presbyterianism from political motives, there was little real liking for it either in Parliament or among the English people. So far as England was concerned, the work of the Westminster Divines was in the main abortive. They were a slow-moving body, and had often to be quickened by reminders from both Houses of Parliament that their proceedings were dilatory. With justice Mr. Shaw remarks that it is not a little curious that those portions of their accomplished work which have remained through later time as their most distinct and memorable work, i.e., the Confession of Faith and the Larger Catechism—should never have received the assent of the Parliament which called them together and at whose behest it was prepared. A similar fate met the metrical version of the Psalms they favoured. Though accepted by the Commons, it was never accepted by the Lords, and was therefore never legalised. On the other hand, like the Confession and the Larger Catechism, it found favour in Scotland, where it is still in use. Mr. Shaw's second volume, like his first, contains two chapters. The first of these is devoted to a description of the Presbyterian system set up by Parliament to take the place of Episcopacy. Practically it was the same as the system already in vogue in Scotland. There were points of difference, but they were of minor importance. The success of the system was small. It was established on paper, but not among the people. Many parishes refused to set up the machinery the system required: other parishes, and in some cases counties, excused themselves on the ground that the ministers and men required were not to be found among them. And even where the system was set up, its methods of discipline were not to the mind of the English people, the parochial elderships fell into decay; and the struggle which had always been going on between the Presbyterianism which Baillie and his coadjutors had laboured so indefatigably to introduce and maintain among their neighbours, and Independency with its larger toleration, was after a while decided in favour of the latter. Mr. Shaw's fourth and last chapter treats of the measures taken with 'scandalous ministers,' the sale of the church lands, finances and patronage. The appendices, as already said, are of exceptional value and contain a large amount of infor-

mation laboriously gathered together. First of all we have a copy of the proceedings of Bishop Williams' Committee, 1641; next a series of Clergy lists: 'Malignant' Clergy, 1640-42, Puritan Lectures, 1640-43, Royalist Clerical Sequestrations and Parliamentary Nominations, 1642-49; then follow lists of County Certificates; MS. Records of Plundered Ministers' Committee; the Report on Clerical Augmentations; Accounts of sale of Cathedral and Bishops' lands; MS. Records of the Church Survey, 1655-59. Altogether the work is a very scholarly production and the result of great labour. If a fault may be found with it, it is that sufficient prominence is scarcely given to the political events of the time in respect to their bearing upon Church matters. That they had a vast deal to do with shaping the ecclesiastical policy of the Long Parliament is certain, but one does not hear much about them in Mr. Shaw's pages, though here and there of course, one does, especially in the discussions on Discipline and in the excellent section on Toleration. The work, which will prove extremely useful to the student of the history of the English Commonwealth and the doings of the Long Parliament in Church matters, is a fitting companion to Baillie's *Letters* and the Minutes of the Westminster Assembly.

The English Church in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.
By W. W. CAPES, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.
1900.

This is the third volume of the History of the English Church which Messrs. Macmillan are bringing out under the joint editorship of the Dean of Winchester and the Rev. W. Hunt. Mr. Hunt's volume, which traces the history from its origin down to the Conquest we have already noticed. The Dean of Winchester's contribution is to deal with the history from the Conquest down to the end of the thirteenth century, but the publication of it has been unavoidably delayed and Mr. Capes' volume appears before it. Like Mr. Hunt's, Mr. Capes' volume is an excellent piece of work and confirms the expectation which was raised by its predecessor that when the series is completed it will be the best history of the English Church which has hitherto been published. The period assigned to Mr. Capes is full of incident and one of the most important in the whole history of the Church in England. The author has brought to his work excellent abilities, great industry and accurate scholarship. He has the art, too, of telling a story in clear and forcible language, and complicated as the history of the period is, he has managed to set it out with a precision and lucidity which not only make the perusal of his pages easy and entertaining, but also invest them with something of the charm of fascination. For his materials, as it is almost unnecessary to say, Mr. Capes, while not neglecting modern authorities, has gone back to contemporary documents and authors. The plan of the work it would appear does not admit of detailed references, but the lists of authorities printed at the end of each chapter, as well as the text, show that the work is not based upon merely second-hand knowledge, but is thoroughly entitled to be regarded as original. The central figure in the period is of course Wyclif, and comparison is at once suggestive with Mr. Trevelyan's treatment of that churchman. But Mr. Trevelyan's volume is written more from the point of view of a layman and a politician, while in that of Mr. Capes the aspects chiefly dwelt upon are the ecclesiastical and theological, not that the political is in any way ignored or neglected. Though less full than Mr. Trevelyan's, Mr. Capes' notes in this relation are weighty and judicious. In his analysis of Wyclif's theological, and indeed of the whole of his writings, Mr. Capes has the advantage of his theological training, while his criticisms of

Wyclif's peculiar tenets are more elaborate and searching. With some of them as might be expected, Mr. Capes has little sympathy. The two portraits, however, supplement each other, and the reader of the one volume will require to read the other if he would form anything like an adequate or correct idea of the work and teaching of the great Oxford Professor. The immense influence of the Black Death upon the fortunes of the Church as well as upon the economical and social condition of the country is dwelt upon in a singularly instructive chapter, and is by no means underrated. As Mr. Capes shows, it is difficult to overrate it. Few events indeed have had a profounder influence on the condition of the English people, or in shaping the internal history of England. The freshest if not also the most instructive chapters Mr. Capes has written, are those which describe the internal condition of the Church. Nowhere else, we will venture to say, can so vivid and truthful a description of the religious life of the country during the two centuries under review be found as in the last seven chapters of the volume. They treat of all the different forms of religious life and activity as they appeared in the Bishop's palace, the cathedral, the monastery, the schools and the universities, in the parsonage and in the parish, and amongst the people whether in their homes or on pilgrimage. They are admirably done, and present one of the most striking pictures we have seen.

Étude sur les Gesta Martyrum Romains. Par ALBERT DUFOURCEQ. Illustrated. Paris: Albert Fontemoing. 1900.

The *Gesta* of the Roman martyrs are here subjected to a very searching examination. M. Dufourceq has evidently devoted a vast amount of labour and attention to them, and the result is a scholarly and valuable work. The criticism is as candid as it is acute, and the suspicions which many have entertained respecting these ancient narratives are in many respects confirmed. After noticing the attitude of Jacob Voragine, Peter de Natalibus, Baronius, Tillemont, and several more modern writers towards the *Gesta*, he turns to the texts and the editors of them. Here he has a better word to say for Surius than one might have expected; while speaking highly of the work done by the Bollandists, he expresses himself as not altogether satisfied with it, believing that their search for MSS. has not been wide enough, and that their register of various readings leaves much to be desired. Dealing with the history of the *Gesta*, he maintains that though the martyrs themselves were known at Rome, there was there at the end of the fourth century no knowledge of their history such as we now have it, but that by the middle of the ninth century a detailed knowledge of their history was known throughout Christendom. The origin and spread of martyrology he attributes to monasticism, and notices the great work done in this connection at the 'seminary' of Cassiodorus, as also by Bede in England, Raban Maur in Germany, Florus in France, and by Ado and Usuard. Examining the texts he points out their philological peculiarities, and observes that their syntax is less Latin than their vocabulary, and that their style is less Latin than their syntax. He notices too the moral features of the *Gesta*, and contrasts them unfavourably in this respect with what in his opinion are the authentic Acts of SS. James and Mary, as printed by Ruinart, p. 224 (Ed. 1689). M. Dufourceq then subjects to a careful critical analysis the *Gesta* of the Roman Martyrs, and is of opinion that the earliest of them belong to a period subsequent to the establishment of the Byzantine Empire, and not later than 595, the year after the death of Gregory of Tours,

some of whose narratives, however, are evidently borrowed from sources earlier than his own date. The general conclusion to which M. Dufourcq comes is that the Gesta are apocryphal, in the sense of not being what they profess to be. 'They are not authentic documents respecting the history of the persecutions, but the work of clerics of little intellectual and moral culture writing at Rome when Italy was in the hands of the Ostrogoths, and using incomplete and deformed oral traditions. The amount of assistance which they can afford the historian is therefore small. They require to be used with great caution. At the same time they contain a number of details which are not without their value.' In other words, M. Dufourcq has arrived at the same conclusion respecting the Roman Gesta that M. Fustel de Coulanges arrived at some years ago respecting the Lives of Saints in general. In the course of his work M. Dufourcq touches upon many other interesting topics, and discusses in a far from in attractive way the influence which these ancient traditions of the Church have had upon art and literature.

Byzantine Constantinople: The Walls of the City and adjoining Historical Sites. By ALEXANDER VAN MILLINGEN, M.A., Professor of History, Robert College, Constantinople. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1899.

Of the many subjects which offer themselves to antiquarian and archaeological research in New Rome, Professor van Millingen has here confined himself for the most part to the walls or fortifications which have from time to time been reared around Byzantium and Constantinople. To these he has devoted many years of careful study, and his work is one which will find its way among students, notwithstanding, if not in consequence of, the many difficult questions which he seeks to solve. That he has done wisely in confining his attention chiefly, and indeed almost exclusively, to the walls, no one can doubt. There is quite enough to be said about them to fill a good-sized volume. Mr. Van Millingen does not spend much time over purely preliminary matters. After a brief sketch of the geographical position of the city and of the promontory on which it stands, he begins at once with the fortifications which constituted the Acropolis of Byzantium, and are now represented by the walls, partly Byzantine and partly Turkish, which cling to the steep sides of the Seraglio plateau at the eastern extremity of the hill nearest the apex of the promontory and support the Imperial Museum, the kiosk of Abdul Medjid and the Imperial Kitchens. Next, he describes the second circuit of walls around Byzantium, of which the Anonymous of the eleventh century and his follower Codinus give a description. Starting from the Tower of the Acropolis at the apex of the promontory, Professor Van Millingen traces this wall along the Golden Horn as far west as the Tower of Eugenius, where it left the shore and made for the Strategion and the Thermæ of Achilles, and from thence ascended the slope of the hill to the Chalco-prateia or Brass Market, and reached the ridge of the promontory at the Milion, which is placed by Professor Van Millingen to the south-west of St. Sophia. From the Milion it proceeded to the twisted columns of the Tzycalarii, descending thence to the sea of Marmora at Topi, somewhere near the present Seraglio Lighthouse, where it turned northwards and ran along the shore to the apex of the promontory, past the sites subsequently occupied by the Thermæ of Arcadius and the Mangana. Professor Van Millingen is strongly tempted to reject the whole account of this wall as

legendary or as based upon the idea that the Arch of Urbicius and the Arch of the Milion represented gates in an old line of fortifications. The third line of walls, those torn down by Septimus Severus in 196, are described more minutely than either of the two just mentioned, and the course, which in the opinion of Mr. Van Millingen they took, is clearly set out. Judging by the style of their construction, they were built, Mr. Van Millingen is disposed to infer, soon after Pausanias followed up his victory on the field of Plataea by the expulsion of the Persians from Byzantium. Severus was not long in repenting the blunder he had made in pulling down these splendid ramparts, and ordered, at the instigation, it is said, of his son Caracalla, their reconstruction. On the disputed point as to whether the Forum of Constantinople stood upon the eastern or western side of the gate of Byzantium, Mr. Van Millingen argues strongly in favour of the western position, notwithstanding the arguments of Messrs. Lethaby and Swainson for the eastern position. As to the point where the walls reached the Sea of Marmora Mr. Van Millingen is undecided, but is of opinion that it could not have been far from the site occupied by the Seraglio Lighthouse. The limits of the city marked out by Constantinople are described as 'crossing the promontory along a line a short distance to the east of the Cistern of Mokius on the Seventh Hill (the Tchoukour Bostan, west of Avret Bazaar), and of the Cistern Aspar, at the head of the valley between the Fourth and Sixth Hills (the Tchoukour Bostan, on the right of the street leading from the Mosque of Sultan Mehemet to the Adrianople Gate). The southern end of the line reached the Sea of Marmora somewhere between the gates known respectively at present as Daoud Pasha Kapoussi and Psamathia Kapoussi, while its northern extremity abutted on the Golden Horn, in the neighbourhood of the Stamboul head of the inner bridge.' In an extremely interesting discussion on the localities and structures by which Byzantine writers have indicated the course of the Constantine wall, Mr. Van Millingen identifies as the Exokionion a district immediately outside the Constantinian Wall which obtained its name, afterwards corrupted into Hexakionion, from a column in the district bearing a statue of the founder of the city. It became celebrated in ecclesiastical history as the extra-mural suburb in which the Arians were allowed to hold their religious services until prohibited by Theodosius the Great, so that Arians and Exokionitai became synonymous. Gyllius placed the Exokionion on the Fifth Hill, while Dr. Mordtmann maintained that the designation applied to the extra-mural territory all along the land fortifications built by Constantine, but Mr. Van Millingen's arguments for placing it upon the Seventh Hill, apart from the fact that a part of the district of that hill bears the name *Alti Mermer*, the Turkish rendering of Hexakionion, the popular Byzantine alias of Exokionion, are strong and convincing. But it is to a description of the great walls of Theodosius, built during the reign of the second Emperor of that name by Anthemius and restored after the earthquake of 447, that the chief part of the volume is devoted. Here Mr. Van Millingen enters into an elaborate description of the walls and their ten gates, and gives an extremely attractive account of their history. Of the Golden Gate and its inscriptions he has much of great interest to tell. For the most part his statement is based upon the brilliant essay by Dr. Strzygowski. With Du Cange Mr. Van Millingen refers the building of the gate to the reign not of Theodosius II., but of Theodosius the Great. The entrance between the second and third towers to the north of the Golden Gate known at present, like the *Porta Aurea*, also by the name *Yedi Koulé Kapoussi*, and regarded by Dr. Paspates as of Turkish origin,

Mr. Van Millingen, while admitting that it has undergone repairs during Turkish times, maintains to be of the period of the Empire, for the reasons that it bears traces of Byzantine workmanship, and that the Porta Aurea being a State entrance, another gate was required in its immediate neighbourhood for the use of the public in this quarter of the capital. The ruined palace beside the Porta Xylokerkou, styled Tekfour Serai, which Gyllius regarded as the Palace of the Hebdomon, is identified by Mr. Van Millingen as the Palace of the Porphyrogennitos, which 'formed an annex to the great Place of the Blackernæ.' The building at the north-western end of the Court of the Palace, the western façade of which, pierced by spacious windows, still surmounts the outer wall of the Court, is spoken of as 'another residence.' Dr. Paspates regarded it as the monastery of the Seven Orders of the Angels, mentioned by Cantacuzene, but that monastery and the gate named after it are pointed out as being at Thessalonica, and not at Constantinople. The walls of Manuel Comnenus, Heraclius, and Leo V., the Seaward Walls, and the walls along the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora with their gates are all fully described, as also the Tower of Anemas and Isaac Angelus. A chapter is devoted to the site of the Hebdomon, in which the author argues strongly and successfully against the generally accepted opinion that this suburb stood at the northern extremity of the Theodosian Walls, where the Palace of the Porphyrogennitos and the quarter of the Blackernæ were found, and in favour of the modern village of Makrikeni on the shore of the Sea of Marmora, three miles to the west of the Golden Gate. But the points of interest in the volume are almost innumerable. For the study of the topography of Constantinople the volume is invaluable. Much new light is thrown upon the subject, and a number of difficult questions are solved. The text is accompanied by a number of excellent maps and photographic illustrations which, especially the former, are of great service to the reader.

The Register of the Privy Council of Scotland. Edited and abridged by P. HUME BROWN, M.A., LL.D. Second Series. Vol. II. Edinburgh: 1900.

As stated by himself in the volume of the Privy Council Register immediately preceding this, Professor Masson's connection with the series as Editor ceased. The present volume is the first of the series for which Mr. Hume Brown is responsible. The editing and introduction follow the same lines as were laid down by Mr. Brown's predecessor during his nineteen years of office. The period covered by the volume is the fifteen months beginning on 3rd July, 1627. During the period some slight changes were made in the *personnel* of the Council. Sir Archibald Acheson of Glencairnay was admitted a member, and at the same time appointed Joint Secretary of State with Sir William Alexander of Menstrie. On the same day the office of Keeper of the Privy Seal changed hands, passing from Sir Richard Cockburn of Clerkington to Thomas, Earl of Haddington, who in the previous year had been superseded as Secretary and President. On the death of Sir William Oliphant of Newton, his office of Lord Advocate was conferred upon Thomas Hope of Craighall. Hope had already more than once made himself conspicuous in public affairs, but the most distinguished part of his career still lay before him. On June 12th Lord Lorne, afterwards the great Marquess of Argyll, was added to the Council. During the whole of the period great difficulty was experienced in getting together so much as a quorum of the Council, and on several occasions the business had to be postponed owing to a legal quorum not being present. Of the fifty-four persons who nominally com-

posed the Council, the names of about forty appear in the record of its meetings. The English lords do not appear to have attended at all, and other permanent absentees were the Earls of Glencairn, Wigton, Tullibardine, Kellie, and Annandale, Viscount Ayr, Lords Cranston and Kildrummie. The most assiduous in their attendance among the non-official members were the Earls of Nithsdale and Lauderdale, Lord Carnegie, and the Master of Jedburgh. The average attendance was about twelve, and the maximum of members present never exceeded twenty. During the fifteen months no outstanding events are recorded. The period was marked by the steady continuation of the policy which had been initiated at the beginning of the new reign, and was already giving rise to some uneasiness among all classes of the population as affecting the interests of clergy and laity alike. The famous edict for the revocation of the alienated property of the Pre-Reformation Church was still in operation, and, notwithstanding the opposition it met with, several fresh steps were taken to enforce it. The Commissioners themselves, however, were slow to move in the matter, and when they were summoned to meet under the presidency of Archbishop Spottiswoode, on June 4th, 1628, 'few or none' put in an appearance. One subject which occupied a great part of the attention of the Council was the raising of troops. From his father, Charles had inherited his part in the Thirty Years' War, and Scottish troops had already been sent to the assistance of Count Mansfield, Christian IV. of Denmark, and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. When war broke out with Spain and the expedition was sent to France for the relief of the Huguenots besieged in Rochelle, Scotland was required to send further contingents. In raising the levies the Council experienced the greatest difficulty. An ordinance of the 10th of July, 1627, affords a notable proof of the zeal of the recruiting officers. So hardly were they put to it to raise the requisite quota that certain of them, we are told, 'hes of lait entered in dealing with some young boyes in the Colledge of Edinburgh, and by thair alluring speeches hes corrupted the boyes and induced thame without the knowledge and allowance of thair parents or of the principall and regents of the Colledge who hes the charge of the education of thame, to inroll themselves under thair charge and to ressave pay.' The result was that the alarmed parents removed their sons from the College of Edinburgh and sent them to St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, where they were out of the way of the 'alluring speeches' of the recruiting officers. The Council checked the evil by a summary order declaring that all recruiting officers found decoying such youths would be pursued 'with all vigour and severitie' as 'contemnners and violators of his Majesteis Counsell.' For the German wars over 14,000 men had already been raised. The nucleus of this body comprised men of good family, both Highland and Lowland, but the rank and file was made up of 'a riff-raff of incorrigible beggars and vagabonds picked up from the highways, criminals released from the gaols, bankrupts that had been skulking for years from their creditors.' Wherever they were congregated they were a menace to the public peace, and to provide against possible mischief from them the Council passed a very necessary ordinance, decreeing that should any disorder arise among the various bands, the Councillor who was in the neighbourhood should summon his nearest fellow Councillors, or, failing them, two or three justices of the peace, and deal with each case as the accredited representative of the Council. The precaution was not of much avail, however, for three months after the ordinance was issued we read that by the presence of the troops in Burntisland 'the peace of the said burgh is verrie farre disturbit, the inhabitants thairof oft tymes threatened and persewit of thair lyffes, and manie forder inconveniences ar lyke to fall out to the

breake of his Majesties good subjects without remeed be provydit.' As a remedy the magistrates were empowered to exact pledges from the officers that during their stay in the burgh both themselves and their men would conduct themselves as 'peaceable and good subjects.' The remedy was not likely to be very effective, but by the end of the month (October) the burgh was relieved from their presence by their removal under the Earl of Nithsdale to Germany. Similar assortments were raised for the Spanish and French wars. As fighting bodies they were useless, for however narrowly they might be watched while waiting for the transports, as soon as they set foot on a foreign shore they deserted by hundreds, and sometimes took sides with those whom they were sent to fight. While engaged in raising levies the Council had to make preparations for national defence. There was a widespread alarm lest a French fleet should at any moment appear off the coast and effect a landing. To meet this danger the Council could reckon on the support of all responsible citizens. In August, 1627, it was reported that the enemy's ships had already been seen, and an effort was made to organise the national defences both by sea and land. Three ships had been ordered to be fitted out, but to man and equip them seems to have driven the Council to desperation. Receiving no pay, the crews were in a chronic state of mutiny, and every device adopted to obtain money with which to silence them proved a failure. Letters of marque were issued to private owners. The most notable volunteer in this way was James, Marquess of Hamilton. With a 'worthy and noble intention' he undertook 'to sett out some shippes to sea in these troublesome tymes, both for the better defence of that his Majesteis ancient kingdome of Scotland, as lykeways for the better effectuating of his generous designes upon his Majesteis enemies and otherwayes for the honour of that kingdome.' The Marquess received a commission to equip five ships, the commission to last for five years unless peace were concluded before the expiry of that term. As a means of national defence much zeal was shown by the Council in organising a national militia. The national wapinschaws were revived, and every male between sixteen and sixty was commanded to take part in them, measures were taken to see that there were no absentees, and on the 9th October, 1629, an urgent order was issued to the Eastern Counties, where the inhabitants were expected to have to bear the first brunt of the invasion, directing their fencible men to hold themselves in readiness to proceed with expedition to any point on the coast that might be threatened. Not since the Spanish Armada had the country passed through an experience with which it had once been familiar. But by the close of 1627 the alarm seems to have abated consequent on the withdrawal of Buckingham with the remnant of his army from La Rochelle. Other matters which engaged the attention of the Council were the revival of the disaused Justice Ayres, the revival of Roman Catholicism, the regulation of the wool and live stock trades, the coal and salt industries, the manufacture of saltpetre, the importation of French goods and the tanning trade. In connection with this last may be noticed a curious case of socialistic legislation which arose out of a complaint from the shoemakers of Cupar-Fife. The magistrates of that town had taken upon them to fix the prices of boots and shoes. For refusing to obey the decree seven of the craft in the town were each fined five pounds Scots and on refusing to pay the fine were lodged in the Tolbooth. On this they lodged a complaint with the Council, and when summoned to state their case pled that there was no precedent in the kingdom for the proceeding of the magistrates, that it was a 'perverting of the law of nature,' and that in the case of commodities like boots and shoes it was impossible to fix 'a definitive price.' The

magistrates responded that they had done their best to get the shoemakers to arrive at some arrangement as to the price of these goods, but all their overtures being rejected, they had been compelled to take matters into their own hands. The Council decided that the defenders had acted 'laughfallie, legallie and formallie,' and condemned the recalcitrant shoemakers to be conveyed back to the Tolbooth and to lie there till they gave caution for their future obedience. Cases of witchcraft are numerous. Numerous instances of disorderly conduct requiring the attention of the Council are recorded. An interesting document containing the Lyon-King's description of a Scottish coronation is printed in the volume. Another almost equally interesting document gives some details of the action of Gustavus Adolphus when engaged in his second Prussian campaign. Mr. Hume Brown notes that during the period covered by the volume the foreign trade of the country was dislocated, provisions were dear, the exchequer was empty, that the country was in a state of disquiet in consequence of the war, and that a vague uneasiness pervaded all classes as the outcome of the steps taken in connection with the Edict of Revocation.

A History of Norway from the Earliest Times. By HJALMAR H. BOYSEN. With a new Chapter on the Recent History of Norway, by C. F. KEARY. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1900.

Mr. Boyesen's very readable history of his native country, which had already run through some two or three editions before its lamented author's death, is here added to the 'Story of the Nations' series. It is not, by any means, an attempt at a complete history of Norway, in the sense of giving an account of all the phases through which the national life of the country has passed. Of the growth of institutions or of sociological phenomena very little is said, and to learn the history of the people, of its ideas, of its literature, and of the development of the other phenomena of its intellectual and spiritual life, one must look elsewhere. That which is particularly dwelt upon is the dramatic phases of its historical events. More space is given, therefore, to the national hero, Olaf Trygvesson, whose life was crowded with so many striking events, than is given to kings who reigned much longer but in quieter times. For the same reason the four centuries of the union with Denmark are treated with great brevity, each of the centuries having on an average ten pages devoted to it. But the union has never been looked upon with favour, and though many things of importance doubtless happened during the period, native historians have never felt drawn towards the history of their country during what they have been in the habit of regarding as 'the time of her degradation.' Mr. Boyesen goes far enough back, and begins with the question—'Who were the Norsemen.' He admits with others that they were preceded in the country by an altogether different race, and finds, in accordance with a prevalent theory, that their original home was probably in 'that part of Asia which the ancients called Bactria, near the sources of the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes.' That their name does not occur among those of the Aryan immigrants into Europe he accounts for by saying that it is solely derived from the country in which they settled. As might be expected, we have an interesting account of the old Norse religion and of the many of the relics which the 'hardy Norseman' has left behind him, and of his hostings. Harold the Fairhaired's struggles with his yeomen are carefully narrated, and there are stirring chapters on Eric Blood-axe and Earl Hakon. The

story of the discovery of Vinland, or North America, is told with less fulness than might have been expected, and is on the whole disappointing. There are good chapters, however, on Olaf Tryggvesson, Olaf the Saint, Hakon the Good, Magnus the Good, and Magnus Erlingsson. Of Hakon's raid upon the Scottish coast in the reign of Alexander III., we have the following account: 'A dispute concerning the Orkneys and the Shetland Isles led to war with the Scottish King Alexander III. Hakon, determined to maintain his power over these distant dependencies, which had already cost Norway so much blood and treasure, started with his fleet for Scotland (1265), but suffered severely from a storm which wrecked many of his ships. He sailed round to the western side of Scotland, ravaged the coasts of Cantire and Bute, and fought a battle at Largs (near the entrance to the Firth of Clyde), in which, according to the account of the Scots, the Norsemen were defeated, while, according to the Sagas, they were victorious. At best, however, the battle afforded them no advantage. For Hakon retired, immediately after, to the Orkneys, where he determined to spend the winter, hoping to renew the campaign again in the spring.' This puts the matter for Hakon as favourably as possible, and rather hides the fact that he was utterly defeated. Mr. Boyesen briefly discusses the political situation down to about the close of the seventies, at which point it is taken up by Mr. Keary, who gives a brief account of the political events which have transpired up to the autumn of last year. The book, as we have said, is very readable, and may be heartily commended to those who wish to form an acquaintance with the history of a people who at one time made themselves feared throughout Europe, and in their sagas have a literature which is peculiarly their own.

Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln: A Contribution to the Religious, Political and Intellectual History of the Thirteenth Century. By FRANCIS SEYMOUR STEVENSON, M.P. London: Macmillan & Co. 1899.

For the purpose of elucidating the religious, political and intellectual life of England during the thirteenth century, Mr. Stevenson could not have chosen a better subject than the life of Grosseteste the great reforming Bishop of the century. His hand was in almost everything, and if he was not at the head of all the great movements which were on foot in England during his day, he was at least an important factor in them. By following his career—a career of exceptional distinction—Mr. Stevenson has been compelled to discuss the state of learning in the country, during the thirteenth century, the condition of Oxford, the coming and influence of the Friars, the internal economy and condition of the Church, its political relations, the relations between the King, Church and people, the condition of the monasteries, the various reforms which were attempted, and the measure of success they met with. Here and there, too, he has had to enter upon the relations of the Roman Curia to the Church in England, and to discuss the manner in which the proposals of the Pope were received by the English prelates. For dealing with all these topics during the period referred to, Grosseteste's biography affords an excellent opportunity. Grosseteste was one of those men who make history. Most things he touched seemed to start up into fresh importance, and became something like questions of the hour. He was a man of great practical common sense, of intense and many-sided activity, and of resolute will. Now and then he gave way to his impulsiveness, but he was sagacious

enough to see his mistakes and wise enough to do the best he could to correct them. As a rule the course of action he adopted was justified by the results. That he did a good work in his day there can be no doubt; nor can there be that he was not without enemies. Neither Popes nor Kings cared to have much to do with him, except when their dealings were perfectly constitutional, and still less did indulgent abbots or weak or vacillating bishops. Intensely active himself, and always working up to a high ideal, whether as Chancellor of Oxford, Archdeacon of Leicester, or Bishop of Lincoln, though full of charity towards the infirm and penitent, he had no patience with the indolent or corrupt, sternly refused to lend himself to the illegal practices which had already crept into the Church, and did what in him lay to right what was wrong. In Mr. Stevenson he has found a highly competent biographer, who has spared no pains in attempting to solve, and usually with remarkable success, the many problems connected with his name. The picture which Mr. Stevenson has given of his life, if not what is called 'brilliant,' is certainly full and effective. That the volume is scholarly need hardly be said. Mr. Stevenson is well acquainted with the somewhat extensive literature connected with Grosseteste, and students of the thirteenth century or of the history of the Church in England during that period, will find the volume more than ordinarily helpful. It is not unlikely indeed that we have here the standard biography of the great prelate, who though but Bishop of Lincoln, was for a time practically the head of the English Church.

Through the First Antarctic Night, 1898-1899: A Narrative of the Voyage of the 'Belgica' among newly discovered Lands and over an Unknown Sea about the South Pole. By FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D. Illustrated. London: William Heinemann. 1900.

In the expedition, the history of which is here described, Mr. Cook acted as surgeon and anthropologist. The expedition was organised by Lieutenant Adrien de Gerlache, and left Antwerp at the end of August, 1897, in the *Belgica*, a Norwegian sealer of about 250 tons burden, which had been secured for the purpose. Though not strengthened on the plan of Nansen's vessel the *Fram*, the *Belgica* proved herself sufficiently strong to endure the collisions and ice pressures to which during her entombment in the Antarctic night she was exposed. The members of the expedition included seven officers and twelve seamen. Lieutenant A. de Gerlache acted as Commandant, and Captain Lecointe as the chief executive officer and hydrographer. Among the experts were M. Danco, who acted as magnetician, M. Racowitza, to whom was assigned the post of naturalist, and M. Arctowski, who held the office of geologist, oceanographer and meteorologist, and was assisted in the meteorological department by M. Dobrowolski. Leaving Staten Island on January 13, 1898, the South Shetland islands were sighted a week later, where during a violent tempest a young Norwegian sailor, Wiencke, had the misfortune to fall overboard and was drowned. On January 23 the outer edge of a new land, the Palmer Archipelago was discovered, and a new highway to the Pacific, which compares favourably with Magellan Strait. To the east and west about five hundred miles of a new land—supposed to be a continental mass surrounding the South Pole—was also discovered. The *Belgica* then passed out into the South Pacific, and after skirting the western shores of Grahamland to Adelaide Island and proceeding thence to Alexander Island, an attempt was made to enter the main body of the pack-ice westward. Late in February

the expedition entered the main body of the sea-ice with the intention of pushing southward and westward, but after making about ninety miles, the ice closed in and the vessel was firmly held in its grip for close on eighteen months, during which it drifted to and fro with the ice, from about 85° to 103° of west longitude and between 70° and 72° south latitude. The vessel was released from the ice on March 14, 1899, and made immediately for Punta Arenas, the nearest point of civilisation, sailing thence, after a few days, for Europe. Dr. Cook's narrative runs to about four hundred pages, and after the first seventy or eighty is intensely interesting. The lands discovered are by no means attractive, being covered with a cap of snow and ice, in some places of enormous thickness. As for the seas, except in the Belgica Straits, they were, for the most part unseen, though frequently sounded. In the islands of Tierra del Fuego the interesting discovery was made that the inhabitants belong to three races and not to one, as has usually been supposed—the Alaculoofs, the Yahgans and the Onas. The first, who are now almost extinct, are the lowest and most dejected of the Fuegians, and are to be found in the Western Chilean Channels, living in beech-bark canoes and dug-outs, and using mussels, snails, crabs, and fish as food. Dr. Cook describes them as short and imperfectly developed. The Yahgans inhabit the islands about Cape Horn and northward to Beagle Channel. These, too, though once the most numerous and powerful of the Fuegians, and now nearly extinct. The Onas are a race of giants. They mistrust white men, and have hitherto refused to receive missionaries among them. Their houses are on the main island of Tierra del Fuego, which they have fought to keep as their preserve for centuries, and until recently neither the Alaculoofs nor the Yahgans nor white men ventured to approach them. They give great trouble to the sheep-farmers on the island, but are gradually receding before the advance of such civilisation as has been introduced into the island by the Europeans and Americans who find sheep-farming there a lucrative industry. The only weapons the Onas possess are bows and arrows. If they were able to obtain guns and supplies, they would, according to Dr. Cook, clear their island of pale-faced settlers in less than a month. So long as the sea was open the voyage of the *Belgica* was at times exciting enough; but when once she was caught in the ice all the excitement went out of it. Arctic navigators speak of cloudless nights, long stretches of calm weather and of occasional hunts not unattended by danger; but in the Antarctic region life during the long winter was extremely monotonous. Fogs alternated with storms and a clear sky was seldom seen. Sometimes, however, the celestial phenomena were of great beauty. Writing on April 5, with the temperature falling from -18° to -27° Dr. Cook says—'We saw little of the sun except a crimson burst at its setting, but the moon has had for us a curious attraction. It is full, and rose over the north at half-past three this afternoon. The purple twilight curve at this time was feeble but distinctly visible. The moon rose slowly behind this, and had the appearance of a great irregular ball of crude gold, but as it rose above the purple and over the usual line of orange-red, which limits the curve, it was a full sharply-cut globe, pale yellow and fresh, as though washed in polar whiteness. This was at 5 o'clock. The sun had just sunk under a line of snow flushed by a rich rose colour, and the sky above it, in the west, was fired by a mass of feathery clouds. As the moon ascended, all of this display of vivid colours, faded into the blue electric glow, which is seen only over the polar pack. By this light we were able to read ordinary print at eleven o'clock at night. The heavens at this time were so bright that only the stars to the fourth magnitude were visible.' Fog and storm, however, made up most of weather during the *Belgica's* fourteen months'

imprisonment. The only sport to be had was hunting for penguins and seals. Fortunately the officers had their observations to make and record, but in spite of this the time soon began to hang heavily upon their hands and life became monotonous in the extreme to all the members of the expedition. Soon after the polar night set in, the absence of light began to tell upon their health as well as upon their spirits. Danco, who had a weak heart, after a lingering illness, died, and one of the sailors became insane. After entering the pack all began to eat less and soon lost all relish for food. Writing in May Dr. Cook says: 'Physically, we are steadily losing strength, though our weight remains nearly the same, with a slight increase in some. All seem puffy about the eyes and ankles, and the muscles, which were hard earlier, are now soft, though not reduced in size. We are pale, and the skin is unusually oily. The hair grows rapidly, and the skin about the nails has a tendency to creep over them, seemingly to protect them from the cold. The heart action is failing in force and is decidedly irregular. Indeed, this organ responds to the slightest stimulation in an alarming manner. If we walk hurriedly around the ship the pulse rises to 110 beats, and if we continue for fifteen minutes it intermits, and there is also some difficulty of respiration. The observers going only one hundred yards to the observatories, come in almost breathless after their short run. The usual pulse, too, is extremely changeable from day to day. Now it is full, regular, and vigorous; again it is soft, intermittent and feeble. In one case it was, yesterday, 43, to-day it is 98, but the man complains of nothing and does his regular work. The sun seems to supply an indescribable something which controls and steadies the heart. In its absence it goes like an engine without a governor.' Dr. Cook notices many other effects of the absence of sunlight. His observations in this connection indeed are among the most valuable in the volume. The object of the expedition was not to reach the South Pole but to make observations in the interest of science. Those which were made have not yet been set in order for publication, but a commission is said to be engaged upon them. Dr. Cook's narrative is for the general reader and will amply repay perusal. Those who are meditating a voyage similar to that he describes, and those who wish to know what its discomforts and hardships are, or to see how little romance there is in it, or how different an Antarctic is from an Arctic voyage, cannot do better than read this admirably illustrated and singularly attractive volume.

China: The Long Lived Empire. By ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1900.

Books on China are numerous, and at the present moment, when the eyes of most people are eagerly turned to that distressful country, are eagerly sought after. Among the many contending for public acceptance the one whose title we have given above has many things to commend it. Mrs. or Miss Scidmore has evidently a long and interesting acquaintance with the Far East, and especially with the Celestial Empire so far as she has visited it. She has been not a little venturesome, and now and again has run considerable risk in her efforts to pry into the more intimate life of the Chinese, and to understand their ways. The parts visited by her were chiefly Peking and the Great Wall, Shanghai and the Yangtze, and Canton. More than one half of the volume deals with Peking, its environs, and the country to the north, and is full of adventures, sight-seeing, and minute observation, with here and there a dash of history. On the Yangtze Mrs. Scidmore travelled over ground which for the most

part has recently been described by Mrs. Bishop. All the same, her narrative is well worth reading. The same requires to be said about the first part of the volume. The author is, to say the least, an acute observer, and can put down upon paper all that she has seen, in a most graphic way. Her description of the great bore of Hangchow, of Shanghai, of the Ming tombs, and of Canton, as of her visit to a provincial yamen, are all excellent. Mrs. Scidmore writes, indeed, with great sprightliness, and notwithstanding its frequent Americanisms her volume is more than readable. It is one of those books which have something of interest on every page, and when not instructive are at least entertaining. The author is thoroughly hopeless about the regeneration of the people originating among themselves. Everywhere she is struck with their indifference, and is of opinion that the only hope of the country is for some foreign power or powers to take it in hand. Here and there we have a word in praise of American diplomacy, and quite as often a word of dispraise for the diplomacy both of America and of all the rest of the Powers. But as a book written to convey a knowledge of the present condition of China, the volume is remarkably informing and attractive. One excellent feature of the work, which ought not to be left unnoticed, is its numerous and well executed illustrations.

Autumns in Argyleshire with Rod and Gun. By the Hon. A. E. GATHORNE HARDY. Illustrations by Archibald Thorburn. Longmans, Green & Co. 1900.

The perusal of the pages of this volume cannot fail to recall to the minds of sportsmen who have handled the gun and rod over what Mr. Gathorne-Hardy calls 'the great playground of the British race,' pleasant recollections of their own personal experience of a similar nature while seeking healthy and restful relaxation during their autumn holidays. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's recollections extend over the autumns of no fewer than thirty years, and refer to almost every kind of sport to be had in the Highlands or on the western coast of Scotland. Grouse-shooting and grouse-driving, chasing the roe, deer-stalking, seal-shooting, salmon and trout fishing, sea-dredging, and other forms of sport and recreation all play a part in his recollections. The scene of most of them was in Argyleshire, on the great estate of Poltalloch, but Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has been in most parts of Scotland, and there are few places where good sport is to be had in which he has not shot or fished. Of grouse-shooting he writes as follows:—'Those happy Twelfths! my memory carries me back over thirty years, every autumn of which has been spent in the North. There are few parts of Scotland from Sutherland to the Border which have not echoed to my gun. What varieties of scene, what differences of climate, flit across the mind's eye at the thought of the first day of the season; tropical heat, arctic cold, light breezes, and shifting of clouds; thunder and lightning and torrents of rain; the round rolling hills of Ross-shire; the Perthshire tablelands, so easy to walk after the hard climb; the broken mountains of Argyle, with their succession of small hills and valleys and constantly recurring visions of blue sea and distant islands; the down-like Border country, intersected by Esk, Teviot, and Dryfe, and rich with a thousand memories of Christopher North and Sir Walter Scott. Each of these spots has a charm of its own, for Caledonia, like another Queen,

"Governs men by change, and so she sways all moods."

As the blissful date draws round, I feel at peace with all mankind, and disinclined to take a controversial line. Let others exalt the varied charms

of driving, shooting over dogs, walking in line, or stalking the old cocks round the hillocks, each method has its uses, each its delights, but let us at least tolerate the idiosyncrasies of others.' Mr. Gathorne-Hardy notices the great changes that have followed the wholesale system of letting sporting rights, and gives valuable advice to those intending to 'take a moor.' Mr. Aflalo calculated that every brace of grouse costs the shooting tenant £1; 'but,' says Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, 'although I hesitate to differ from so high an authority I should prefer to fix the figure at something much nearer a pound a bird.' Good fishing rents, he observes, have more than doubled in amount in the last twenty years, but it is only fair to the proprietors to add, he observes, that the requirements of tenants in respect of house accommodation, furniture and sanitary arrangements have greatly increased, and that a very large proportion of the apparent increase of rent represents interest on outlay necessitated by such demands. Some of Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's performances with the rod as here recorded are remarkable. In a very bad season (1894) in five successive days he caught in all thirty-five salmon weighing from four and a-half pounds to seventeen and a-half pounds each. One of his sons was irreverent enough to tell him not to publish these things if he wished to retain his character for honesty and truthfulness; but as he tells us that he always minimises the weight of his fish and that his luck was exceptional, one can only believe him. With this single exception, it may be said Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's recollections contain nothing extraordinary, but they are all extremely interesting and suffused with a genial humour which makes the perusal of them a pleasure.

Superstitions of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland: Collected entirely from Oral sources. By JOHN GREGORSON CAMPBELL, minister of Tiree. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1900.

The late minister of Tiree is already well known as an expert collector of the Folk-lore of the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Not the least valuable of his work in this direction was his excellent volume contributed to Lord Archibald Campbell's 'Argyleshire Series' under the title of *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*, a volume full of stories, poems and traditions of the celebrated Fionn and his band of warriors. The tales in the present volume, like those in the one just referred to, have all been collected from the mouths of the people in many districts, and represent part of the labour of thirty years. The first part is devoted to a collection of stories about fairies, the second to stories about tutelary deities; then we have a number of legends about Urisk, the Blue-men, and the Mermaid and the Water-horse. After these we have a chapter on Highland superstitions about animals and another on superstitions about rising and dressing, combing the hair, baking, salt, cheese, suicides, oaths and evil spirits. There are chapters too on augury, premonitions and divination, spells, and the black art. Altogether the volume is in its way singularly interesting, and forms a rich mine for the folklorist. Some of the stories may be met with under other versions, but most of them appear here for the first time and are wonderfully varied. The light they throw upon the Highlanders' ways of thinking is remarkable. It is to be hoped that the volume will meet with the success it deserves, and that the companion volume in the hands of the editor, on witchcraft and second sight, will soon follow.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. JAMES A. W. MURRAY. Input—Invalid. (Vol. V.) Oxford : at the Clarendon Press. 1900.

In this double Section the *New English Dictionary* continues to maintain its superiority over all other Dictionaries of the English language. No fewer than 3028 main words, 47 combinations explained under them, and 184 subordinate entries of obsolete forms, etc., in all 3259 words, are given here. About 815 of the main words are obsolete, 42 are not fully naturalized, and 2171 are current. The number of illustrative quotations used is 12,808, or over six times the number used in any other of the large English dictionaries. All the words begin with In-, and the whole list of such words is in the present part almost exhausted. Most of the words are of Latin origin, though a number of of them are from the Teutonic source. One curious word is *interfere*, which was originally a term in farriery. In connection with the word *intend*, no fewer than 33 senses or sub-senses are registered, but of these no more than six are now in use. Both *intention* and *instance* it is shown have a peculiar history. So again have *instalment*, *instance*, *interlope* and *interloper*. The earliest known examples of the use of the two last words in English are not earlier than the sixteenth century, and no form nor cognate of the words is found in any other language until after 1700, when it seems to have been adopted in French and Dutch. Dr. Murray regards the second syllable as a dialectical form of *leap*, as in *land-loper*. Much interesting information is also given in connection with *inquest*, *inquisition*, *insect*, *install*, *institute*, *insurance*, *interdict*, *interlude*, and many other words. Scottish words are not numerous, but among others dealt with are *input*; *inquest*, in the sense of questioned; *inquit*, to redeem from being pledged; *inring*, a term known to curlers; *inrun*, an inrush; *inrun*, to incur; *insameikle*, *insch*, *insched*, *insere*, *inspreith*, *inspraith*, furniture; *insuffer*, *inswak*, *intake*, *intaking*, *intercommuner*, *interlocutor*, *inthrang*, *inthring*, *inthrough*, and *intil*.

Father Maher's admirable volume entitled *Psychology: Empirical and Rational* (Longmans), has reached its fourth edition. It has been re-written and considerably enlarged. Already regarded as one of the best hand-books on the subject, in its revised and enlarged form it will not fail to approve itself still more to the teacher and student. We need hardly say that the author has included in his survey the most recent publications on the subject and has added to the number of books to be read in French and German, as well as in English, by writers on both sides of the Atlantic. It is a remarkably catholic book, and deserves all the success it has met with.

Another notable re-issue of the quarter is that of the late J. A. Symonds' well-known *Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama* (Smith, Elder). The volume has long been out of print and difficult to obtain. To students and also to the general reader, this handsome reprint of a volume which fills a distinct place in English literature, and, though not without its faults in execution, is without an equal, will undoubtedly prove exceedingly welcome. The volume, though of comparatively small cost, is handsomely printed and uniform with Messrs. Smith, Elder's new edition of Mr. Symonds' *Renaissance and Essays*, etc.

Another reprint, though more particularly for students, is Mr. C. F. Bastable's *Theory of International Trade* (Macmillan). In this, its third, edition the work has been carefully revised, and one or two blemishes have been removed. An appendix has been added dealing with certain points in dispute, and the text, thus relieved of controversial matter, made more suitable for the use of students.

Professor Smart's volume entitled *Taxation of Land Values and the Single Tax* (Maclehose) has been written chiefly, or at least primarily, for the information and enlightenment of the citizens of Glasgow. It makes no profession to be a contribution to economic science. All it claims to be is an exposition of the recognised theory of taxation and the application of it to two concrete proposals for legislation. The proposals, as will be gathered from the title, are the taxation of land values and the single tax. After a chapter on the theory of taxation, Professor Smart analyses the resolutions of the London County Councils on the taxation of land values and the Glasgow Bill, in which these resolutions were practically embodied, and in which they were proposed to be applied to the Burghs of Scotland. There is also a chapter on the Single Tax proposal. The exposition is popular, and though there is probably no likelihood of either proposal being reduced to practice so long as our legislators continue the traditions of the country and do not lose their turn for practical affairs and their instincts of justice, the book is well worth reading if for no other purpose than to enable one to meet the theories of faddists who never tire of proclaiming the nostrums it deals with.

Life and Times of Donald Cargill (Alex. Gardner), by the Rev. W. H. Carslaw, M.A., is the second volume of the author's series of 'Heroes of the Covenant.' Mr. Carslaw tells the story of the famous minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow, who played so large a part in the doings of the Covenanters, with simplicity and freshness. Research has enabled him to increase the sum of our knowledge of Cargill, and to throw fresh light upon the times in which he lived.

Books received :—*Christ the Truth* (Macmillan), by the Rev. William Medley, M.A., of Rawdon College; *Government or Human Evolution: Justice* (Longmans), by Edmond Kelly, M.A., F.G.S.; *The Conception of Immortality* (Houghton, Mifflin), by Josiah Royce; *The Prince: a Play* (Macmillan), by Adolphus A. Jack; *A New Metrical Version of the Psalms of David* (F. M'Neill, Tranent), by P. M'Neill; *Scottish National Dances* (Edinburgh), by J. Grahamsley Atkinson, Jr.; *Experimental Study of Children* (Washington), by A. MacDonald.

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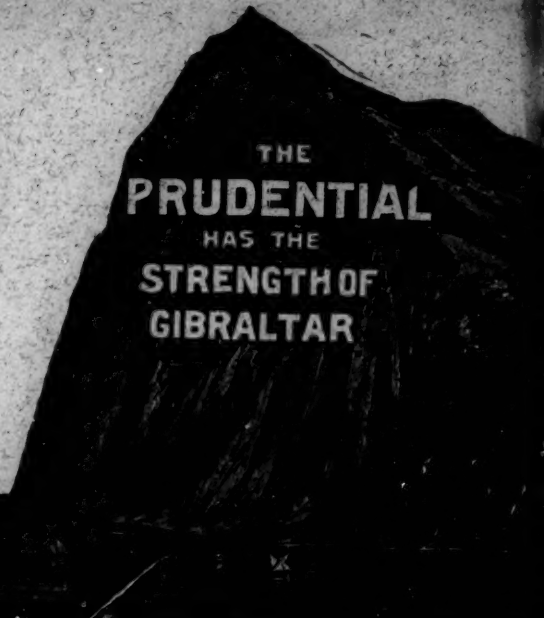
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